VANITY FAIR

APRIL
1929

PRICE 35 CTS
4.00 A YEAR

The
CONDÉ NAST
PUBLICATIONS Inc
©

THOMAS WEBB

LE BERGER

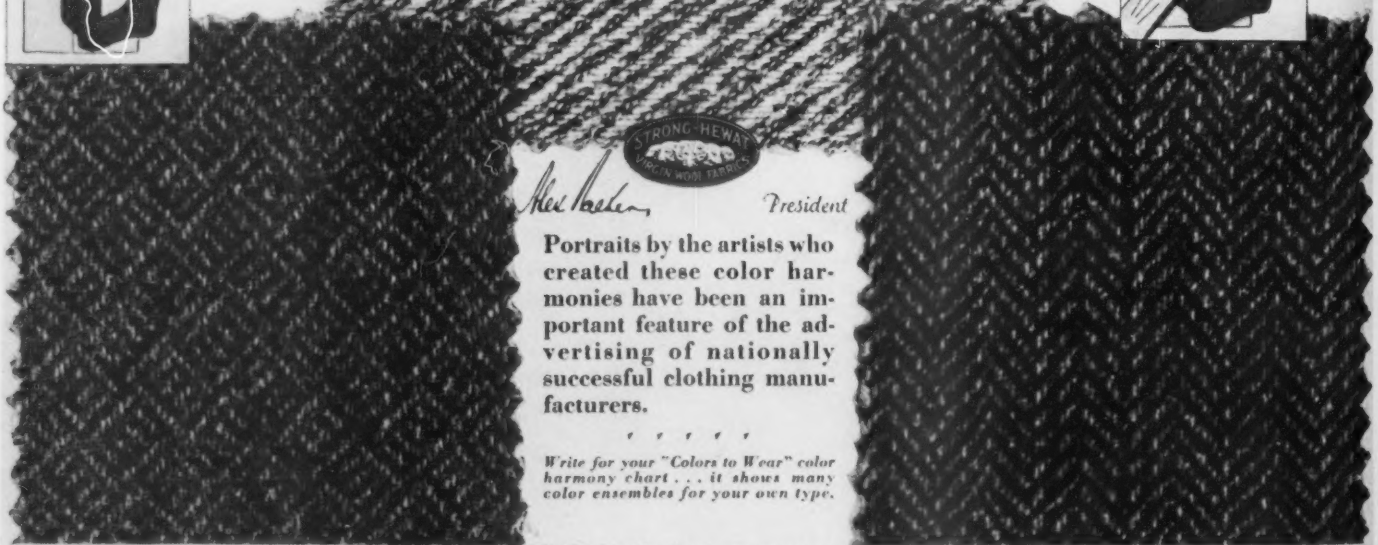
These famous ARTISTS created these COLOR HARMONIES for Spring . . .

J. HYDE BARNUM

Color harmony in a sports ensemble by *Jay Hyde Barnum.*

Thomas Webb, artist and style authority, created this colorful ensemble.

Color harmony for a blue business suit by *Le Berger*



STRONG-HEWAT VIRGIN WOOL FABRICS

Alex Strong President

Portraits by the artists who created these color harmonies have been an important feature of the advertising of nationally successful clothing manufacturers.

* * * * *

Write for your "Colors to Wear" color harmony chart . . . it shows many color ensembles for your own type.

STRONG Virgin Wool

STRONG, HEWAT & CO., INC., *25 Madison Ave., New York*

Please send me your "Colors to Wear" Color Harmony Chart for

☐ Light hair ☐ Dark hair ☐ Auburn hair ☐ Black (and Gray) hair

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

HEWAT FABRICS

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

DIAMOND JEWELRY

1837 - 1929

Quality Through Generations

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET

NEW YORK

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR

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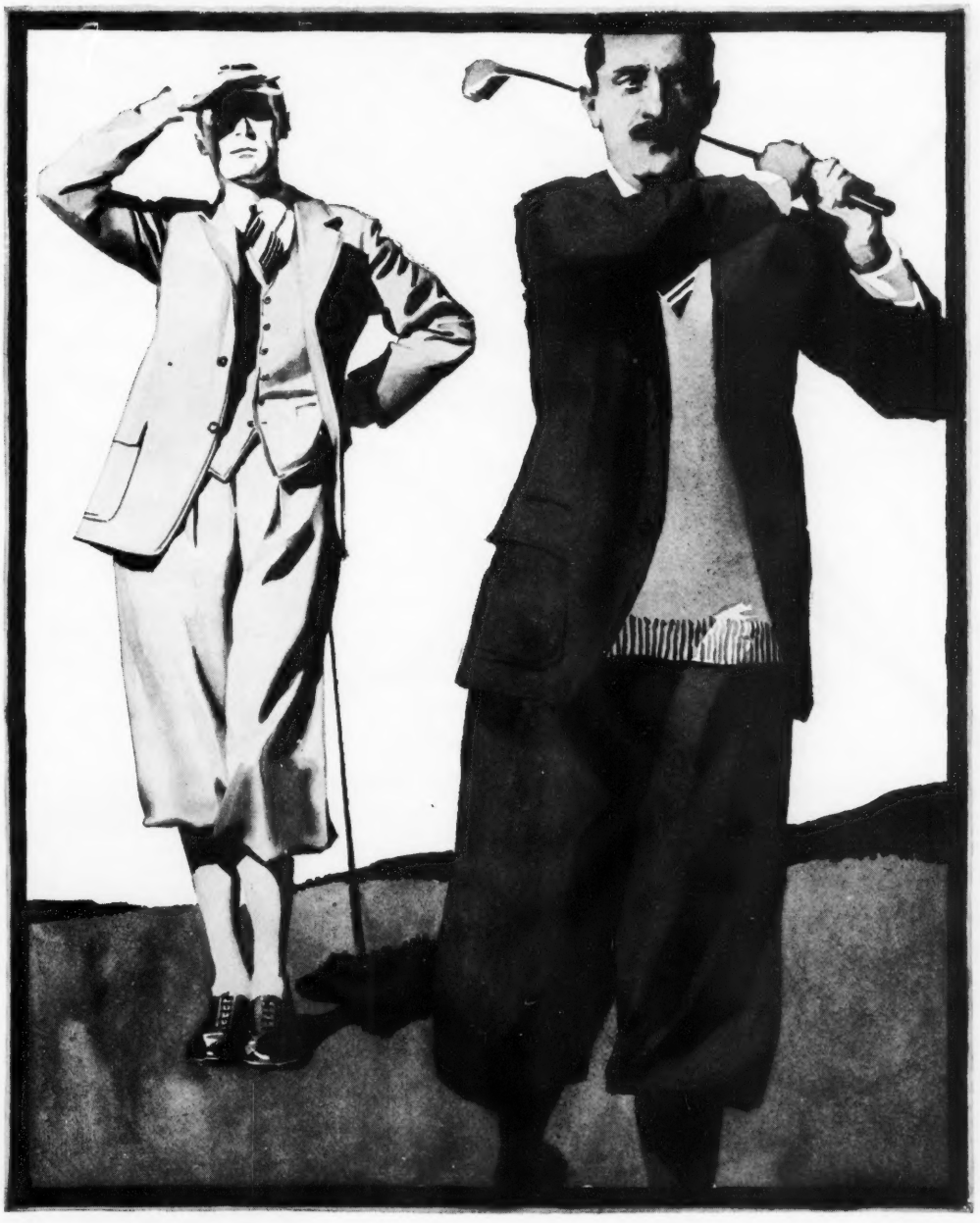
Vol. No. 32, No. 2

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS



Altman golf suits show the new importance of plain colours and simplified weaves to this wear. Fabrics in natural shades, tans, greys—tailored with that conservative smartness which characterizes the sportswear of gentlemen. Four pieces, $85.00

MEN'S CLOTHING—SIXTH FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Strange . . . that the genius of a single family should have guided the smart world for a century in its choice of perfumes! Yet the reign of the Guerlain dynasty has been unbroken for a hundred changing years. The loveliness of the Empress Eugenie found its complement in the delightful flower odeurs created for her by Pierre Francois Guerlain. The gay rebels who shook off the Victorian yoke found their new daring incarnated in Jicky. The elegantes of today adore the sophistication of Shalimar.

GUERLAIN

PARIS • 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL • 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK • 578 MADISON AVE.

GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES

When Spring comes

Soon the golf course will turn green; the tennis nets will be stretched across the courts; the softened thud of hooves will be heard in the bridle paths and the quiet swish of the trout line over the brook; a little later the whole world of outdoor sport will be opened up for the season.

What of your clothes? Here is the meeting place for sportsmen and women seeking the newest and best in sport clothes and equipment—the one place to come for everything you need.

Golf—Two and four piece golf suits; golf tweed top coats; separate knickers; golf hose; viyella flannel shirts; Barathea neckwear, plain colors; fancy and plain Scotch and English sweaters; leather jackets; raincoats; gloves; Drigolf shoes.

Tennis—Doeskin, cricket cloth; flannel, poplin and white duck trousers. White wool tennis socks; round white duck hats; white slipover sweaters; shoes.

Riding—Whipcord and Bedford cord, cavalry twill and gabardine breeches. Polo coats and breeches; cheviot and shetland riding coats. Fancy riding vests; riding boots and leggings.

Shooting—Hunting clothes; shirts; socks; hats; gloves; underwear; bandanas; hunting boots, shoes and moccasins.

Swimming—Club stripe shirts; blue flannel trunks; white belts; beach robes in silk and wool; heavy white shaker sweaters; beach shoes.

Fishing—Fishing coats; cotton and wool fishing shirts; helmets and alligator waterproof fishing shirts; socks for waders; wading trousers; brogues and boots.

Country Wear—Camelhair, gabardine, tweed and flannel, sport coats; knockabout topcoats; Town and Country shoes.

For every other sport too we have the latest clothes. Our custom department especially invites the difficult-to-fit and hard-to-please. Let us show you everything you need in sport clothes and equipment.

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

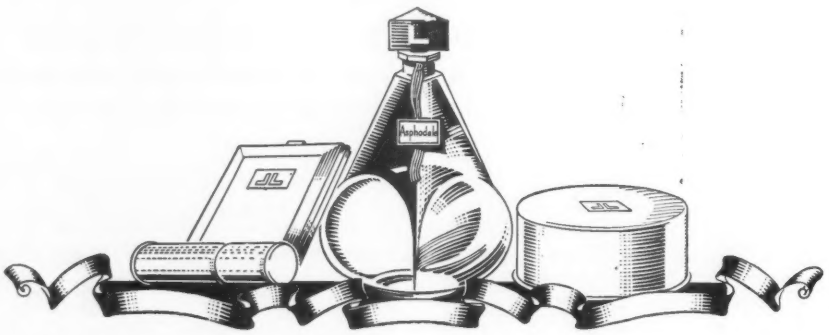
THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

MADISON AVENUE A&F & 45 STREET, N.Y.C.

Von Lengerke & Detmold, Inc., is now combined and housed with Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

SHE IS LIKE A FLOWER

Delicately she charms the very air with the attar of her loveliness... For her charm is born of many flowers which have received an ethereal immortality from the perfumer's hand... The creations of Lenthéric achieve her ensemble of fragrance! The silvery compact tooled to the semblance of a smart French watch... the silver misted powder boxes upon her dressing table... the bath powder like fragrant thistledown... all reflect truly the Lenthéric odeur which she has chosen as her very own. Thus her entire aura is in fragrant harmony—whether it be the gardenia-sorcery of *Asphodèle*—the luxuriant beauty of *Miracle*, or the vivacity of *Le Pirate*... She moves in a vibrant radiance which transfigures her beauty into that of a living flower



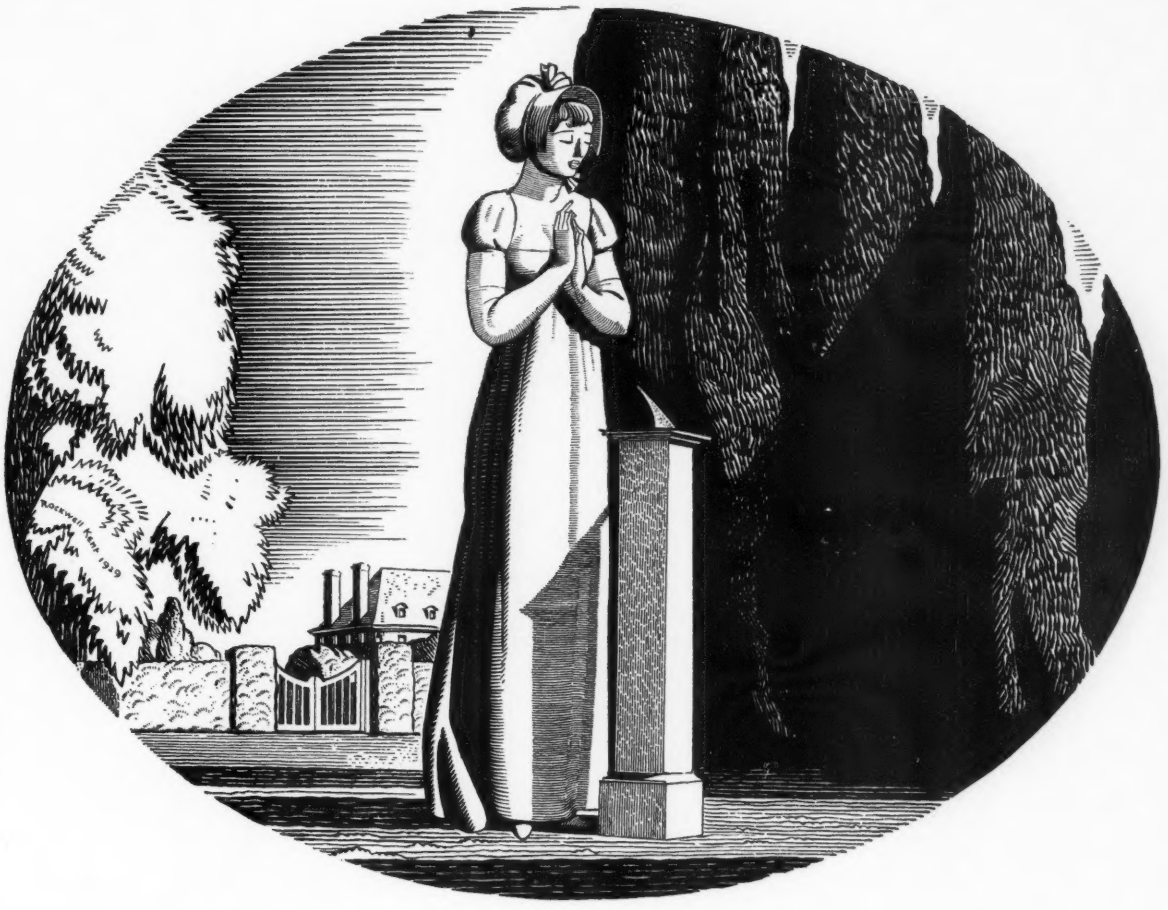
Lenthéric perfumes in their fascinating modern bottles, $5 to $45... face powder, five subtle shades and white, in a silver-starred box which holds *its own matching puff*, $1... lipstick, in three flattering tones, as smartly cased as a trinket of pearl-and-gold, $1.50... the silvery double compact is slim and opens as precisely as the French watch which served as its model, $2.50

Lenthéric *Paris*

PARFUMS

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET · NEW YORK

243 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ · PARIS, FRANCE



A MATTER OF MOMENT

WHAT a perplexing task it is . . . this matter of keeping the unpredictable young woman of today not only precisely *on* the moment, but (what of course will always be of more import) just as precisely *of* it. Yet what a stimulating one it is . . . challenging the imagination of the artist and craftsman, the ingenuity of the scientist.

As for dividing and redividing the moments by which we live . . . this for generations has been the recognized forte of Swiss watchmakers. But to encase their handiwork of unquestionable precision in settings as precisely of the mode . . . that has long been the craft of Marcus & Company. Their art lies in capturing the exact line, the color, the design that will best accent the costume . . . that pertinent detail which is of such moment to those women whose preferences become tomorrow's vogue.

It is notable that these women do honor to Marcus & Company by accepting their watches with the same confidence in the timeliness of their design that they feel in the timeliness of their performance.

A wide selection of bracelet watches of unusual design from $7500 to $50. Men who have achieved an enviable reputation for their superior skill will always service them and keep them in repair for you.

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. CHAPIN MARCUS

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London; Paris; Palm Beach

© 1929

"Crest of the Wave"—a bronze by Harriet W. Frishmuth

Caldwell jewelry has a personality distinctly its own—a superior something that cannot be copied nor taught. There is a finality in its charm that is unique—that completely satisfies the artistic sense.

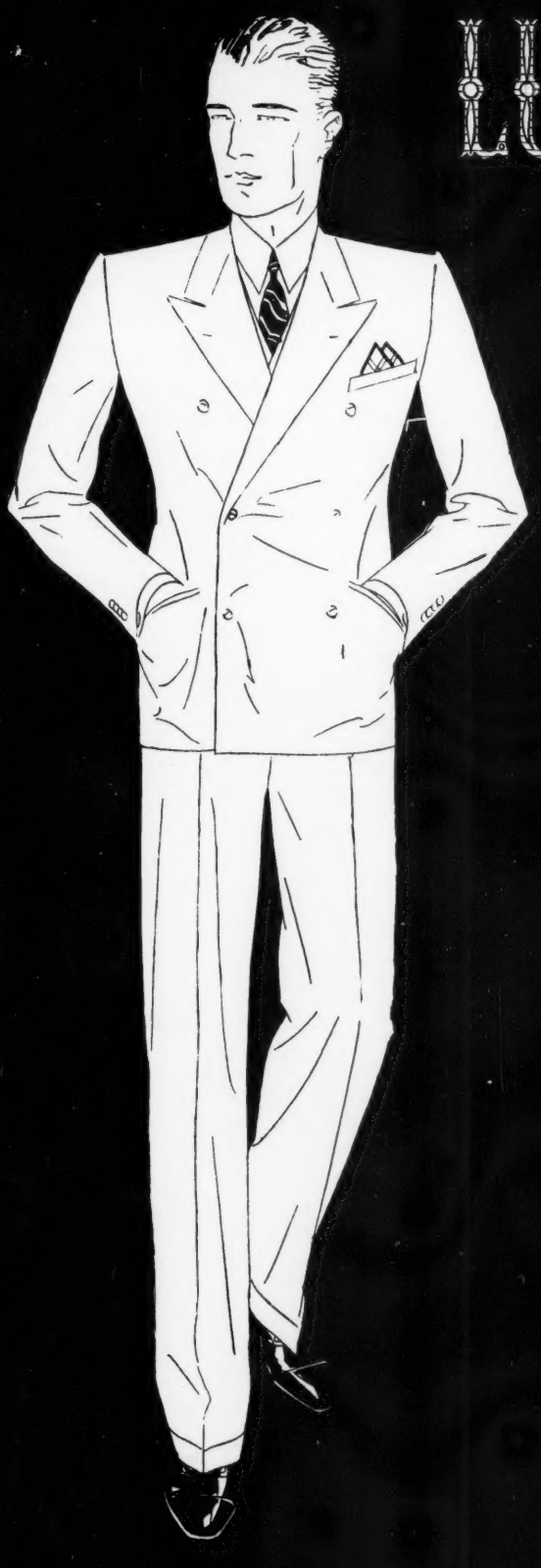
With the diamond jewelry here pictured is a star ruby ring. This rare stone is remarkable for its size, its shape, its exquisite coloring and the perfection of the star.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

Philadelphia

FASHION PARK

LUNDHA-DUAY



THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE DOUBLE-BREASTED LUNDHA-DUAY IS NOT CONTROLLED BY THE HIGH-SET SHOULDERS AND CUSTOM TREATED SLEEVE HEADS, BUT THEIR MODERN TENDENCY CONTRIBUTES MOST EXTENSIVELY TO THE CHARM AND CHARACTER OF THE GARMENT. THE MODEL, WHICH IS OF ITALIAN ORIGIN, HAS BEEN IMPRESSIVELY EXECUTED IN SELF-PATTERN, SINGLE-TONE FABRICS, WOVEN TO THE ORDER OF FINCHLEY.

PRICES MOVE FORWARD FROM
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
READY-TO-PUT-ON

THE

FINCHLEY
Establishment

FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

Pierce-Arrow

MAKER OF FINE CAR HISTORY

opens a new chapter

with a remarkable Straight Eight

Too long have bulk and conflicting lines prevailed among fine motor cars. The need has been, not for a smaller car, but one that has symmetry, grace, spirit! And today that need is prodigally met by the makers of America's most distinguished automobile.

In the new Straight Eight, Pierce-Arrow has developed a car which, *without sacrifice of size*, is delightfully free from traditional tonnage—from the massive, the cumbersome. It has beauty, unburdened. Among important makes of automobile, where "the dowager" type has long predominated, it is recognized that Pierce-Arrow has opened a new chapter in fine car history—and at a psychological moment. Its newest creation is the season's most captivating exhibit.

In 1918, this painting was made for Pierce-Arrow. Both girl and car could appear on Fifth Avenue, New York, today—(where 1918 Pierce-Arrows are by no means uncommon)—and still be conspicuously beautiful.

PIERCE

The most notable difference between the 1918 car pictured on the opposite page and this portrayal of today's Pierce-Arrow is one of symmetry . . . Today's car is gracefully slender and low-swung.

A STRAIGHT EIGHT *by* PIERCE-ARROW

125 Horsepower Engine • 85 Miles per Hour • 133-inch and 143-inch Wheel Bases • 59½-inch Rear Tread • 72-inch Over-all Height • Ample Head-room • Wide Doors • Pierce-Arrow Coachwork • Non-shatterable Glass • Fender or Bracket Headlamps optional without extra charge. Bodies by Pierce-Arrow • Pierce-Arrow in every part • • *Pierce-Arrow mechanical detail embraces every device of proved character known to the engineering of fine motor cars.*

From $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo

The purchase of a car from income has been made an altogether attractive procedure by the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation. The average allowance on a good used car usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

ARROW

The

JOHNSTON & MURPHY

Shoe for Men

To the increasing number of golfers who seek a new order of comfort and wear in a superlatively fine golfing shoe—Johnston & Murphy present their latest model.

Approved by notable players, this shoe offers the same high quality and skillful design so characteristic of J & M footwear for sports, dress and business.

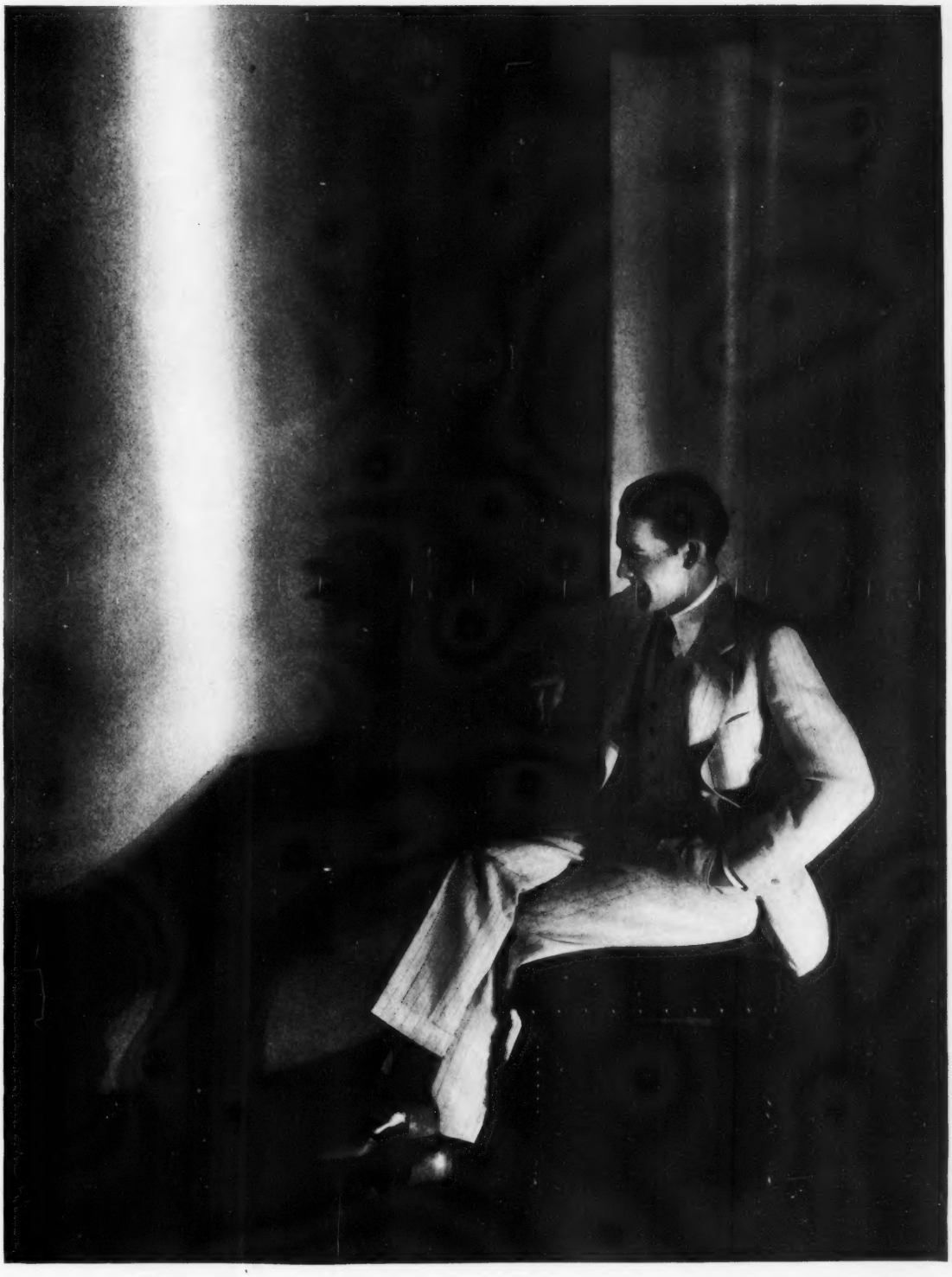
THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY TRADE MARK SHOE

Newark, N. J.

Mayfair Golf Club
Cleveland, Ohio

The Golf Oxford, Style No. 309

Leather sole with metal golf studs distinguish this model in boarded Russia Calf. Sold by a leading dealer near you. Ask for style booklet.



Nurotex is a fabric of remarkable qualities. It is extremely light—yet its drape is perfection. It is sanitary—because dirt and dust cannot cling to its smooth surface. It washes or dry-cleans without losing a tithe of its life and freshness.

It is open and porous in weave and feathery in weight. It is made in a host of handsome, fashionable patterns—for sport, for motoring, or daily wear when the sun shines hot.

*

*

*

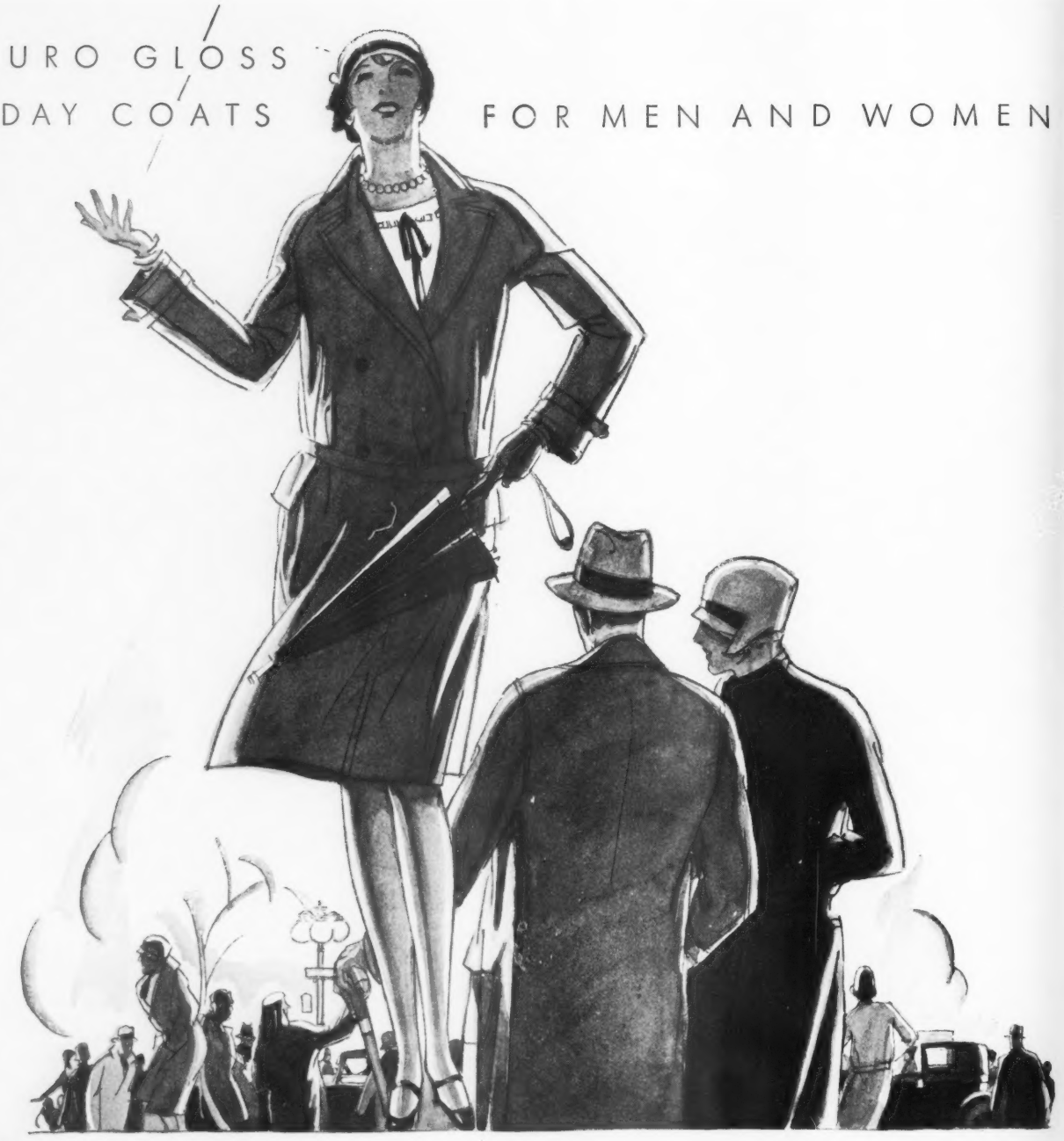
NUROTEX
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

It comes in light shades, medium shades and blues and blacks. It is less expensive than wools or worsteds, with many more advantages.

Your favorite clothier will be glad to show you Genuine Nurotex in suits, knickers and tennis trousers. Should you have the least difficulty in obtaining your wants, be very sure to communicate with us at once.

Palm Beach Mills, Goodall Worsted Co., Sanford, Me.
Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Ave., New York City

DURO GLOSS
GRAY DAY COATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN



GENUINE Duro Gloss RAINCOAT FABRIC

Raining Again? That's like April—always

starts to shower just as you are wanting to look your best. But the lucky young one who owns a Duro Gloss knows how to be popular in the rain. * * Practical in that they afford perfect protection in the most driving rain. Cleverly finished with the dull, rich look of leather. These trim, rainproof coats come in matching shades to complement the lovely frocks they cover.

Duro Gloss

J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY · NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

AND NOW SHE'S ON THE VITAPHONE

JOHN McCORMICK
presents

COLLEEN MOORE

in "WHY BE GOOD?"

Flaming Youth—and then some!

Flaming Youth?—It's positively incandescent! Smart as Ciro's . . . Modern as tomorrow . . . "Why Be Good?" turns the high-spotlight on the Uprising Generation—betrays the lowdown on the high jinks—1929 model—of petulant petters and dubious debs.

"Had 'Why Be Good?' been exhibited in the days of 'Flaming Youth,' it would have created an even greater furor," says the esteemed *Los Angeles Times.*

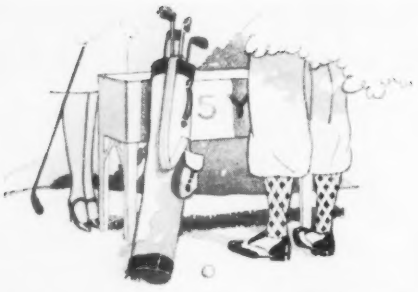
If you're sated with "stepping," repair to the nearest cinema palace and make vicarious hey-hey by viewing "Why Be Good?" All the thrills, *without* the nerve-strain—unless the practically irresistible Vitaphone jazz-score should incite you to a little quiet fox-trotting in the aisles.

A William A. Seiter production. By Carey Wilson. With Neil Hamilton.

Every Picture a "Double Feature"

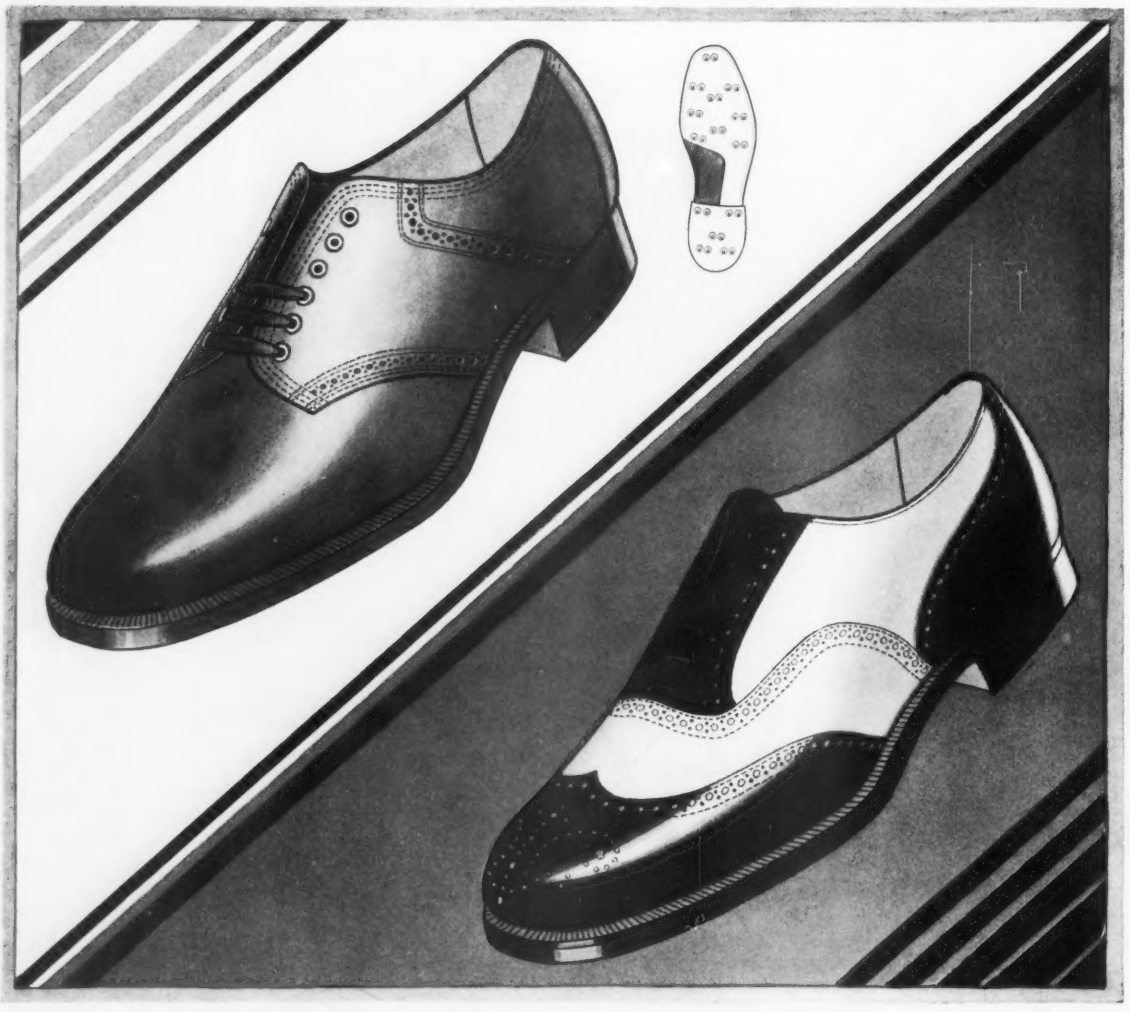
First National
VITAPHONE Pictures

A FIRST NATIONAL VITAPHONE PICTURE



WHETHER YOU PLAY 'NEATH PALM OR PINE

Brothers under the skin are these swagger Walk-Over Sport Shoes. Though one is caulked for use on soggy Northern fairways, and the other is rubber soled for play on dry Southern courses, both are Walk-Over, and smart through and through. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.



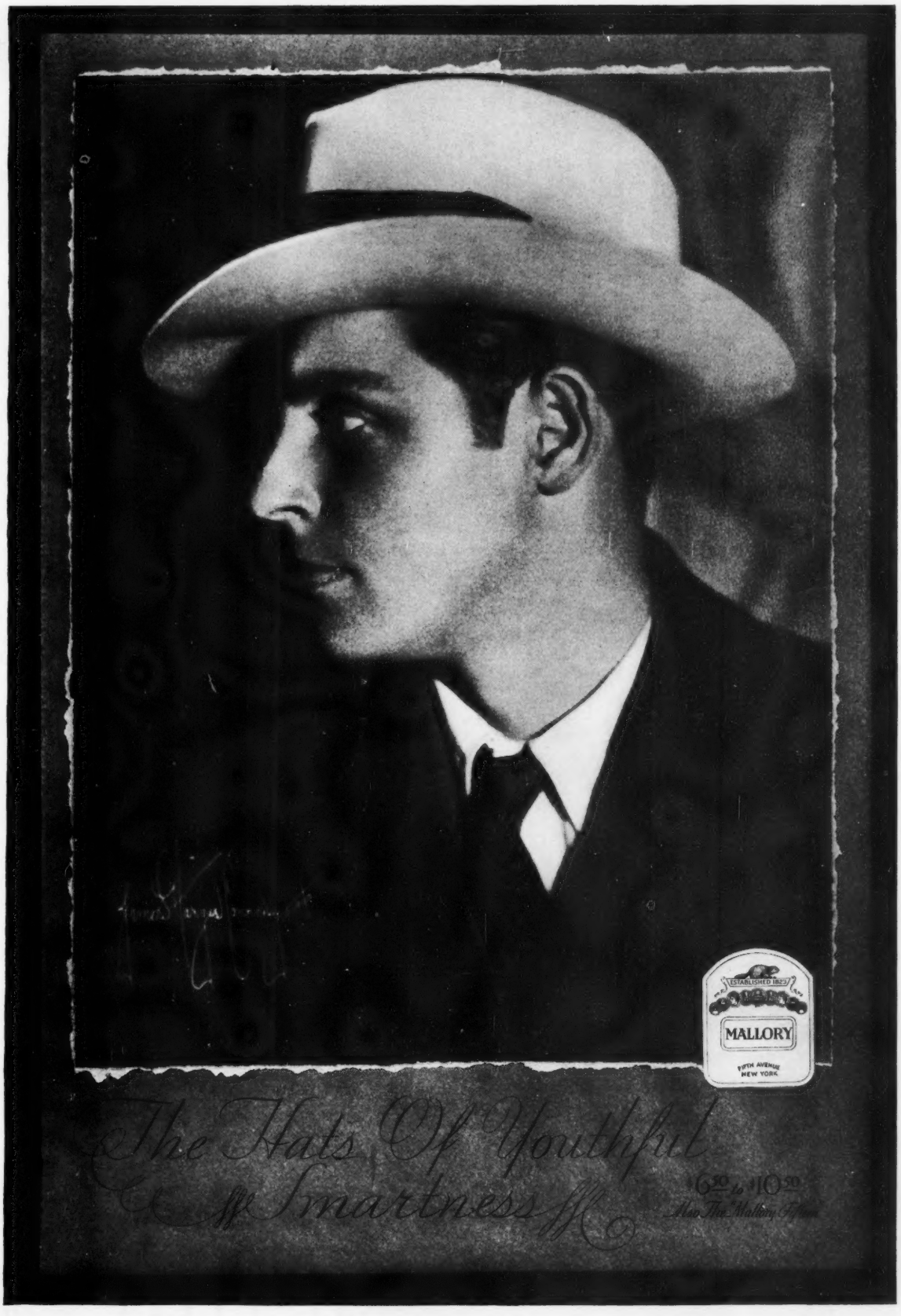
WALK-OVER SHOES

FOR GENTLEMEN

The "Brookline"—of stout chestnut-brown calf. Has plain toe, and double-caulked sole that assures a firm and steady stance. Price, $12.

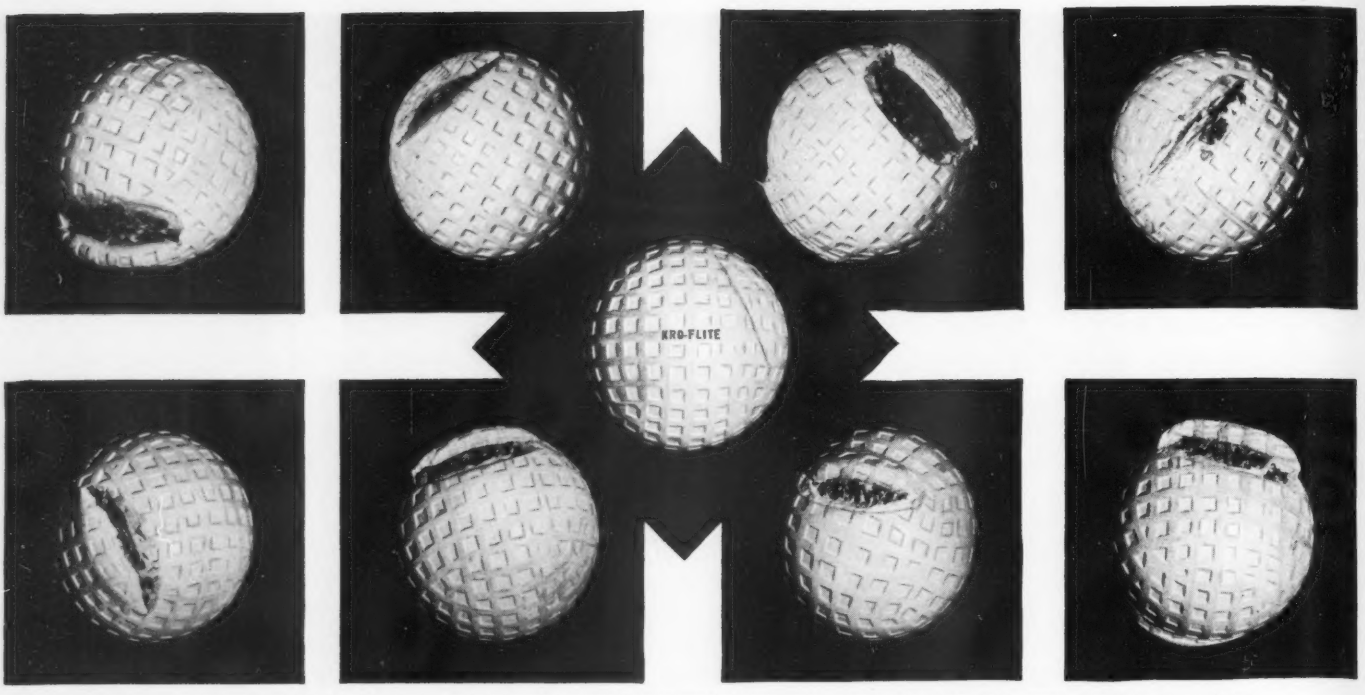
The "Pinehurst" — Black Calf and White Buck are combined in this sturdy sport shoe with "Ruftred" rubber sole and heel. Price, $12.

Nathaniel Wagner, Star Of The Stage, Wears Renowned Mallory Hats



MALLORY HATS

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK — *Mallory Hats For Men And Mallory Tailored Hats For Women*



THESE ARE ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NINE BALLS THAT TOOK THE TEST. THE NAMES ARE PAINTED OUT ON EIGHT OF THEM. OTHERWISE, THESE ARE THE EXACT RESULTS YOU WOULD HAVE SEEN HAD YOU BEEN AN EYE WITNESS TO THE TEST.

THE GUILLOTINE *settles the question of which is the most durable golf ball*

.... and proves the KRO-FLITE the sturdiest ball in the world

WHAT is the Guillotine? It is the laboratory equivalent of a viciously topped iron shot. It is a heavily weighted steel knife that drops on a golf ball with all the force of a powerfully swung club.

It is devised so that the knife hits a ball exactly as a club head does on a topped shot. Coldly scientific, free from all human variance, it plays no favorites. It is the most relentless and revealing golf ball test that can be made.

The nine balls shown above took this Guillotine Test. One is the Kro-Flite. The remaining eight are the other best-known balls the world produces. On each of these eight, the falling blade of the Guillotine cut completely through the cover. All eight were hopelessly ruined.

But in the Kro-Flite, the Guillotine met its master. On this stout-covered ball, the knife left a barely visible dent. After this terrific abuse, this Kro-Flite could easily have played more than the 72 holes for which Spalding guarantees it. The Guillotine has never yet been able to cut a Kro-Flite ball—it has never failed to cut any other.

Try Kro-Flite yourself. Test it for durability and measure it for distance against any other ball in the world. Your Professional, or Sports Dealer will supply you.

ABOUT DISTANCE

Spalding makes two golf balls—"Spalding" and "Kro-Flite." The one which bears the name "Spalding" has been proved by years of tournament play—at home and abroad—to be the world's longest golf ball. Yet the ball which bears the name "Kro-Flite" is only a trifling distance behind this longest of all balls—a fact established time after time in the driving machine tests at Chicopee, Mass., Pinehurst, N. C., and Putney, England. This amazing Kro-Flite is the only golf ball ever to combine maximum durability with first-class distance.

KRO-FLITE *each* 75 *cents*
made by Spalding

© 1929, A.G.S.&B.

. . . and so to bed . . . late . . . too much supper . . . wish I could get to sleep . . . bad dreams . . . business worries . . . dog barks . . . baby cries . . . time to get up . . . jangled nerves . . . irritable skin.

—*then* is the time your skin needs the comfort of a fresh Gillette Blade

THE NEW FIFTY-BOX
Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case. . . . Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's.

THERE are mornings when a fresh Gillette Blade is better than any pick-me-up you can name.

And there are mornings when your beard is as tough and blue as your state of mind; when the hot water faucet runs cold and your shaving cream is down to the last squeeze and you scarcely have time to lather anyway; mornings when all the cards seem stacked against your Gillette. But slip in a fresh blade. Enjoy the same smooth, clean shave that you get on the finest morning.

You have to go through the Gillette factory to understand how it's possible to pack so much dependable shaving comfort into a razor blade.

There you see some $12,000,000 worth of machinery invented and improved continuously for twenty-five years for just one purpose: to make the Gillette Blade—*every* Gillette Blade—do its smooth, expert job *every* morning for the thirty million Americans who count on it.

There you see in operation the unique system which makes four out of nine Gillette workers inspectors—paid a bonus for every defective blade they discard.

At least a dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. But the Gillette Blade doesn't change.
It is the *one* constant factor in your daily shave.
Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

★ ★ ★ **Gillette**

THE LINING THAT WILL NEVER EMBARRASS YOU

A topcoat is constantly on inspection. It is an unwritten law among check girls and check boys to turn a coat inside out revealing the lining. *Your* coat should have the richness of Skinner's Satin.

More Skinner's Satin is used by high-grade tailors and clothing manufacturers than all other lining satins combined. This is simply the recognition which the world is sure to give to something distinctly superior.

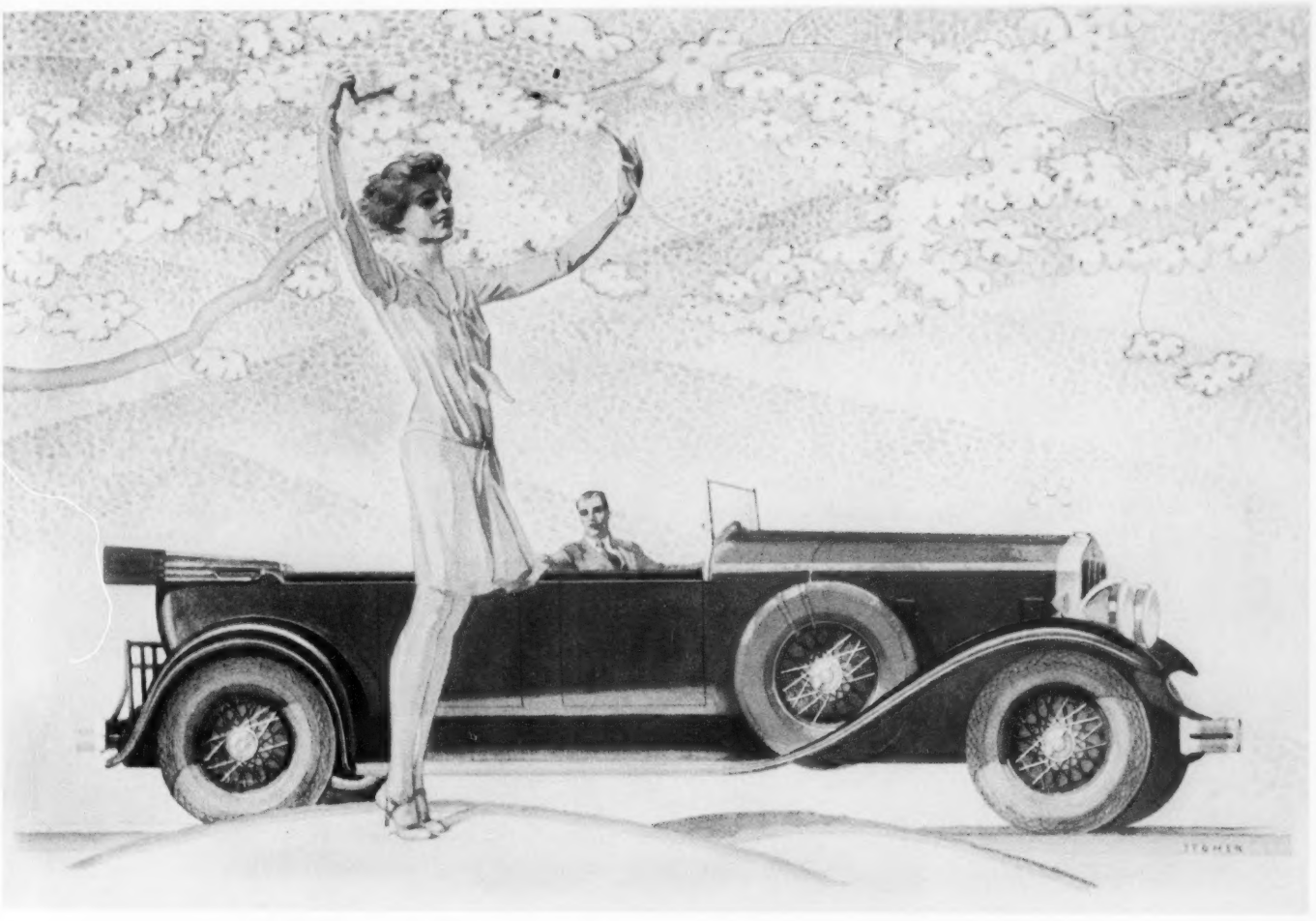
WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, New York, Chicago, Boston, Phila., San Francisco Mills: Holyoke, Mass., *Estab. 1848*

Skinner's Satins

Makers of the famous Skinner's Crepes and Satin Crepes

Dress Satins, Shoe Satins, and Millinery Satins

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"



*Y*outh welcomes air-cooled motoring -and the AIRPLANE FEEL of the brilliant Franklin

Always the pioneer—the leader—Franklin, through air-cooling, again brings amazing and *revolutionary* performance to America. Youth—and all those who recognize progress—have enthusiastically accepted the new Franklin as the greatest motoring advance in years.

New motoring joys! Your first ride is a thrill. Here, in the new air-cooled Franklin, is a completely *different* and finer type of travel. Power—and to spare. Quick second gear getaway—quiet as high, even at 55 miles an hour. Effortless control—with soaring smoothness and cushion-like riding comfort. As you drive, you sense the *feel of driving an airplane.* You delight in having the car do things you never thought possible before. You marvel at its snap-quick acceleration—its supreme roadability—its eager speed.

Drive this new car! You cannot possibly appreciate the full meaning of *air-cooled motoring* until you do. *There is absolutely nothing like it!* The astonishing performance of the new Franklin, and the car itself, are in a class alone.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The One-Thirty $2180—The One-Thirty-Five $2485—The One-Thirty-Seven $2775—Sedan prices at factory

FRANKLIN

Styles in the

Correct styling is not an accident. It is the result of constant study of each new style trend and the creation of designs which anticipate the coming modes.

But style means more than *correctness*. It means *variety*. The well-dressed man desires a fabric that is distinctive and particularly adapted to his type.

That is why Ram's Head Fabrics lead in style. They not only reflect the latest style trends here and abroad, but they offer the largest *variety* of colors and weaves in the world—a variety that enables you to select a fabric that gives you that individuality of style you desire. The styles shown on the opposite page are only a few of an almost unlimited variety of shades and patterns offered in the complete Ram's Head line.

Every Ram's Head Fabric is specially selected for its beauty, durability and fine tailoring qualities. Each one is tested for quality in material, color and weave and every yard is *guaranteed*.

When you select your new spring suit, ask your clothier to show you the new Ram's Head styles for spring and summer wear. Makers of good clothing are now featuring these fine fabrics in ready-to-wear suits. Look for the Ram's Head label on the suit—the guarantee is on the label.

American Woolen Company

Selling Agency—American Woolen Company of New York
Dept. H, 225 Fourth Ave., New York City

Ram's Head

Styles that set

making

Guaranteed Serge

A beautiful blue is always in vogue. No matter when or where you wear it, a Ram's Head Blue Serge is smart and appropriate. Look for the guarantee label.

Fabrics

the Style

WORLD'S GREATEST SEDAN VALUES!

GREATER BEAUTY ▼ LARGER BODIES

WITH ALL their many improvements, the new Superior Whippet Four and Six Sedans are still notable for their startling low prices. They hold their place as the world's leading values in four-door enclosed cars.

Longer bodies, graceful lines, rich, distinctive colors, higher radiator and hood, sweeping one-piece full crown fenders and perfection of detail mark the new Superior Whippet as the style authority created by master designers.

As the mechanical triumph of leading engineers, the new Superior Whippet possesses the important advantages of silent timing chain, full force-feed lubrication, aluminum alloy invar-strut pistons, remarkable new "Finger-Tip Control"—and, in the Six, a seven-bearing crankshaft. Long service will prove Whippet's dependability and economy of operation.

"Finger-Tip Control"

—a single button, in center of steering wheel, starts the motor, operates lights and sounds horn.

WILLYS-OVERLAND INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WHIPPET 4-SEDAN

$595

Four-cylinder Coach $535; Coupe $535; Roadster $485; Touring $475; Commercial Chassis $365.

WHIPPET 6-SEDAN
7-Bearing Crankshaft

$760

Six-cylinder Coach $695; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras). All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

NEW SUPERIOR Whippet FOURS and SIXES

It's not only good taste – it's awfully practical

Let's be specific—let's consider that most important accessory in man's attire—the cravat. There are Cheney Cravats especially designed for semi-formal daytime wear—for sportswear—for the office—for the matinee. In color, design, and weave, each Cheney Cravat suggests itself for a particular kind of wear : : : Your haberdasher carries Cheney Cravats and will gladly discuss the appropriateness of particular Cheney Cravats for particular occasions.

CHENEY CRAVATS MADE BY CHENEY BROTHERS

KNICKERS CAPS and Sports Slacks

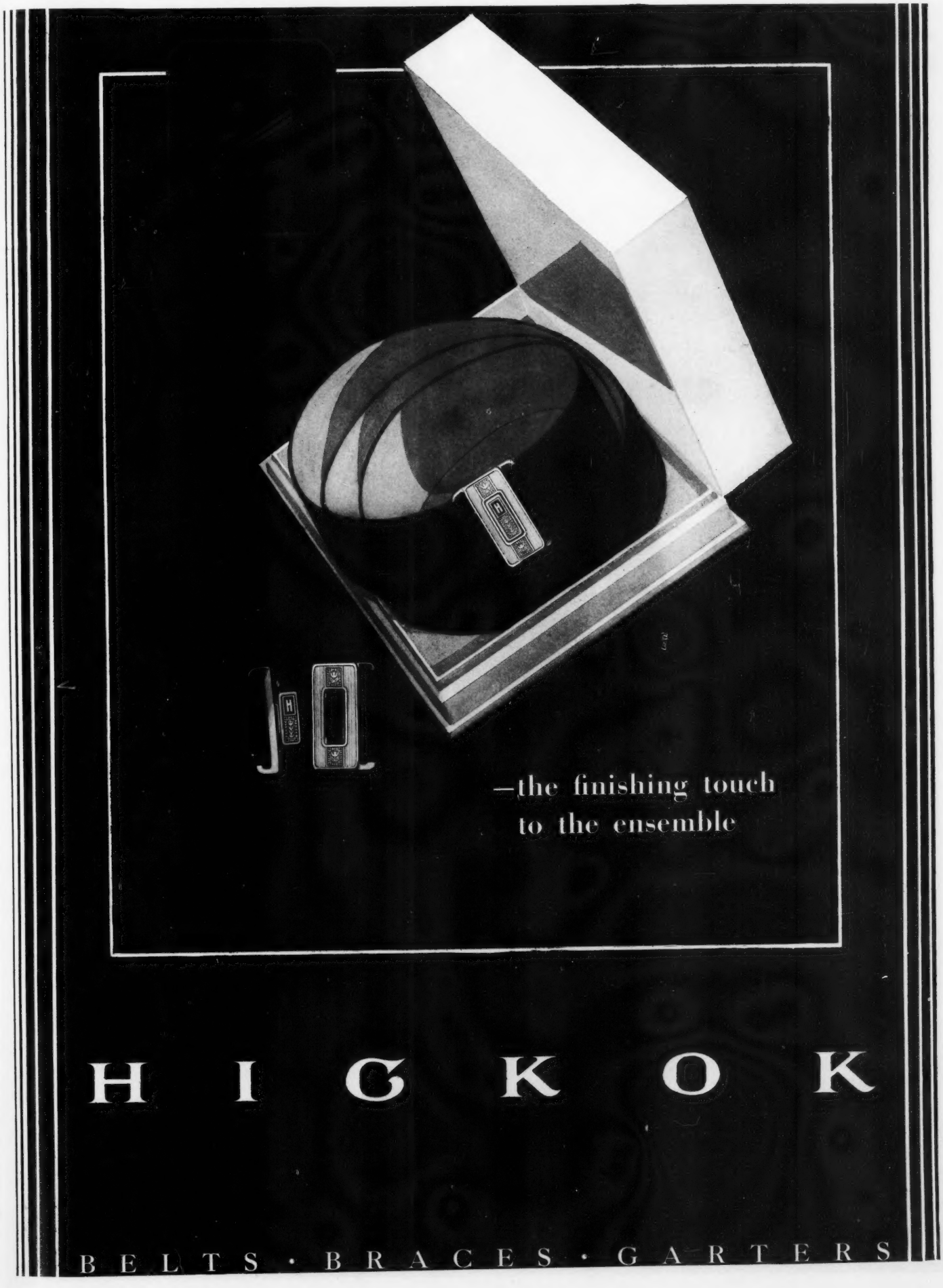
Merton knickers, caps and sports slacks are made by specialists who know at first hand the tastes and requirements of well-bred sportsmen . . . Fabrics from the finest mills of England, Ireland, Scotland, guarantee correctness in color and design . . . Cut by specialists who know that practicality is the soul of smartness.

CAMERON

Note the new Merton Cap. It is the Cameron visorless and you can bunch it in your pocket . . . Made in Harris, Irish and English tweeds.

MERTON

CHAS · S · MERTON & CO · 210 FIFTH AVE · NEW YORK CITY


—the finishing touch
to the ensemble
HICKOK
BELTS · BRACES · GARTERS

Chief officer

Harry Manning,
Chief Officer,
who as a result of his heroism was appointed Acting Captain, *"S. S. America"*

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Harry Manning says:

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

"WHEN I climbed aboard the 'America' after those cold, strenuous hours getting the men off the freighter 'Florida,' there was nothing I wanted so much as a Lucky—'By George,' it tasted wonderful! A Lucky is always refreshing. My tense nerves relaxed, my aching throat was soothed and the whole thrilling adventure just seemed a part of the day's work. As time goes by, and I look back to that memorable night, I'll always remember the wonderful taste of that welcome Lucky. As I went around to visit the men we'd rescued, I found many of them enjoying Luckies, too. We really couldn't wait to get back to our ship and 'Luckies.' As an actual fact in returning to the 'America' I noticed one of our men* rowing with one hand and lighting a Lucky with the other. There's no flavor to equal toasted tobaccos, and I always prefer Lucky Strikes. There's wisdom in the saying: 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' It helps a man to keep physically fit and we who follow the sea must always be prepared for any emergency."

H. Manning

Harry Manning
Chief Officer, who as a result of his heroism was appointed Acting Captain, *"S. S. America"*

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

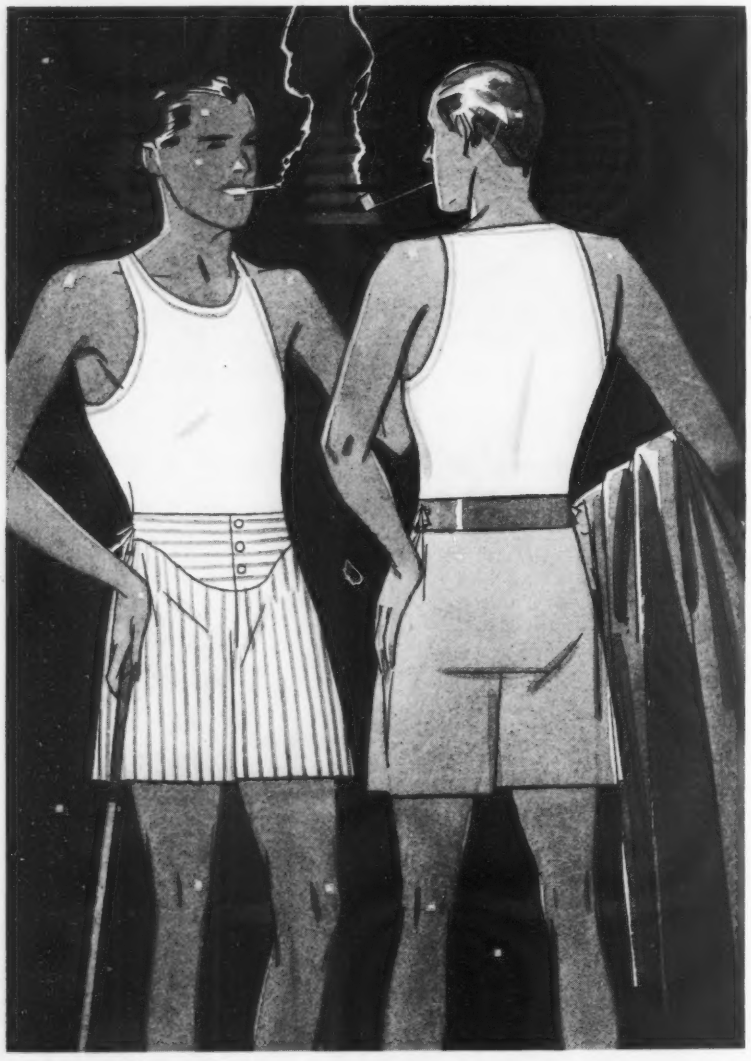
*The man mentioned by Chief Officer Manning was Boatswain's Mate Aloys A. Wilson.

NEWS

for every well-dressed man

REIS JIMPANTS ARE ALSO MADE IN

Burton's Irish Poplin



Change to REIS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

REIS

JIMSHIRTS AND JIMPANTS

BURTON'S IRISH POPLIN TRADE MARK MADE IN U.S.A. OF FINEST COTTON GROWN

NOW—when the connoisseur of underwear calls for his Reis Jimshirts and Jimpants, he will find the lower member of this great combination offered in one more fine material—Burton's Irish Poplin.

A truly wonderful fabric—famous for its rich texture, its smoothness, its stubborn resistance to wear.

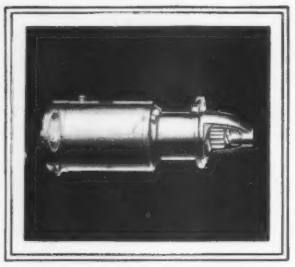
The best men's wear shops and departments are now showing the new Reis Jimpants in Burton's Irish Poplin—in neat patterns, pastel shades and plain colors. Priced from $1.65 to $2.00, with Reis Jimshirts from 75c to $3.50. Robert Reis & Company, No. 2 Park Avenue, New York.

Whether in Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" or in the latest O'Neill play, "Dynamo," Mr. Anders' acting interprets the young man of today. And off stage Glenn Anders is typical of modern good taste.

BEAU BRUMMELS AT Budd's

He is vastly different from his prototype, the modern Beau Brummel. No foppish furbelows—but a leaning to conservative masculinity is the dominating note of his wardrobe. The banker or broker Beau Brummel can be seen any day at Budd's down town shop. And at Budd's on the Avenue, (where the above picture was taken) you find New York's smart men of many circles and types. For instance, Glenn Anders, that favorite young actor of the Theatre Guild, who was photographed in the shirt department of Budd's, which reminds one more of a dignified drawing room than a shop. Mr. Anders was selecting shirtings of D. & J. Anderson—as do so many of our men of taste who have their shirts made to measure. And the smart designs are not the only reasons D. & J. Anderson Shirtings are favorites with all the good shirtmakers. They are renowned for quality and sturdiness worthy of their Scottish lineage —they wear and wear—and don't fade. Ask your shirtmaker to show you the attractive new patterns for spring which D. & J. Anderson have just shipped from Scotland.

DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON, LTD.
MAKERS OF FINE SHIRTINGS
375 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.



On fine motor cars the starting, lighting and ignition system is a tremendously important unit. Absolute dependability is demanded. It is natural that manufacturers of fine-quality cars choose Auto-Lite as America's finest automotive electrical system.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
OFFICE AND WORKS: TOLEDO, OHIO · *Also makers of DéJon*

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

towels • as • modern • as • • a • modernistic • bathroom •

TODAY, from towels to tooth-brushes our Twentieth Century bathrooms are "going Modern." Equipment is not only sanitary and scientific, but is becoming artistic and colorful. Decorative Cannon towels, designed in the Modernist manner, contribute much to the Modern bathrooms clever women are planning for their homes. Very simply you can give your bathroom a different dress for 1929. Experiment with a dozen new Cannon towels and see how easy it is to make an exciting change!

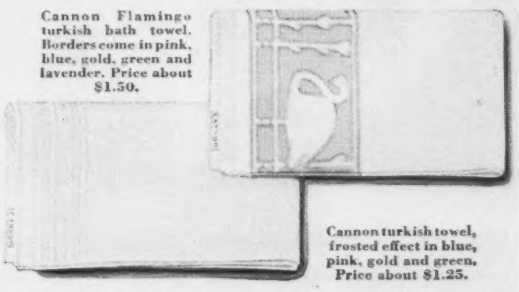
Cannon towels are extremely colorful. Borders are in rose, sapphire, turquoise, jade, peach, maize and orchid, tones that harmonize with other colors, yet have character enough to set a color scheme. *Every Cannon towel, you will be cheered to know, is absolutely guaranteed never to fade.*

The Modern Cannon designs are spirited, yet simple. Choose up-to-date dolphins, enterprising whales, smart sea-gulls, if you like marine subjects or sea-scapes for your bathroom. Or decide on the fanciful flamingos or the merry little marmosets, if you wish something tropical. There are also conventional patterns, bold stripes, all-over color, and snowy all-white towels.

And yet—Cannon towels cost considerably less than other towels of equal merit. You pay nothing extra for their good looks and distinguished designs. Realizing that things used daily should be lovely, Cannon anticipated the modern vogue for beauty in manufactured articles. You can easily afford the towels needed to give your bathroom a Modern effect. Prices range from 25c to $3.50, according to purpose, size, weight.

Ask to be shown Cannon bath mats and bath towels and bath sheets. Ask to see Cannon face towels, hand towels, both huck and turkish, and Cannon wash cloths. Handle them, and observe their quality. For sale in dry goods and department stores everywhere. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

The most modern, up-to-the-minute housekeepers, the managers of America's great hotels, have adopted Cannon towels. They approve their good looks, their high quality and their astonishing economy. They know they will wear wonderfully well, in spite of constant laundering and continued service. And they know that because Cannon towels are produced in enormous quantities, they are sold at remarkably low prices.



Cannon Flamingo turkish bath towel. Borders come in pink, blue, gold, green and lavender. Price about $1.50.

Cannon turkish towel, frosted effect in blue, pink, gold and green. Price about $1.25.

Have you seen the new Cannon sheets and pillow cases?

Cannon Lavender Lawn, the finest sheet in the world. Packed scented with Yardley's English Lavender. In snowy white, azure blue, canary yellow, sea-shell pink, lavender, peach, and Nile green (pastel shades). Price in white, standard size, about $5 each.

Cannon Lineen is a wonderfully substantial and very strong sheet, priced in white at about $1.75.

Cannon Fine Muslin is a most satisfactory service-weight sheet in white, about $1.50. All come in white and colors, every desired size.

CANNON TOWELS

TRADE MARK CANNON

SHOES MARK

SPORT *Shoes for spectators look best* with clothing comfortable and appropriate for out-of-the-city recreation. With flannels or wash-fabrics, most men prefer such shoes as these.

PLAIN *Pattern Shoes look best* with conservative clothing . . . smooth-finish leathers with smooth-finish fabrics. Shoes of dark or reddish browns are particularly effective with sombre suits.

THE world appraises men quickly these days . . . and more than ever before, *shoes mark the man!*

Spring is here again . . . straw hats soon . . . summer fabrics . . . sun-tanned faces . . . and consequently *light-weight and feather-weight footwear,* especially the smart tans and sport shoes that do justice to any informal combination of town-and-country clothing for daytime wear.

Soon you'll find yourself gazing in shoe-store windows, pausing to read a shoe advertisement. It's a symptom. With man's allegiance to comfort, self-esteem and custom, you'll be buying summer-weight shoes, soon. But WHICH TYPES — plain or fancy, black or brown, formal or sport-type?

Please your personal whims as to prices and patterns, but REMEMBER THIS BASIC AXIOM of good usage: *the best and most useful shoes for you are shoes of those various types that go best with the clothes YOU wear and the things YOU do.*

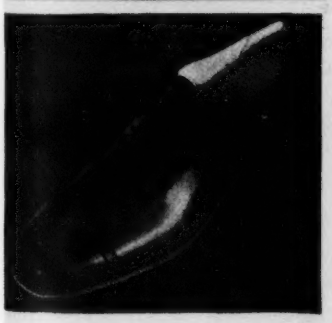
When you dress, choose your shoes as carefully as your tie. Pick the ones that go best with the clothes you're wearing. Wear blacks *always in the evening.* Be *right* . . . and look the part.

THIS BOOKLET tells how to get the utmost in dress-value and satisfaction out of footwear. Ask your shoe dealer for a copy . . . or write to *Executive Advertising Committee, 14th Floor, 260 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.*

THE MAN!

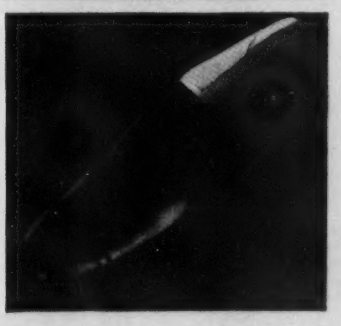
SHOES MARK THE MAN

FOR correct dress as well as correct fitting, consult shoe merchants who display this emblem of leadership. This advertisement is one of a series sponsored by the combined Shoe, Leather and Allied Industries in collaboration with the National Shoe Retailers' Association.



THE *Big Majority* of well-turned-out business men will be found wearing brown shoes of one type or another with almost every combination of apparel for informal business, travel and sport occasions *in the day-time.*

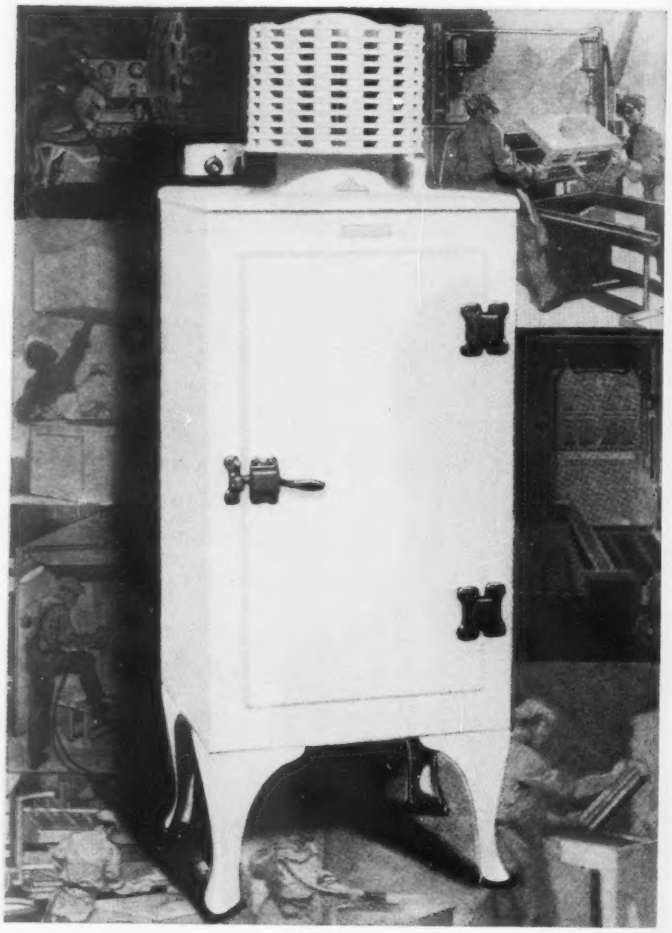
FANCY *Pattern Shoes look best* with rough, woolly fabrics . . . Light-weight brogues and less standardized novelties go well with town-and-country clothes . . . with college kits and young ideas.



EVEN *with blues* and the darker grays, light-weight and feather-weight shoes of brown may be worn for day-time contrast . . . They are especially appropriate for the man whose face and hands reveal a healthy coat of summer tan.

SHOES *for Active Sport look best* when you're dressed to play the game. Every man knows the sport and the specialized footwear he likes best . . . Here's a saddle-pattern in two tones of tan, for golf.

General Electric presents *the first* All-steel Refrigerator

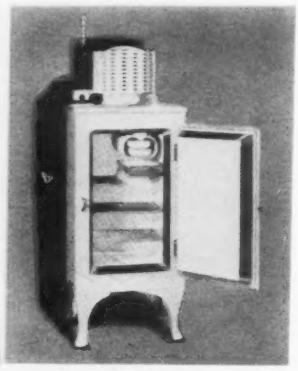


A new small-family model at the very low price of

$215

ANOTHER chapter has been added to the achievements of the engineers and scientists of the General Electric Research Laboratories. The same group of men who, after fifteen years of painstaking endeavor, perfected the hermetically sealed mechanism of the General Electric Refrigerator, have now designed and built the first all-steel refrigerator cabinet. This marks the first major improvement made during thirty years, in the design and construction of household cabinets. It means that new and even greater value has been built into the already unrivaled General Electric Refrigerator.

NEW DESIGN—MADE IN A NEW WAY... General Electric has made a large investment in new machinery. Giant presses had to be designed and built to cut the steel, bend it into shape and weld together the folded forms. But it has achieved its purpose. Its aim was, by mass production, to build the best refrigerator ever produced and offer it to the small families of America at a price easily within their reach—$215 at the factory.



• • •

All steel, with electrically welded joints. Bronze hardware, bolted right into the steel, black faced door edges, gliders to protect your linoleum, and many other unique features.

$215—WITH CONVENIENTLY SPACED PAYMENTS ... The new all-steel General Electric makes safe refrigeration possible for every home. Only a small down payment is required. The balance can conveniently be paid over a period of time.

FIRST PUBLIC SHOWING MARCH 22 ... The only way to appreciate the durability and the beauty of this refrigerator is to see it. You will then readily understand why General Electric announces it so proudly and why it has been called "the refrigerator of the future." On display by dealers everywhere on and after Friday, March 22nd. Be sure to be among the first to see it. Write for a descriptive booklet to Section Z-4 Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Shoes equipped with Visible Eyelets never show their age

Their well preserved look is due to two factors: invisible built-in quality of leather and workmanship and Diamond Brand *Visible* Fast Color Eyelets that preserve the original style lines.

FASHIONABLE THOROUGHFARES: *Michigan Avenue, Chicago*

SHOES should not be bought on appearances alone . . . You should be more concerned about the method by which they were made . . . There are five principal methods employed in manufacturing the modern shoe.* The distinction between these methods lies in the process by which the sole is attached to the upper . . . The Goodyear method is the most satisfactory known, for the Welt shoe has a perfectly smooth innersole.

*GOODYEAR WELT, Turn, Littleway, McKay, and Stitchdown.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

DIAMOND BRAND *Visible* FAST COLOR EYELETS

DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE HAT STYLES COME FROM?

WELL-KNOWN MEN OF RECOGNIZED POSITION ARE THE REAL ARBITERS OF EVERY FASHION TREND . . . AS HATTERS TO THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THEM, STETSON ANTICIPATES THE COMING STYLES.

In London, as everyone knows, it's a certain debonair young Prince. What he affects today all England wears tomorrow. (And incidentally, his choice of a certain pearl-gray Stetson began a vogue which is even now at its height.)

In this country, where there is no single authority to look to, fashions for men derive from a small but very influential group. These are not conscious arbiters of style. They are not fops, nor social dilettantes. But their taste is so good, they are so quietly and authoritatively well-dressed, that their example is followed everywhere.

These well-known men . . . bankers, polo-players, corporation heads . . . wear the best that money will buy. Almost without exception they are confirmed wearers of Stetson hats. The shapes they choose, the colors they select are reflected in the hat styles of the nation.

That is why Stetson is able so authoritatively to forecast the latest tendencies in hats . . . why Stetson styling has come to be accepted without question . . . why Stetson is able to be in the field first and strongest with the newest fashions.

For 64 years Stetson has been making the best hats in the world . . . hats so long-wearing and so good to look upon that they have been the choice of the best dressed men in America, and Europe, and the British Isles. There are Stetson styles and colors for every type of head, priced from $8.50 to $125. And you can get them at good stores everywhere. . . . John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, U. S. A. Established 1865.

THE SEMI-FORMAL FELT HAT

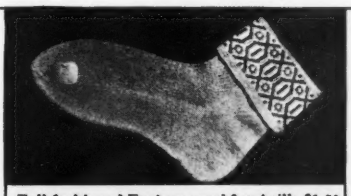
The Courtney, the pearl-gray felt hat illustrated above, is an excellent example of the most recent tendencies in semi-formal attire. It is essentially a city hat, although it is correct anywhere except for evening dress and informal country wear. The brim should never be turned down.

STETSON HATS

★ ★ HAPPY, THOSE MORTALS WHO SHOP IN STORES ★ THAT FEATURE Sulloway THIS SPRING!

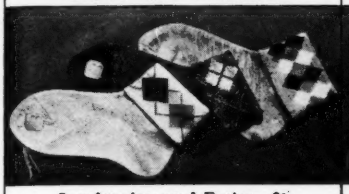
Silk, $2. Sport hose, $1.25.

Beautiful 45-gauge silk, chiffon-weight stockings. Both it and the sports novelty (in an original material) are full-fashioned.

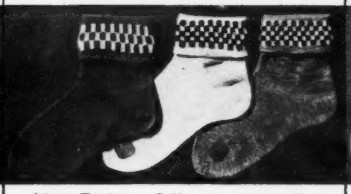


Full-fashioned Footers, wool & art silk, $1.50

Footers, introduced by Sulloway last year, are popular both as athletic socks, and as over-socks for wear on the avenue.



Seamless jacquard Footers, $1



More Footers. Collegiate colors, $1.

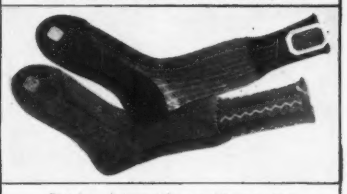
Popular numbers, attractively priced, 75c

Footers, women's and kiddies', 50c

Sulloway offers light half hose excellent for spring and summer wear. Its famous light-weight wool hose is ideal for wear the year round.

Different, colorful clocks on silk, $1

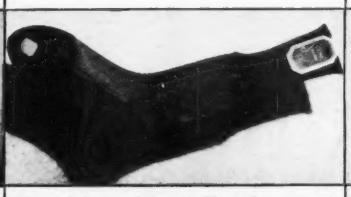
The range of Sulloway colors and designs makes possible a choice to suit any individual taste. All are styled in the mode.



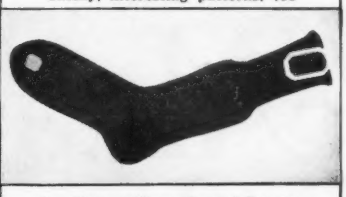
Catchy, interesting patterns, 75c

Pure silk in plain, solid colors, 75c

Gaily designed, inexpensive numbers, 50c



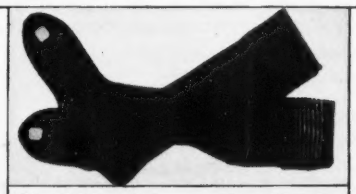
Fine, plain numbers of silk and rayon, 50c



A unique, soft sport specialty, 50c

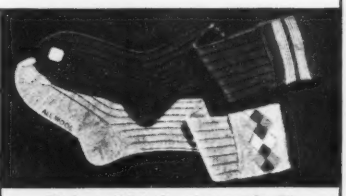
LAZY FEET . . . ATHLETIC FEET . . . AND ORDINARILY ACTIVE FEET . . . POMPOUS, MODEST, VAIN AND HUMBLE FEET . . . ANY FOOT IS BETTER FOR WEARING SULLOWAY HOSE. AND THERE ARE 15 WOMEN'S STYLES IN 6 TO 12 COLOR COMBINATIONS

Two new ones. A super-quality domestic of pure Australian wool, and a full-fashioned, light-weight number.



Very light, and heavy sport hose, $2.50, $3

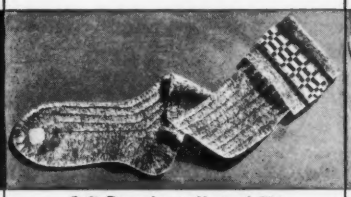
Extremely comfortable golf hose of fine, all-wool yarns. Golf hose that is stylish, comfortable, and that wears unusually long.



Plain and heather jacquards, $2

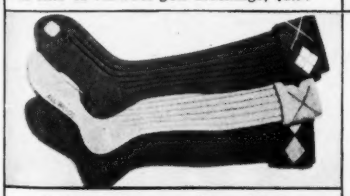
A line of all-wool golf stockings, $1.50

Wonderful value at $1



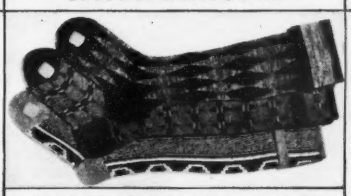
Soft Peruvian cotton, at 75c

Sport socks (and street wear), $1 to $1.25



Golf hose for the children, $1.50

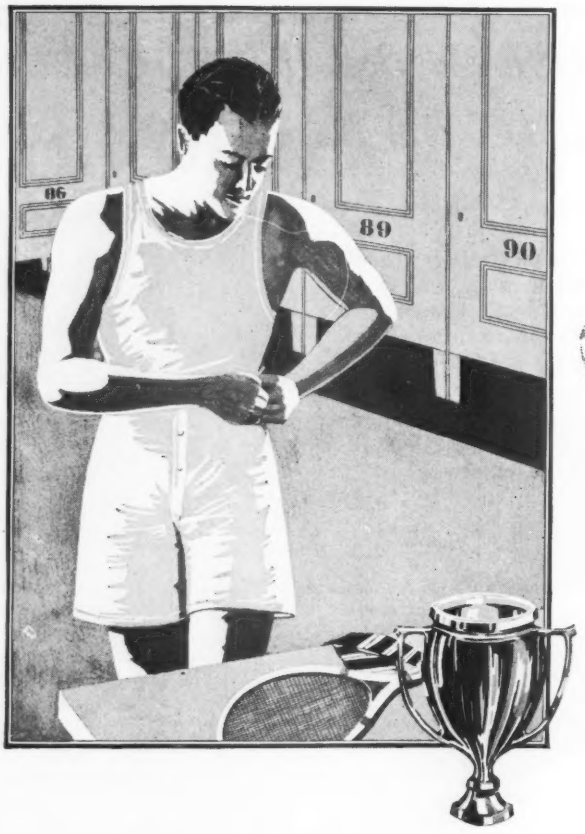
An all-year, practical solution to the stocking problem raised by the ordinary boy. Golf hose like father wears.



Children's all-over patterns, 50c to $1

HERE is hosiery that most economically (length of service ÷ by cost) and satisfactorily, definitely will fulfill your need.

To insure authentic designs, Sulloway stylists continually travel, visiting the fashion centers of Europe and this country with observant eyes and hungry notebooks. It is on account of Sulloway's authentic stylings, as well as its fine yarn and skilled and carefully checked workmanship, that you will find this hose so pleasing.



Marking "Old-Fashioned" on other underwear for men

Pullover shirts and shorts or button-front or shoulder-button union suits in white, pastel shades and most up-to-date of color combinations, including shorts with modernistic waistbands for those who require the latest note.

Distinctly masculine—yet worn by thousands of fastidious misses and matrons in preference to models generally regarded as more appropriate for femininity—CHAMPKNIT lists among its brawny devotees the internationally famous Joe Ruddy, holder of more than 700 trophies in 26 fields of athletic endeavor; Tom Thorpe, football authority and referee, and such golf champions as MacFarlane, Klein, Connell, Williams, McLean and Kerrigan.

MORE of obvious and actual smartness. . . . The closest approach to perfection in color, tailoring and finish. . . . Achieving new standards of elasticity, ease and endurance.

Here is the world's fastest-selling rayon underwear for discriminating men—the leader of style, quality and value for nearly two years. Models that are setting the pace for other designers to follow. Permanence of shape and size and handsome appearance to dispel the distrust created by inferior and fragile products from incompetent or irresponsible manufacturers. Soft smoothness with six times less friction than silk—supreme luxury for your skin—a glorious sense of everything exactly right. And CHAMPKNIT laughs at laundering, with wear and wear and wear!

For CHAMPKNIT is the triumph of rayon specialists using advanced machinery and processes. It is teaching men to demand qualities found only with the CHAMPKNIT label.

NORWICH KNITTING CO., NORWICH, N. Y.

Sales Offices: 366 Broadway, New York City

Champknit

for Men, Young Men & Boys

WORTHY *of* CHAMPIONS

IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS

A CHANGE in the position of the hour hand on your watch should not cause a change in your convictions. If braces are necessary to maintain the precise hang and proper draping of your trousers in the evening—and you acknowledge that—they are equally essential for day-time, business or sports wear.

In England the importance of braces to the correct hang of the trousers has always been recognized. Now, in America, what was a theory has become an accepted fact.

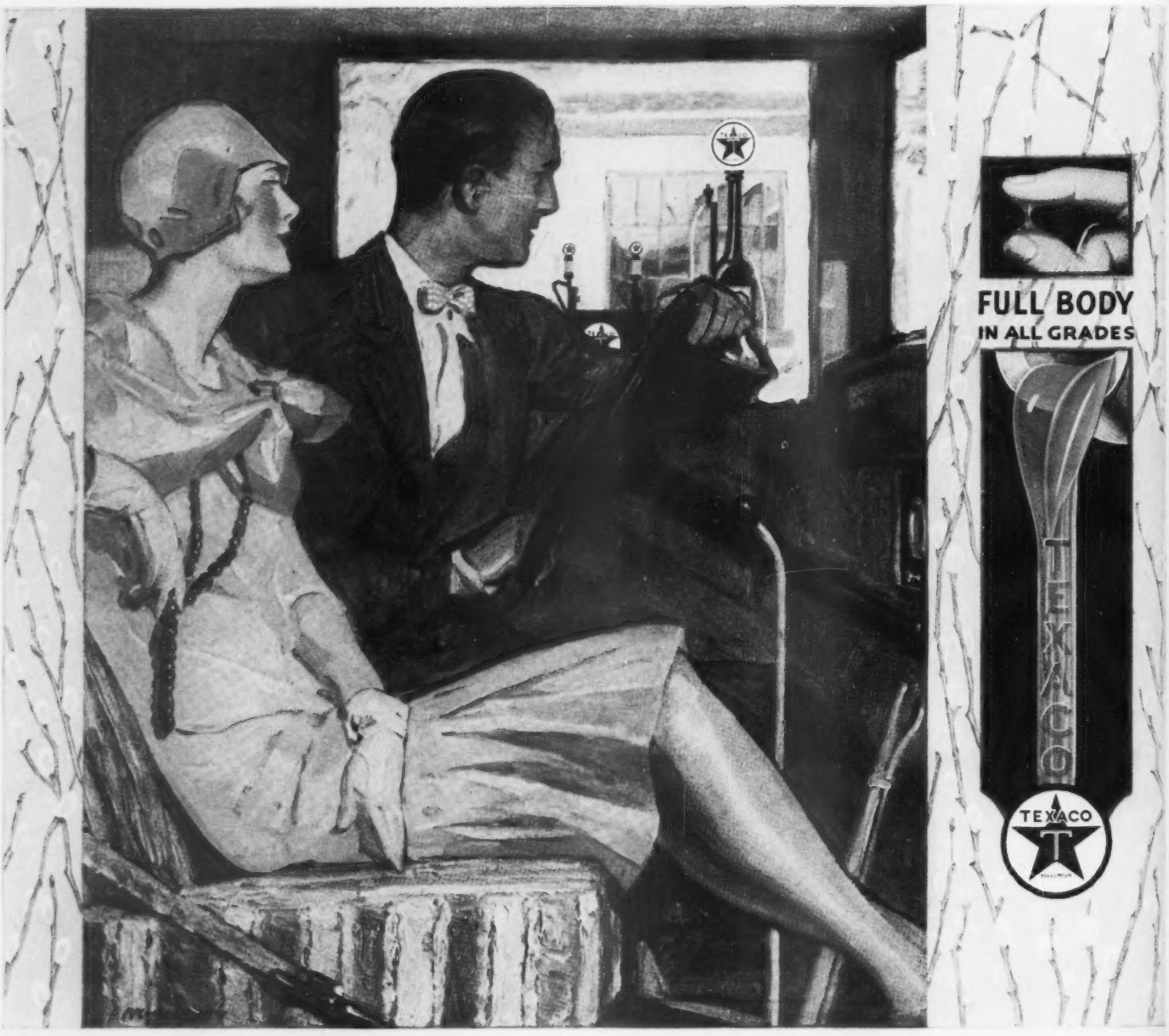
And the creation of The Guards Line—distinguished braces by Pioneer—has had more than a little to do with the recognition of the important part which braces play in keeping trousers in the trim, precise line which makes or mars the fit.

The Guards Line—distinguished braces by Pioneer—may be seen in all their glory of glowing colors, in the shops you patronize. You'll find selecting color combinations in The Guards Line as entertaining as making your choice from a display of imported neckwear. Brighton Garters, too, for harmony in dress.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., Philadelphia

PIONEER SUSPENDERS PIONEER BELTS
BRIGHTON GARTERS

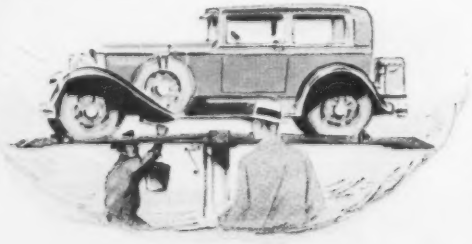
The Guards Line
BRACES by PIONEER



Take ten minutes—now!

Your engine needs fresh, full-bodied motor oil. Drain out the old. Don't drive now with "winter-worn" oil in the crankcase. Diluted, thinned out by the choke, it no longer has sufficient body to lubricate fully . . . to protect the pistons, the cylinder walls and the bearings.

Stop at the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. Ten minutes at most and you are on your way, crankcase drained, flushed and refilled with full-bodied, heat-resisting Texaco Golden Motor Oil . . . clean, clear, *pure.*



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Made of soft, heavy-textured elkskin. Fleece-lined for warmth. Extra roomy to go over regular shoes or boots. Flexible soles turned up at heel to protect against wear. Easy to get on and off.

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An Exclusive Abbott Shoe

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WARNING: Sportocasins (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) are sold only through a selected list of dealers. The popularity of these genuine moccasins for golf has induced other merchants to offer imitation moccasins which resemble Sportocasins only in appearance and are of cheaper construction. For your own protection insist upon genuine Sportocasins. You can always identify them by the Pine Tree Trademark.

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RESILIO
THE RESILIENT CRAVAT
PAT FEB. 27, 1923
In addition to their style features Resilio Cravats are now made of a patented construction which co-ordinates the resilient properties of fabric and lining, by threading loosely, through both, a single strand of silken thread.
CPH

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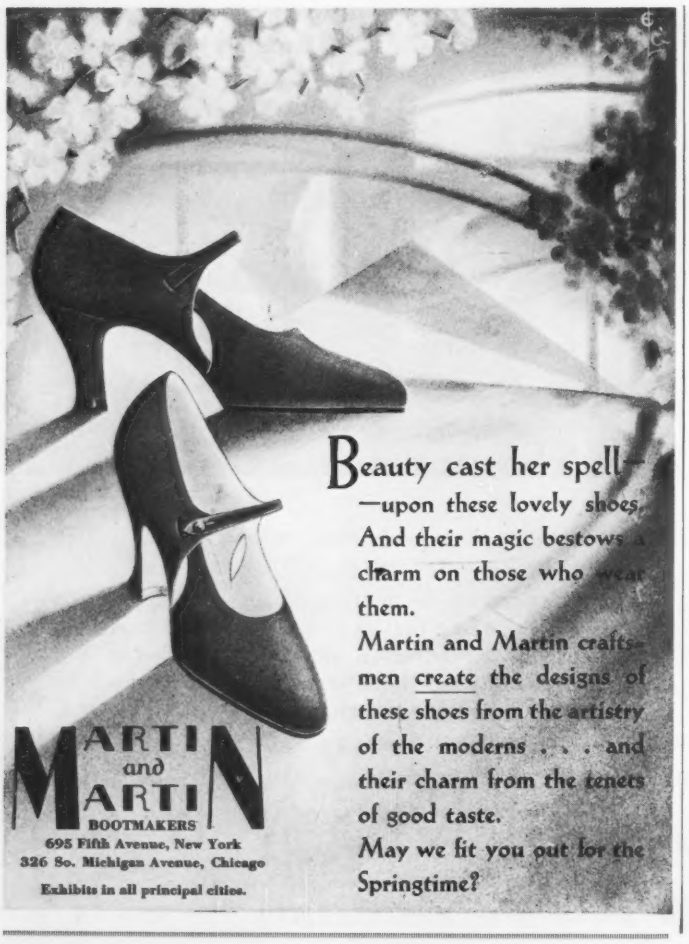

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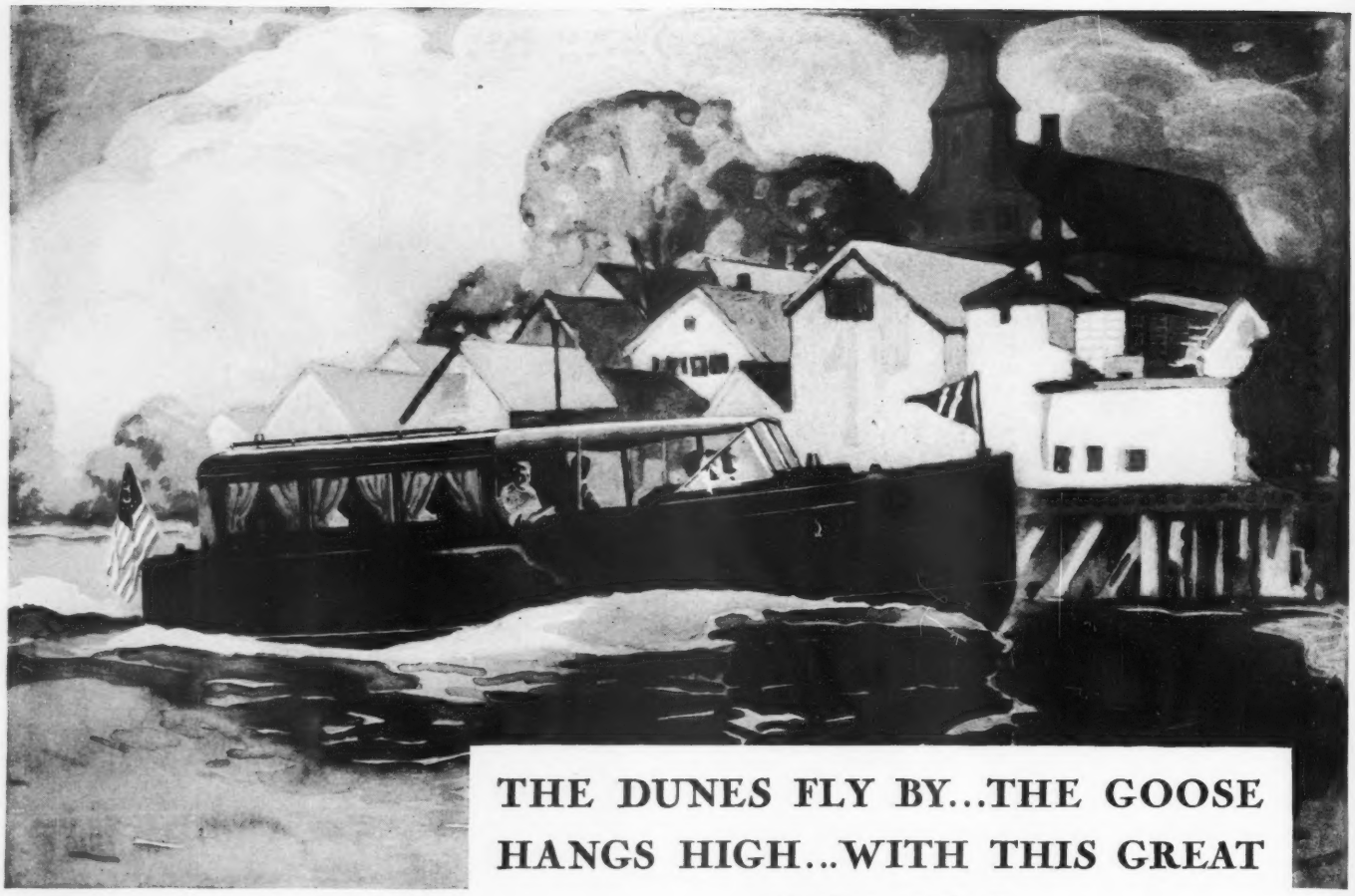

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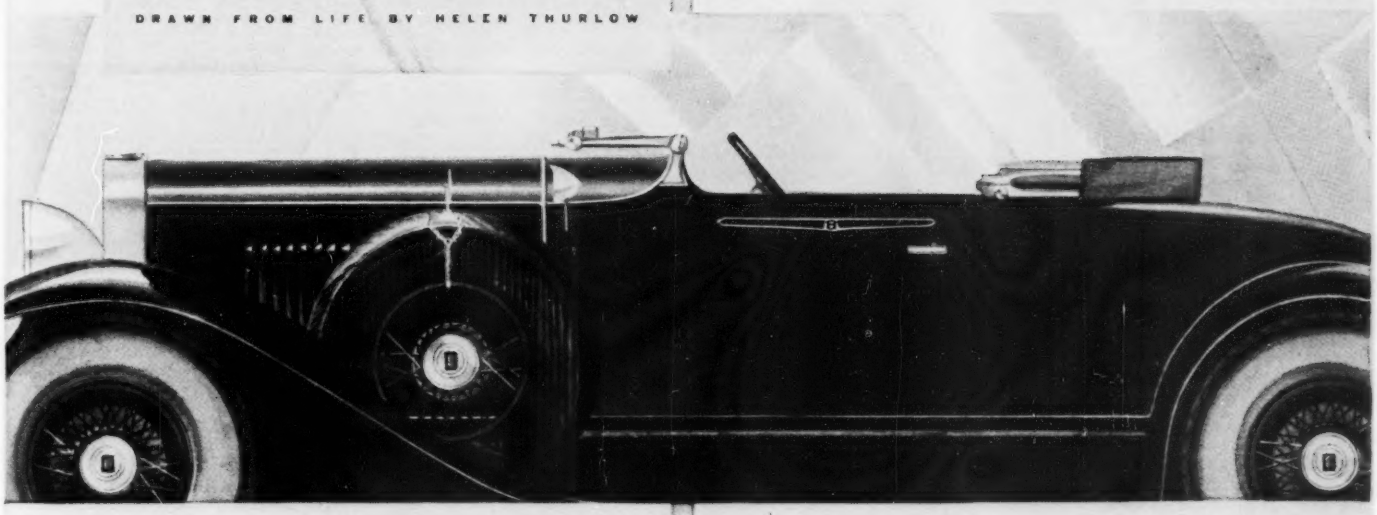

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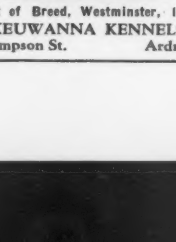

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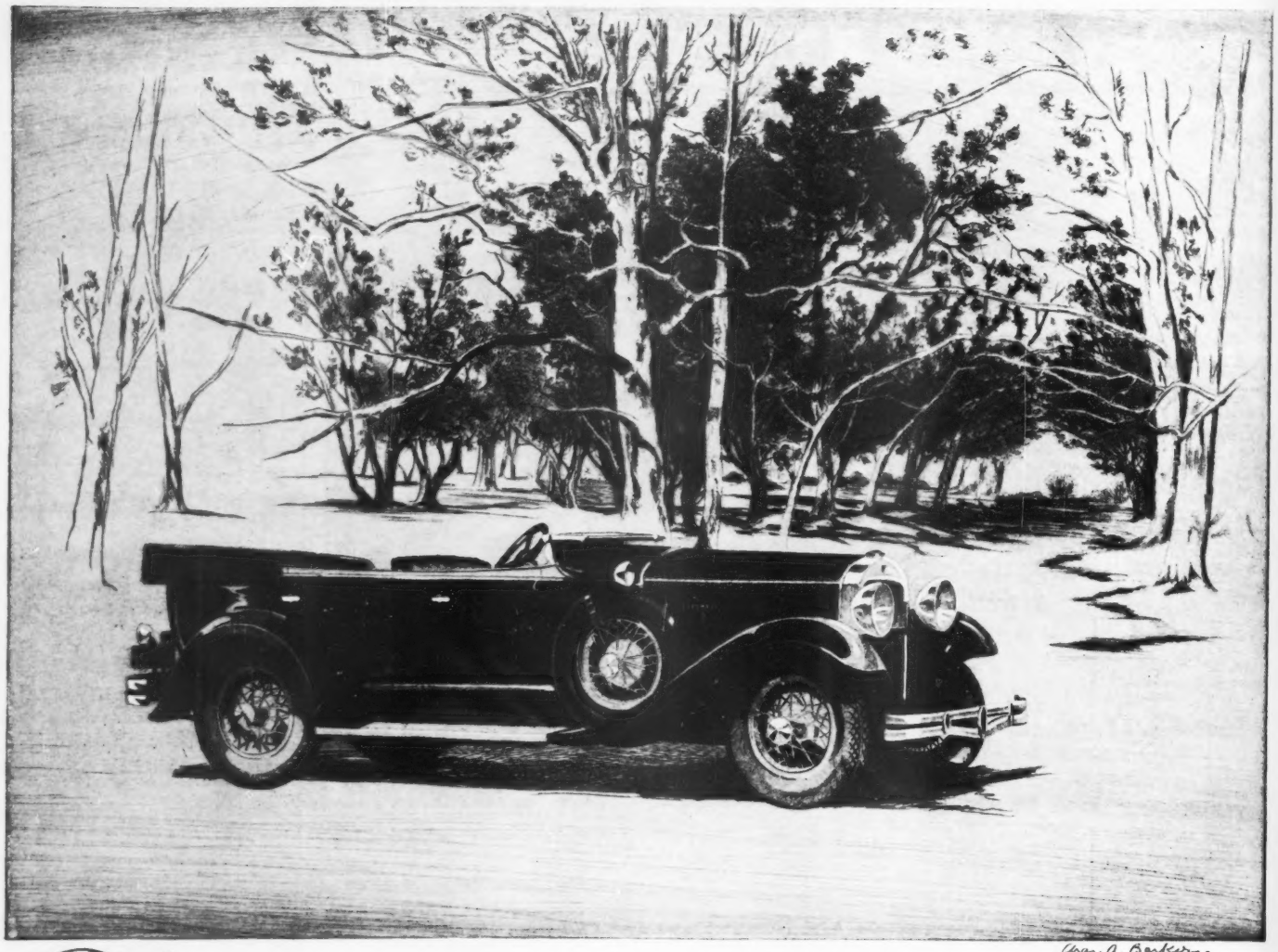

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92 DEVELOPED HORSEPOWER — ABOVE 80 MILES AN HOUR

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GOODYEAR

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IN EVERY community there is a store,—a fine store,—where you will find sports apparel tailored by Sportswear, Incorporated. Whether for golf or tennis,—for riding or for general Country Club wear these clothes bear the stamp of absolute style authenticity. Designed by expert stylists with the assistance of leading sportsmen, they offer not only luxurious fabrics and exclusive patterns, but also the satisfying assurance of unquestioned correctness. This label of Sportswear, Incorporated, stands above all for authenticity!

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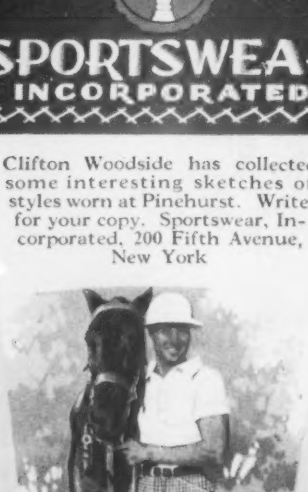

WILLIAM HAINES
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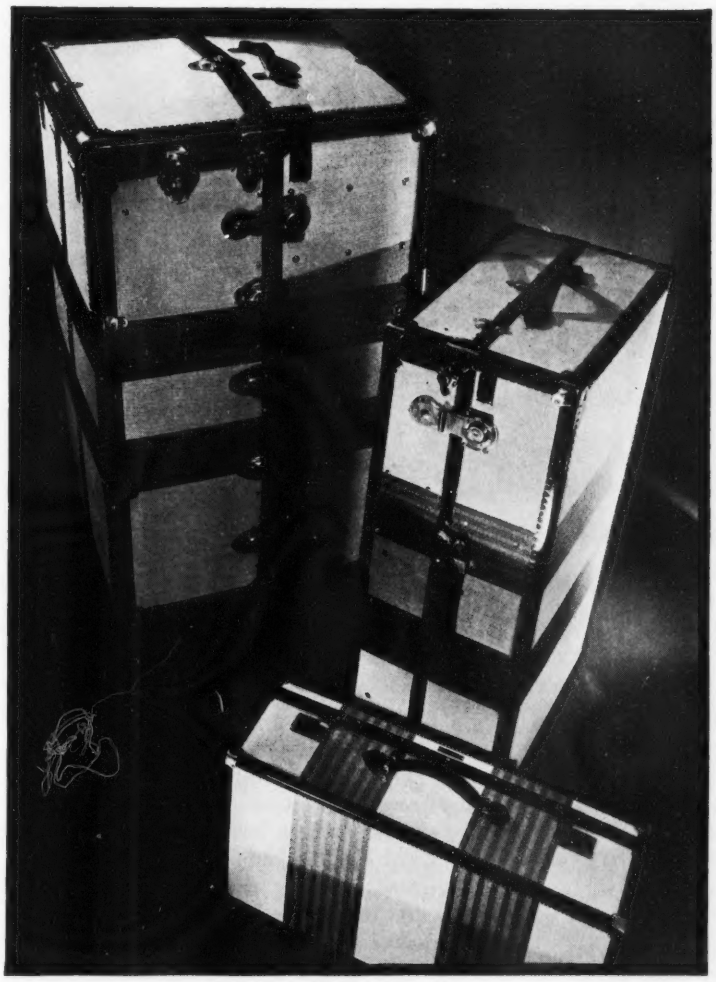
WALTER HAGEN
holder of British Open Golf Championship, in Sportswear suit of blended Shetland and Vicuna wool

SPORTSWEAR

New York INCORPORATED London

To those who see ROMANCE in making things *right*



A PROMINENT PUBLISHER was in Oshkosh recently (now and then somebody of importance actually does come out here), and he asked to be shown through our factory. What he said when he came out is worth repeating.

We showed him the costly raw materials that go into Oshkosh Trunks. (Needlessly costly, he thought.)

He noted that in no Oshkosh Trunk is the bottom of a drawer ever made of cardboard. He saw that we use hard vulcanized fibre *both* inside and out. (Not all trunks are built this way, but we are finicky about these matters, and would rather make a thing too strong than not quite strong enough.)

He saw the remarkable care exercised in each operation of assembling these materials into the finished product.

And finally we showed him the clever patented conveniences that make traveling with an Oshkosh Trunk a joy instead of a burden—the locking device that automatically draws the two halves of the trunk together before locking it securely, the drawer lock inside the trunk that locks or unlocks *all* the drawers with a single turn of the key, the laundry door, shoe container, hat tray, garment protector, and all the rest.

"Well, what do you think of it?" we asked him.

He hesitated a moment. "For the life of me," he answered, "I can't make up my mind whether you people are geniuses or lunatics.

"When I look at the trunks you make, I think you are geniuses; but when I see the money and care you lavish on the making of them, I think you're just plain crazy. You could cut your expenses for materials in half; few people would notice it, and you'd make a lot more money."

It's perfectly true, and we admitted it. But we tried to explain to him that while we could compromise in this way without altering the appearance or the salability of Oshkosh Trunks, that idea didn't appeal to us.

"The fact is," we confessed, "we get a kick out of making things right. If we started trying to make more money instead, we just wouldn't have any fun running this business."

"Well," he said with a smile, "there are two things I'm sure of. The first is that if people knew the sort of thing that goes on in your factory, they would come out here by the thousands and take Oshkosh Trunks away from you. And the second is that I'm going to buy three of your trunks the minute I get back to New York."

. . . . .

People who are as fussy about the things they buy as we are about the things we make are invited to write us, addressing 492 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, for a book that goes into a little more detail about Oshkosh Trunks. It is called "Your Home Away from Home." It tells about styles and sizes and all that sort of thing, and of course it costs nothing. If you ever do any traveling, we honestly believe you will find it helpful. THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th Street, New York City.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

D. W. Griffith (seated) directing a scene from "Lady of the Pavements." Karl Struss, his chief cameraman, is seen operating a Bell & Howell professional studio camera.

D. W. Griffith *says*

"In view of my many satisfactory experiences with Bell & Howell professional cinema cameras, I would prefer Bell & Howell personal movie equipment if I were an amateur movie maker"

Mr. Griffith, world's premier producer of spectacular productions, still speaking:

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Here is a voice of *authority*—the approval of a man whose greatness in making theater motion pictures the world acclaims!

When *you* select a movie camera for *personal* use, there is but one way to assure getting pictures of the unexcelled beauty, screen brilliance and variety which characterize those produced for the past 20 years by D. W. Griffith. That is to select a Bell & Howell FILMO or EYEMO camera, made with the same watch-like precision and perfection of detail which distinguish Bell & Howell $5,000 professional studio cameras. These unequaled personal movie cameras are light in weight, convenient in size, beautiful in appearance and moderate in cost. Their operation is simplicity itself.

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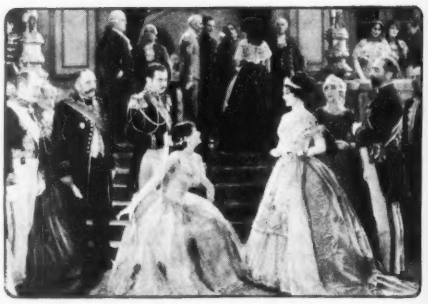
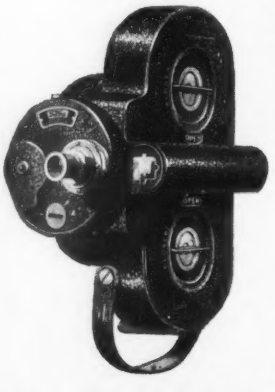
See a nearby dealer for complete demonstration, or write for illustrated, fully descriptive movie booklet—"What You See, You Get."

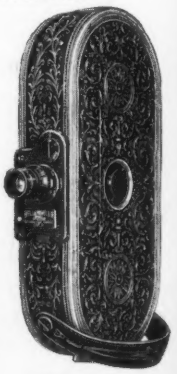


A scene from D. W. Griffith's production, "Lady of the Pavements," with William Boyd, Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez—a United Artists release.

Filmo 70

Shown below. The original and most highly perfected automatic personal movie camera obtainable. Price $180, with case. Optional models available for making s-l-o-w movies.





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"PERHAPS you can spare the time to see JAPAN still more thoroughly—by rail or motor along the shore of the Inland Sea, a mirror of densest blue, splashed with carelessly flung islands, wantonly scratched here and there with a steamer's wake. There is Hiroshima, for instance, modern in comforts, yet pre-Perry in appearances and manner . . . Miyajima, with its world famous sea-girt temple arch, its sailing boats and whispering pine forests . . .

"At Shimoneseki you may wish to slip over to Korea, continental Japan, by model steamers across battle-famous Tsushima Straits in a night or a day . . . Korea, with its sacred male top-knots protected from evil spirits by transparent 'fly-trap' hats, its men strutting forth from mere mud-brick hovels in snowy white gowns, ironed by faithful wives with baseball bats and a wooden roller for equipment . . . Korea, under a Japanese viceroy at Seoul . . . Korea with its toiling bulls and cantankerous little stallions, its royal tombs, demon temples, Kongosan, or the 'Diamond Mountains', hundreds of needle-pointed masses of marble-white granite mountains, filled with monasteries inhabited by cheery, hospitable, shaven-headed monks . . .

"But of course there are limits even to a two-year journey. Besides, you will do well not to miss Kiushu, Japan's mountainous southern island, where nature prepares hot baths for a multitude and rice-fields climb in dizzy terraces to the sky. Run down to Kagoshima, southern-most city of old Japan, with its perpetually smoking island volcano of Sakurajima and the park-set statues of its old, now forgiven, Satsuma heroes, who died for their belief against Japan's surrender to the modern world. You may even care to drop on down to Formosa, Japan's tropical memento of her war with China, producing most of the world's camphor and famous for its fenced-in tribes of head-hunters . . . And at length you may sail away from photography-forbidden Nagasaki, with its narrow streets and its makers of parasol hats, and many a hillside cottage that will carry your mind back to 'Madame Butterfly'."

Harry A. Franck*
World Traveler and Author of
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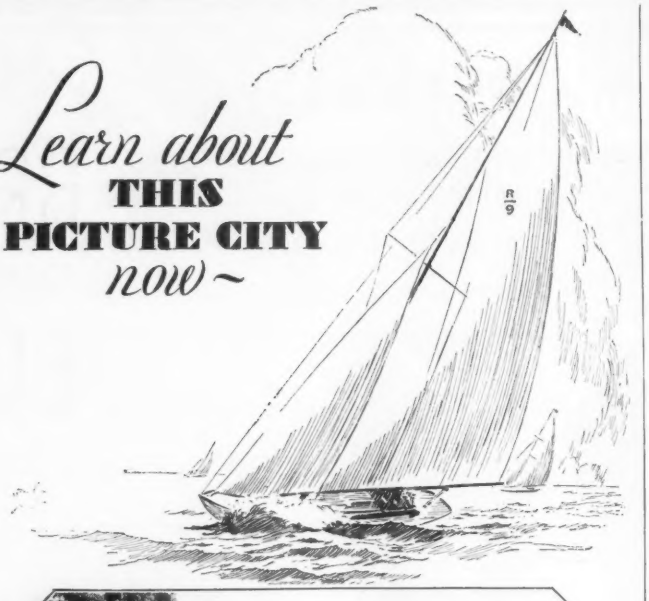

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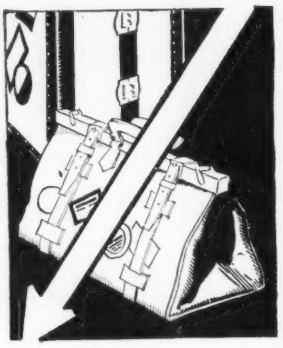

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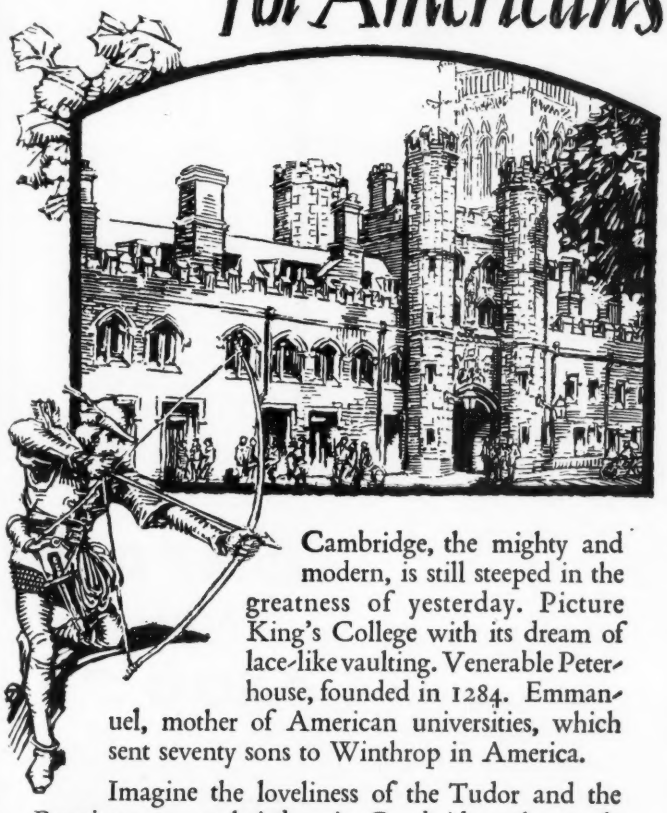

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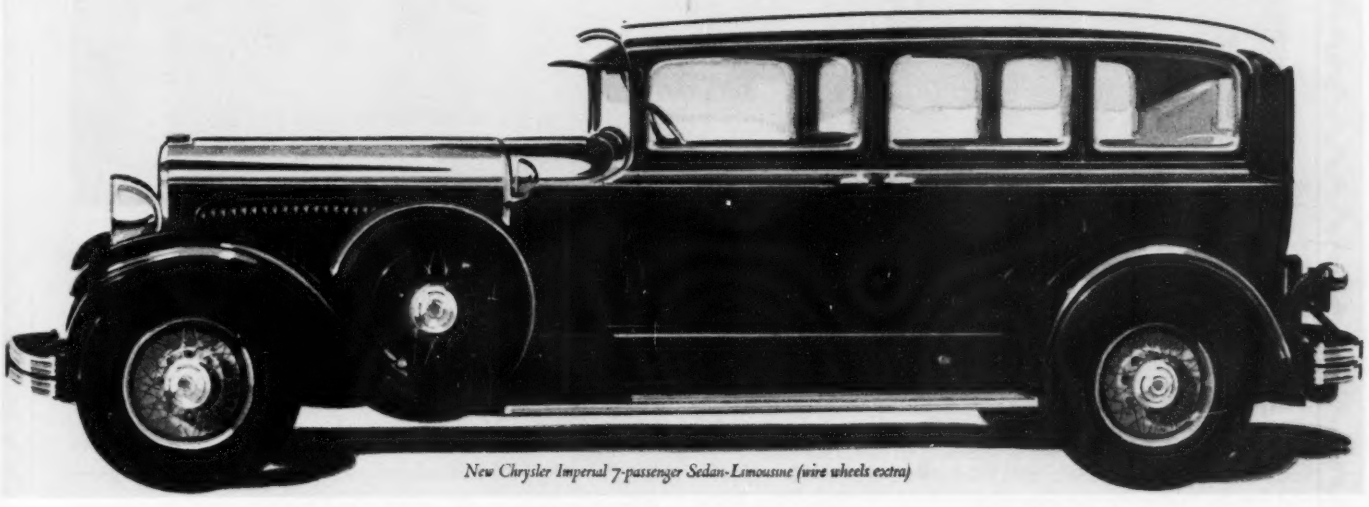

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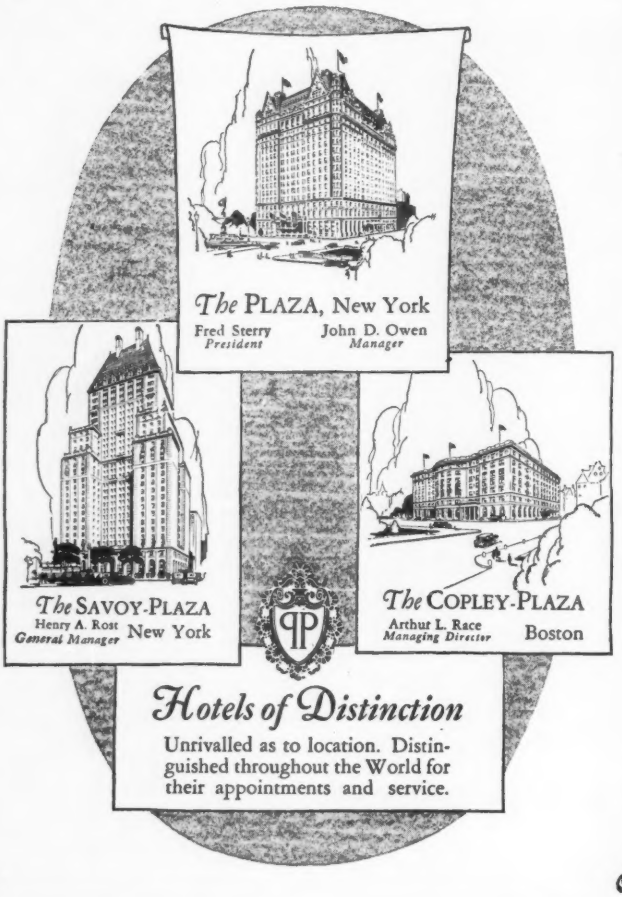

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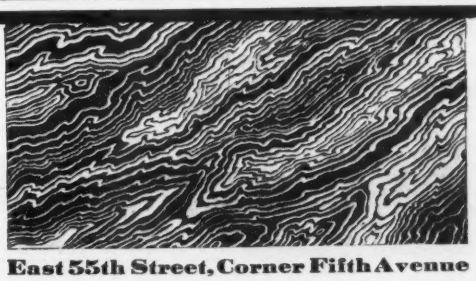

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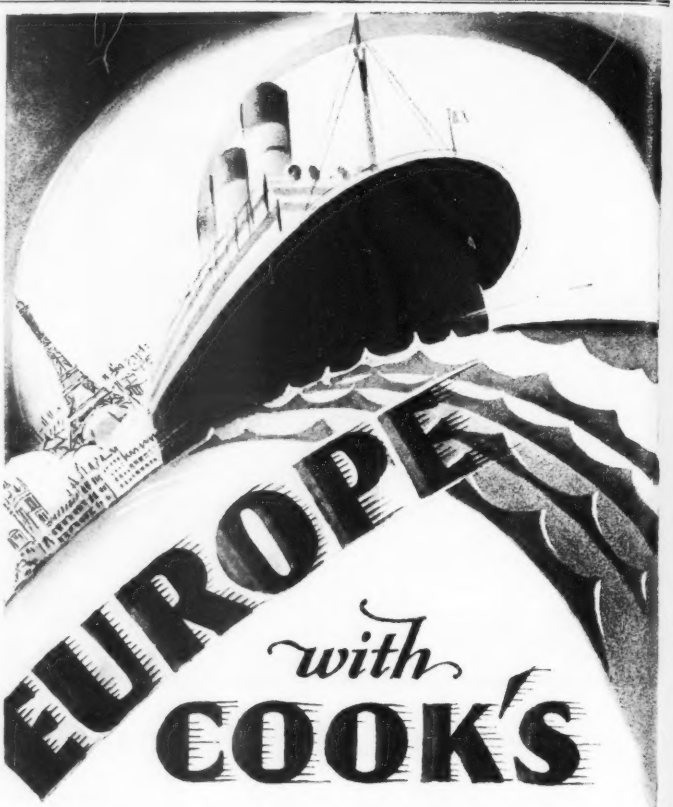

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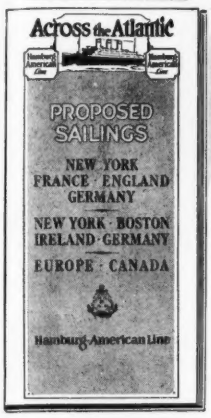

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IN VANITY FAIR

Study in Blackmail

Presenting a Modern Crisis With a Modern Solution in the Tradition of Archimedes

MRS. BULWANGER FINN glanced disconsolately at the reflection that confronted her in her mirror. Her index finger traversed, first, the lines framing her left eye and again, with equal precision, those framing her right eye. The opposite *sequitur* was the summoning of Clarice under whose artful massaging Mrs. Finn hoped to disperse wrinkles and apprehensions alike. But Clarice's persuasive fingers were not on this occasion convincing enough. Clarice went resignedly to draw the bath while Mrs. Bulwanger Finn addressed herself again to her mirror. "Growing old. Why Monty Finn was saying just last night that I don't look a day over . . ." She checked herself hastily as Clarice entered by the boudoir door.

The highest paid in their profession had convinced Mrs. Bulwanger Finn that mauve, and mauve alone, was *her* bathroom colour. Trailing a rose *peignoir*, the doomed woman insinuated herself toward her bath. Nor was there any virtue in the first caress of perfumed water against her thighs.

SHE meditated that, after all, she was just taking a bath. "You may go, Clarice," she informed her maid. Alone again, she contemplated drowning but upon examination found the prospect dull.

And yet, something had to be done. She contemplated her toe as it periscopically protruded from the water.

And then Mrs. Bulwanger Finn displayed unprecedented nimbleness. Clarice, methodically arranging toilet articles on her mistress's vanity table, was suddenly aware that the bathroom door had burst open and from it came dashing, quite *au naturel* and prodigiously sprinkling the floor, a bright-eyed Mrs. Bulwanger Finn. Before Clarice had an opportunity to question this Archimedes-like procedure, her mistress had brushed her aside and was sitting before her taffeta enclosed telephone.

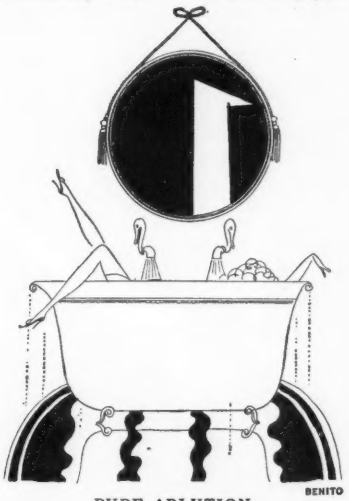
Clarice recalled later, when the cook, butler, chauffeur and gardener were regaled with this impropriety, that Mrs. Bulwanger Finn had called Mr. Dennison Flagg at his office, "mind you, and she sitting there in the clothes she was born in."

While Mr. Flagg's secretary was asking him if he was in, Mrs. Bulwanger Finn advised Clarice to dry her. Clarice was gently patting the toe that had started it all, when Mr. Flagg guardedly "Yes, my dear-ed" into the telephone.

"Denny?" Mrs. Finn nervously inquired. "Denny, I have been considering that matter very seriously for some time. I received your, might I say, threatening letter, as you know. You realize what a terrible predicament you have put me in. And yet I think I know what to do.

"Just be patient with me, please. I shall write you in three days. And Denny . . . of course, I shall see you at the wedding."

After Clarice had thoroughly dried and dressed her, she cautiously removed the "threatening letter" from its hiding place.



PURE ABLUTION

There was no virtue in the first caress of the perfumed water against her thighs. She contemplated her toe as it periscopically protruded from the water

"Dear Aggie," she read. And shuddered for the fourteenth time.

"The folks sure would be proud of you back in Ring's End if they could have seen the way you did up things at that party you had the other night. Every one I talked to said that Mrs. Bulwanger Finn's affairs always were the last word, I think they said. It seems you have quite a rep for throwing a good party.

"Now Aggie, you and me were quite thick at one time. Remember, Ag, when I first called on you and took you on the M.E. hay ride? Remember what I told you?

"Well, Aggie, you threw me down anyway for Finn and look what you are now. Now, here's what I want.

"Marianne Vandeveer Vandewater might marry me. Of course, I know you know her. They say she is number 354 of the 400 and has less than that many dollars in the bank. Marianne thinks I don't know enough about the *haute monde*, whatever that is.

"I have asked you repeatedly how you did it. You know what I mean. Nobody would know you were Aggie Johnson now.

"I thought this. Suppose I tell Marianne about you. Sort of use you as a comparison. She has talked about you so many times as being so refined and cultured. And really, I want to laugh. Because I remember you with those funny pigtails, and the gingham dress out there feeding the pigs. Don't you think that maybe Marianne will see some hope for me, when she hears what you used to be?"

When Mrs. Bulwanger Finn had first read the letter she had immediately called up Mr. Dennison Flagg to ascertain if the damage had already been done. Assured that he hadn't seen Marianne since posting the letter, he was invited to tea immediately.

"You simply can't do that, Denny. And don't ever call me Aggie again," she pleaded with him. "Don't you see that Marianne might tell some one else? Oh, I know she might not, of course. But if she ever did, I should simply be ruined."

"BUT Aggie—Agonice—it is the only way I can see. Look, I will just casually say, 'Take Mrs. Bulwanger Finn. She was Aggie Johnson back in Iowa and her mother did her own washing. Culture isn't everything or how could . . .'"

"Dennison Flagg, don't you ever dare do that," and Mrs. Bulwanger Finn, *née* Aggie Johnson, stalked majestically from the room.

Two hours later Mr. Dennison Flagg delivered his ultimatum over the telephone.

"If, Agonice, you don't help me out in some way before a fortnight—there, how was that?—I see no other way than to show Marianne as I mentioned this afternoon. Goodbye."

No wonder, thought Mrs. Bulwanger Finn, that lines were appearing on her face. It was worry that her friends should one day learn the truth. That her mother had washed her own clothes. That she had eloped with Monty Finn, who thought her family one of the old ones of Iowa. That she lived in mortal fear that some Ring's End visitor should some day pay a social call.

She asked herself what had made her successful, for indeed she had been successful. And had she ever known about it, she would have cried "Eureka" as she dashed from her tub.

Three days later, Mr. Dennison Flagg was nervously pacing the living room of his bachelor apartment. Three times he sent his man to the lobby to ascertain if the mail had arrived. His impatience was finally rewarded. Judson advanced toward him bearing a silver platter. "At last!" he cried.

And with trembling fingers he unrolled a copy of the latest issue of VANITY FAIR.

—LOUIS GOODENOUGH

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ILONKA KARASZ

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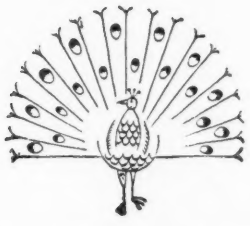
STEICHEN

Paul Morand of France and Everywhere

Diplomat, Writer, World-Boulevardier and Premier Exemplar of Twentieth Century Energy

THE Western World has no citizen more graceful or of more consequence than Paul Morand, writer and diplomat, who intermittently decorates three continents. Born a Frenchman, accoladed by an American success, a student of the Orient, he may appear unexpectedly at any moment walking rapidly along the pavements of either Paris, New York or Peking. He is the foremost of that brigade of twentieth-century men who, instead of accepting one horizon or exchanging by a violent transplanting one set for another, dispense with horizons altogether and find themselves as native to Suez as to the Strand. It is merely an item in an unending itinerary that this charming cosmopolite is currently in New York, writing a book about the city. But this furious perambulation around the globe is only one evidence of Morand's enormous energy. It is not for nothing that he is a personage: one of the most important of the younger French writers today and a distinguished and valuable member of the French Diplomatic Corps—presently at large. It is significant that Morand has no embarrassment in managing these two disparate careers simultaneously. His approach to life and events is shrewd and impressionistic, a brilliant and nervous shorthand made up in equal parts of forthright candour and involved indirections. He is a cousin germane to the contemporary American phenomenon of master of finance, who astonishes with his youth, his urbanity, his tailor, his eclectic erudition, his off-hand decisions and his electric vitality. And *M.* Morand is much more than all this

Vanity Fair



Speed—The New Vice

In Which Is Advocated a General Rebellion Against Haste, the Tyrant of Modern Life

By PAUL MORAND

WE live in a century of speed. The scientific theories, the arts, the feelings of today are dominated by this axiom, which we accept without analysis because it seems so clear and so simple: "If the world moves too fast for our taste that is only so, we tell ourselves, because we have not yet adapted ourselves to its pace, since speed is not disorder, but a new order to which it will be necessary to adjust ourselves." It is this proposition I propose to discuss.

It has often been said that I am a worshiper of speed. It is true that I have liked it very much. Now, however, I care less for it. In the effort to understand it better I have come to see that it is far from being always a stimulant; it is also a depressant, a corrosive, an explosive dangerous to handle, capable of blowing up not only ourselves but the whole universe with us unless we learn to know it and to protect ourselves from it.

"There is in speed," wrote a character in one of my books, who had tasted the more leisurely rhythm of oriental life, "something of the forbidden and irresistible,—of a tragic beauty, of incalculable consequences: a necessity and a curse. Everything leads to it—amusement and boredom, wealth and poverty, but the result is always a greater illusion, ever increasing needs, accidents, torments; always new obscurities."

SPEED results from following the line of least resistance. We do boring and disagreeable things as quickly as possible; that is why machines were invented. But since then —and here is one of the great errors of modern life—instead of enjoying the leisure thus achieved, we have devoted it to doing more work, to superfluous production.

That is one of the consequences of that all too human law of which Gobineau speaks, "which causes us always to waste with one hand what we have gained with the other." What a devilish trick of nature that is! The drone of an engine is the underlying, fundamental bass note of our existence, and when one speaks of a motor, of mechanics, one implies speed.

Gobineau, whom I have just quoted, says that races, like individuals, are unequal before God; that there is a scale of values, ranging from black blood to white, and that miscegenation is, for a superior race, suicide. But what causes the mixture of blood except the material facilities for intercourse among races to-day? To what do the means of communication which envelop the world in a network of roads, railways and telegraph wires, lead, except, in the final analysis, to the machine—to speed?

I wrote, some years ago, that the universe had become for us nothing but a field of experience constantly growing smaller. When a long distance flying record is broken we sigh: Nothing but the earth! or, better still, as Maritain wrote to me: "Nothing but time!" Read the travel books of to-day. Men no longer make voyages, but only flights. Let me mention a very vivid account, that appeared a few months ago: *An Airplane Flight Across Europe*, by M. Claude Blanchard; the countries, the people, the customs came hectically before our eyes. Consider the way the author tells us how he left Russia and arrived at Prague: "This morning I skimmed over Little Russia and now the footlights of the stage illumine a new scene . . . here is Czecho-Slovakia!"

The fact is we are all children; the novelty of this game dazzles us; this fairyland finds us still unspoiled. Will that last? We grow accustomed to these marvels, especially since we are only spectators; like a drug addict we require ever-increasing doses of our drug. (Incidentally, even in this particular field, speed has had its way; the slow, contemplative drugs of other days, opium, hasheesh, have been supplanted by more devastating products—cocaine and heroin.)

WHEN we start out in a new car we think: "When the speedometer once registers 75 miles an hour I shall be satisfied." But on the return trip, after we have attained that magic figure a score of times, we are not happy; that dreamed of maximum, once attained, becomes part of a monotonous routine.

A portion of the lure of speed is that noble ambition to excel which has placed the Aryan race above the rest, but there is also a terrible excitement about speed which is beginning to intoxicate humanity, and not only the childlike races, like the blacks, but the peoples who have hitherto been static, like the yellow races. Observe the congestion in our cities, the desertion of the countryside. People can no longer bear either solitude or remaining in one place. Remaining in one place produces in us, if I dare say so, a fever for which speed is the remedy. If, as Buffon says, the speed of an animal represents only the product of its energy employed against its weight, it would seem that all our energy to-day is employed in overcoming that burden. And why? It is a proof of the fear of death, the materialistic error of modern thought of which, perhaps, the modern world will die.

While our doctors seek to prolong life, we seek to broaden it by trying to make it hold more and more for us; to live quickly is to cheat fate, it is to live several times in a life time. Since death is immobility, movement is life, from which many reason that more speed means more living.

"Do you remember the holidays of the old days?" a woman friend once wrote to me. "Those ceremonial departures for the country, with great bales of linen and chests of silver, and servants sent ahead? Nowadays, thanks to my little car, I have a month at the seashore, a month at *Ile-de-France*, a month on the Riviera, another in Italy—four vacations instead of one."

YES, so far as actual time goes, we live four times more than we did a century ago. But do we not live four times less well, four times less potently; has there not been, perhaps, just such a depreciation in our enjoyment of life as in continental currency?

The European mind, says Emil Ludwig, appreciates the danger of the new technical mind. It took old school European rulers a long time before they admitted they could ride in a motor car without loss of dignity. The old Emperor Francis-Joseph of Austria, for instance, never rode in a motor, never wrote a letter on a typewriter, never used a telephone. When monarchs make a triumphant entry into a town they still ride in a carriage drawn by four horses, and a motorized funeral procession is still a rare sight in Europe. Didn't Ruskin cross England in a mail-coach, by way of protest against what he regarded as the absurdity of the tramway? And is there not, even in our day, a company that plans to organize coach

tours through France so that Frenchmen and foreigners alike may see the country quietly —really see it, in a word? (That would be perfect, but, so far as I know, coach tours exist only in England, where, to please American tourists, they have just restored a stage-line between London and Brighton.)

Certainly we can discover something essentially true in this. The speed with which we make our contacts with everything is assuredly harmful to the intensity of our perceptions.

Let us look back, once more, to the Europeans of a former time and consider how speed has revolutionized our customs. It is simple to read in the newspaper that the Atlantic has been crossed in twenty-four hours, but that brutal statement of facts does not allow us to perceive the more gradual evolution of our point of view, under the domination of "the only new vice". Is it not through sheer haste that we have cast aside, one after another, the leisurely implements of old—horses, the sail, good cooking, good manners?

Who takes time to-day, in our great cities, to eat, to sleep, to follow the dead on foot to the cemetery? It is speed which shakes and separates our old world; built upon deep foundations by slow working architects, the universe has been delivered into the hands of impetuous mechanics who work only on the surface. Nature, when she works well, works slowly; she needs only a day to produce larva, but twenty years to form a man. We no longer understand that. We are no longer sensitive to the beauty of germination, of hatching, except in the cinema, where these processes are miraculously accelerated. It is the cinema, too, which, showing us pre-war films, gives us a truer measure of the gap between yesterday and to-day. The grotesque clothes of an earlier fashion, the stilted gestures of conventional mimicry, send us into shouts of laughter.

LET us make an analogous experiment in literature and see if, as the old writers tell us, "love is always love and the heart remains eternally the same." I quote a seduction scene, taken at random from the pages of Paul Bourget, dealing with a time forty years in the past:

> A tea table at the Leuchars. . . . The flame is alight under the kettle. Madame de Gesvres, Jeanne, is alone in the drawing room; she is thirty, a blonde with very soft black eyes. She is dressed for the house. She walks up and down the room, looking occasionally at a tiny watch enclosed in a bracelet. "Five o'clock—in a few minutes he will be here. . . . What is he going to say to me? Last time he made love to me, it was fifteen months ago. . . ."

Now let us return to the present: *Les Onze devant la Porte Dorée*, by Henri de Montherlant:

> But never, never as in this hour, have I desired you! Ah! With a leaping heart I see in your face the signs of the same emotions you arouse in me! Say no more! You have said yes. Every obstacle has been removed, everything is quite clear.
>
> On one condition . . .
>
> I accept it. Oh, the happiness of heaping favours upon you! Joy assails me like a wild beast!
>
> You must beat Lassalle at 100 metres.
>
> You say that if I beat Lassalle, we shall see one another on Monday? It is not on Monday, it is Sunday evening that you shall be mine, if I beat Lassalle. One attains everything, you understand. You please me, you are my prize, and I shall possess you, cost what it may.

Like old music, we may hear Stendhal's heroine, *Ernestine*, analyzing herself: "It seems to me," she says, "that I can trace seven distinct epochs in the birth of love."

Modern lovers are far removed from such casuistry. They are pugilists:

LEWIS:—There is no subtlety between us, is there?

IRENE:—Oh, my God, no!

LEWIS:—That was what I thought.

Here is a wholly new sort of sentimental modesty, the product of sport and speed.

Remember *Elvira*, defending herself against *Tartuffe:*

"What, you would go so fast!
And with love at first sight exhaust tenderness?

But in the case of the impetuous *Philippe Soupault*, the fear of exhausting, of wasting tenderness matters very little:

> The taxi stopped in front of her house. Almost trembling, he paid the driver, took Maud's arm, and like the wind they entered. . . . Without a word he took her by the shoulders. . . . She murmured, gently: "My husband expects me at Fouquet's at seven o'clock!" He did not answer. He was annoyed by her clothes, by the too brilliant light that came through the windows. . . . Maud opened her mouth, and Julien answered: "It is six thirty-five."

(Time plays a great part in the love affairs of today!)

MODERN lovers no longer write letters; they telephone or telegraph to save time; they scarcely speak. That is why love scenes in the theatre nowadays seem to us so verbose and so artificial. In England, in America, people make love in motor cars. As for friendship, it is formed swiftly, after the impatient formula of *Orontes* which so scandalized *Alceste;* when the latter said that friendship needed a little more of mystery he meant that it needed more time. But we no longer have time for anything, even for a revolution, which is called, nowadays, a *"putsch"* and seems to last only a few hours, like a tornado.

Art itself is modified by speed. The masterpieces which are necessary to us are like thunderstorms; *Le Sacre du Printemps* lasts not three days, but twenty minutes. Our better painters turn out three pictures a day; instead of two hundred pages, the romance of tomorrow will be only padding; everything long becomes unreadable, unactable, unlivable. Romantic lives, to be in the fashion, can be nothing but the histories of slow successes. Genius, infinite patience, interminable ordeals, are condensed into narratives of dizzy speed, like a film unrolled instantaneously before a blinking eye. In every realm of art what triumphs today is the outline, the first impression.

Speed has produced a completely new series of metaphors, like *"ventre à terre"*, "riding with a loose rein", "post haste". Style in writing is a matter of contraction; it has become telegraphic. Far from their being paid by the word, it would seem that to writers the use of words has become costly, since they are so miserly in their use of them. Yet how the artist errs in thinking that speed enriches him! He is bound to become one of its earliest victims.

He benefits to-day, to be sure, from the contrast between the diversity of attractions that appeal to the various parts of the world. But, as in the case of ideas, the slower countries tend to catch up to the most advanced ones; tomorrow there will be no difference between Peking and New York, Amsterdam and Tahiti; speed annihilates climatic variations and the old theories of environment. The contrasts of colours, the confusions of design, cubism, are already pre-War, and we no longer expect very much, especially after Soviet art, from that last futuristic outbreak in Italy in 1913.

Artists! Speed destroys form. What remains of a countryside seen at a hundred miles an hour? Nothing. Foreground and background are eliminated in a 300th of a second; even cameras grow impotent. Our eye takes no pleasure in the trajectory of a shell it can no longer see. Movement does not displace lines; it destroys them. The earth loses its variety; from an airplane there are no longer, below us, poplars and chestnuts; there are only trees. We are coming to an age of anonymity, of symbol. The sociologist may rejoice at this, but it is likely to be death for the artist. Speed also kills colour; the gyroscope, turning its fastest, reveals only grey! Grey, grey-green, grey-black-Braque, Picasso, Juan Gris, Derain, Vlaminck; colours of speed.

Here is a charming bit of description of a contemporary aesthete:

> "His scanty patience made him extremely nervous and harsh in his judgment of all works which required more than five minutes to perform. 'We are too pressed for time,' he told me, 'to listen to debates. Nothing endures any more. A household is old after a year; all is so swift, how can you expect anyone to sit through a four act play, an opera, a Beethoven symphony?'"

An American writer has invented an excellent word to characterize our impatient ones; he calls them "time-snobs".

NEVERTHELESS, the Americans have less of precipitancy than Europeans. If they seem swifter, it is because they are more practical. They know how to work fast and to amuse themselves sedately, and always with the same means. Deliberation is at the roots of their being, and in violating that principle they surrender,—as is evidenced by the many suicides and the premature decay for which the American language has so many terms—like nervous breakdown, mental collapse, and so forth. Who is the savage, lying on the sand, who eats only fruit, and is condemned to silence? It is an American banker taking a rest cure.

I wrote once to Montherlant that the only real glory and pleasure were those quickly attained. Forgetting, perhaps, that a chapter of *Aux Fontaines du Désir* is headed: *Their Sinister Patience*, he reproached me for exalting speed for its own sake, as against its essential quality, which he upholds. Perhaps this wisdom comes to him from frequenting the East, where people of birth move slowly, leaving hurried delights to their inferiors, since he says: "The day will come when, owing to the banality of speed, and the ease

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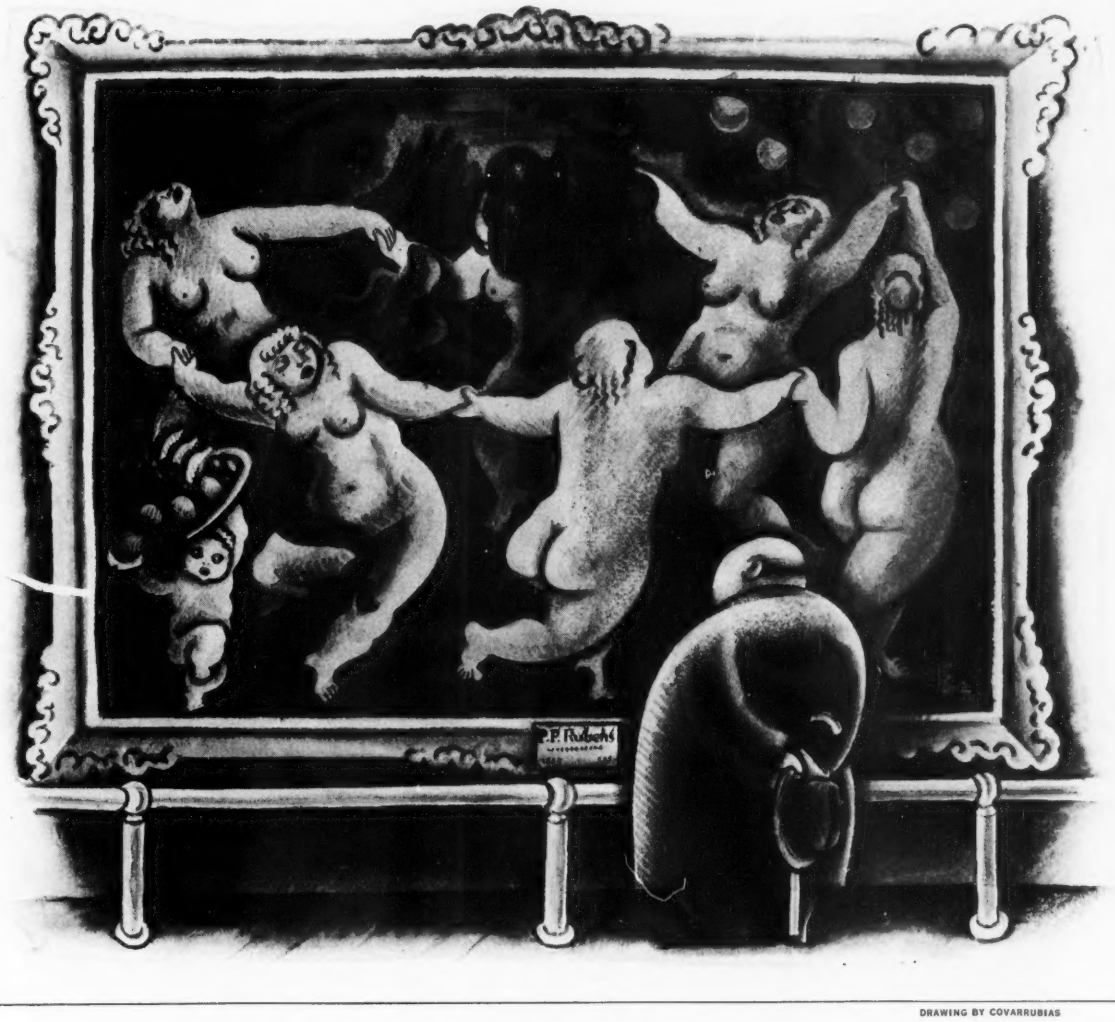

DRAWING BY COVARRUBIAS

RUBENS, THAT'S ALL
An Admirer of "Art" Stands Before the Work of a Great Master

The Atrocity

A Gruesome Fiction Concerning a Sinister Discovery and the Climax of an Adventure in Sleuthing

By MICHEL CORDAY

IT has become a habit with me, on leaving a train, to look around and make sure that not only I, but also any of my travelling companions who are leaving the car at the same time, have not forgotten anything. You could not imagine how thoughtless people are.

One morning as I was on my way back to Paris, a very pretty and smartly dressed woman, as fresh and perfumed as a bouquet, got on at Fontainebleau. Many such women take the train at Fontainebleau. She read the newspaper, day-dreamed, and looked out the window. Then she stared at the other passengers with that vague, neighbourly curiosity which one always feels when travelling. Finally she rummaged in her little bag and pulled out, one after another, as though to make sure that she still had them, a card-case, a powder puff, a purse, some keys, some letters, and a handkerchief. This is one of the many advantages which women have over men. Among the feeble diversions of travelling they can include the autopsy of their little hand bag.

When the pleasure of this exercise had palled, she read one of her letters. It was eight pages of long, delicate handwriting in violet ink. She seemed first to be looking for some particular piece of information, then she ran through the letter in its entirety, with a little smile of malicious and flattered complacency.

Meanwhile, we were approaching Paris. In the stir just before arrival, when everyone gets up and pulls himself together, I lost sight of the woman with the little bag. And as I went by the place where she had been sitting, I noticed that she had forgotten her letter, which lay on the bench half-hidden beneath a newspaper.

There is a keen satisfaction in returning a small object to the woman who has mislaid it. One is pleased to oblige her, and proud of the opportunity to display a superior attentiveness. One thinks: "Ah! Without me . . ." And though one can expect no more than a banal "thank you" by way of gratitude, one vaguely hopes for more. One assumes the rôle of a benefactor, a hero.

Thus I quickly snatched up the letter with the intention of restoring it to its thoughtless owner. But she had got off first, whereas I was so placed that I had to wait until all

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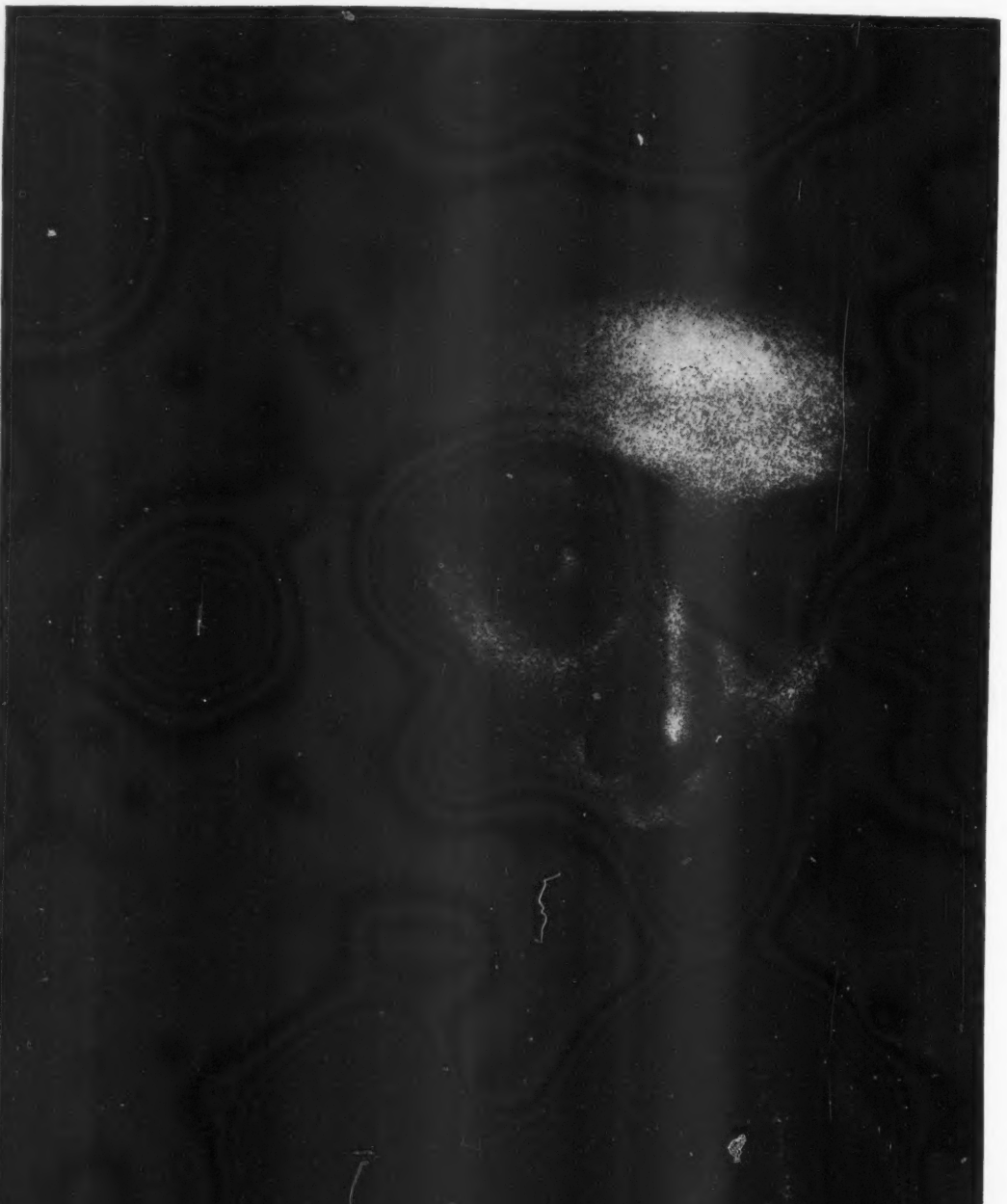


KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES

Lady With a Shawl—By Laura Knight

An Aquatint Depicting a Madonna, with a Difference, by the Noteworthy English Artist

THIS striking aquatint, *Lady With a Shawl*, by Laura Knight, corrects by degrees its initial impression that it is another Madonna in the great tradition. The dark Semitic face draws about itself an ambiguity as inexplicable as the better-known enigmas of the *Mona Lisa*. The eyes withdraw their candour, but what is in its stead? The clue to the moment, whether of grief, of calculation or impossible mockery, is withheld, in an audacious simplification to a three-quarter face and four posed fingers. Laura Knight is an Englishwoman whose long career in art has won her a considerable prestige, the distinction of being a member of the Royal Academy, and representation in many museums and private collections. There are fifty-five proofs of this 8" x 10" aquatint

The Imponderable Army of Art

Forty Thousand Bad Artists in Paris Alone and What Are We Going to Do About Them?

By WILLIAM BOLITHO

ACCORDING to the last figures, which certainly come short of today's total, forty thousand persons in Paris are occupied with the art of painting. This herd forms the main, but by no means the whole, of that huge, predominantly young and foreign population, which all magazine readers know as "The Quarter."

This agglomeration of talents, truants and hopes is much too big, therefore, to be merely picturesque. I suppose the only historical comparison to it would be that motley rush of hermits who peopled the Thebaid Desert in pre-Mohammedan times drawn by exaggerated accounts of the Temptation of St. Anthony; and finally, of course, became a great nuisance.

Taking these forty thousand, I make an optimistic guess—I have no wish to discourage anyone—and state there must be thirty or forty individuals who are doing work that is worth while, and ten or twelve whose work is so good that it will live. I count these out, and carry on. Let us say the proportions for the uncountable penumbra of poets, composers, pianists, novelists is the same. The Quarter is largely residue. A waste of time and someone else's money?

The routine of this uselessness has been much prettified and romanced. But the reality must give each new accretion as it arrives from Stockholm or Oxford or Tulsa a mean little shock, until it becomes for its own interest and pride a member of the conspiracy. Perhaps there are not so many sheer duffers, fakes and no-goods in Paris as the French themselves believe; but these have a large share in setting the tune. When the newcomer has recovered from the rapture of getting better meals than he has been eating for a quarter the price he has been paying, and drinks practically given away, he will notice that the company is dull as well as pretentious, that the talk is either the merest personal gossip or boring and fuzzy and uninformed. It is not for nothing that the Rotonde has a band even louder than those in the Berlin eating houses. Outside this talk only a small proportion of the Quarter seem to do anything at all.

AND yet there is a great output. It must exceed forty thousand canvasses and *maquettes* a week. The secret is that the Quarter works quickly. Or rather it does not work, it dashes off. The standard of criticism down there has a vague allure of racing about it to me; there is a weight for age handicap of course, by which art's value depends inversely on the age of the artist, and a sort of time and trouble measure, that works the same way. As everyone is an imitator, and only easy tricks are easy to imitate this standard is quite practicable.

Imitation is practised there as a fraud, not as a stage in the preparation of creative work, which is its proper place. Everyone imitates the forty thousand; even their models are victims of auto-imitation for the most part. The *milieu* kills originality, as a crowd in a closed room poisons air. Yet it is precisely originality which everyone of the forty thousand most desperately covets, so the queerest phenomenon, the imitation of originality, is universal, and this accounts for the extraordinary air of frustrated striving, or exasperated futility which you find in all the shows, all the magazines, all the make ups. Dadaism was at heart the religion of originality in the absurd, besides the heartless joke of a wickedly clever man. The forty thousand hunt even their singularity in groups.

The private life of the forty thousand less forty is usually a fair excuse. Unmade beds, in which sprawls until five o'clock in the afternoon the slovenly affinity, dishes left so long unwashed that the egg-stains and the fat have incrusted in them, the aluminum casserole of unfinished *nouilles* in the corner that has acquired a delicate harvest of mould, the stack of scratched gramophone records out of their envelopes, the mole hills of cigarette stubs in the *ruelle*—these do not discourage you from what the Quarter expects.

BY convention everyone in the Quarter is a genius—the etiquette there is really as difficult and irrational as in a small Western American town. I will not fly to the other extreme that Leon Daudet cruelly insists on. These people, attracted from every part of the world by a prestige and a mirage, for the most part have real talent. I suspect they are really the world's allowance of born artisan talent that the machine age for the moment has little use for. In better times for them, say in the eighteenth century, they would have been the makers of chairs, porcelain figures, and all the beautiful furniture of life that the least peasant seemed to possess. They would have had to serve an apprenticeship, of course.

A great many of the best of them will indeed be absorbed after a few years in the growing employments of commercial art; those who have troubled to learn how to draw a little will find their way to advertising houses in Bremen, or Cleveland, and so fulfill their natural function. A certain proportion of the writers will some day get jobs on newspapers; others whose stock of tricks is rather large will sell stories giving strictly fictional pictures of life in Paris to recruit the Quarter and keep the forty thousand always growing.

The main barrier against a still greater absorption of these people in every-day life is their extraordinary self-valuation. One difference between them and their ancestors, the country and city hand workers, is the length of their ambition. A young man who can draw neatly and pleasantly, a girl who could if she tried write a creditable letter, or play such pieces as she has troubled to learn with feeling—these staple types of the Quarter—would hiss at you if you suggested any other destiny for them than to be the peers of Busoni, Picasso, Goya. Only the final squeeze of the cosmic mill, the stoppage of their allowance, will ever induce them to be modest in their self-estimates.

Perhaps the romantic fallacy, or rather misunderstanding, of the place of intuition in art has most to do with the situation of these forty thousand. The young mind always leaps to believe that work, training and effort is unnecessary; and it does not take much persuasion to make a *sur-réaliste* or a Gertrude Steiner. The metaphysics of art is full of messages for William Blake and Rainer Maria Rilke, which duffers intercept for themselves: encouragements to neglect technique meant for supreme technicians, exhortations to take things easy addressed to immense consciences. The forty thousand rarely know their orthography, and have theories for never learning it.

But for those who sneakingly, guiltily, on the sly, do learn the elements of their art, there is another trap in the Quarter. It is, very likely, the most dangerous place in the world for the young artist. Those authentic names who stalk or totter through the tables, whom everyone tries to know, or at any rate recognise—someone ought to tell them that as soon as an artist is mixed in the world, is seen everywhere, he is finished. Will no critics whom the young have faith in, unveil the fact that the Joyce who spends his time in other people's studios is not the same Joyce who spent ten years in Trieste, in mean lodgings and solitude, writing *Ulysses?* That the people of whom Sisley Huddleston writes ceased to be creative some years before he met them?

ARTUR BODANSKY told me one night to my surprise that all good musicians were men of profound general culture, even to the extent of learning. I had not realized this was true; I knew it about poets, writers and even painters. Why does not someone sell books to the forty thousand with this as a selling point? Indeed there are great differences among the forty thousand; the English and the Americans for instance are much below the level, let us say of the Germans, the French and the Swiss.

Perhaps only such fancy nationalities as come from the Balkans are so unread, so incurious about reading and knowledge, so specially educated as the English and the Americans. I mean that while it is quite true they would know the names of many books written within the last twenty years and many of them would have read some of them to the very end, there exists beyond that—the most appalling blank.

An injection of the sap of the ancients, a sound teaching of Greek and Latin might have kept most of the forty thousand at home.

Its lack certainly spoils more artistic talents than fifty years spent amid the dreary illusionism of the Quarter ripens into fakers and fashions.

The Last Stage

Being Something of a Fantasy Appropriately Conceived for the Funeral of All Theatres

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

THINGS were in a worst way. The producers, the hopeless playwrights, the few actors who were not fled to Hollywood, had had their inevitable luncheon meeting and decided that the theatre was dead. Dead, forever and irrevocably dead. Undeniably dead, as dead as a doornail or as *Mr. Marley*.

One last performance they'd all give that night, and then . . .

They planned that last performance with sad care. The renegade public, responsible for the constant failure and rebuff which the drama had suffered in these several past years, should be taught a farewell lesson. A lesson in all the joys and raptures, benefits and lively curiosities the stage had formerly furnished. A lesson in the form of a memoir of all those arts and entertainments which the public had once so dearly loved, so freely paid for, now forsaken and almost forgotten in these chill days of the dusk of the drama.

There would be, for instance, the *signor* who did tricks, the ballerina who did dances, the noble thespian who still persisted in playing *Hamlet* in ancient dress, the little French maid who used always to be discovered dusting the bust of Beethoven when the curtain rose upon act one . . . they would all be there. They and many other dear old standbys of the days when playdom had lived and prospered . . . they would all be there, giving their valedictory performance on the world's last stage.

AND then, sure enough, when the show was done and the emptied house had been turned over a last time to the softly snarling whiskbrooms of the gnarled old cleaning women, that would be the end. The theatre would be dead, forever dead.

I am sure that the *signor* professor who did tricks was most affected by the sorrowful occasion. Those who sat in the front row claim that they distinctly saw two yellow drops of moisture (not perspiration, either) run down his nose and plop into the goldfish bowl he had just now removed so miraculously from out of his coattails. An emotion made his fingers tremble and quite marred the brilliance of his celebrated palming of the deuce of spades.

Then, later, I heard of an even more touching scene behind the stage when the old gentleman, packing his apparatus finally for a sale to some unsympathetic junk-shop, said goodbye to his pet rabbit. Every night, for how many years, this little creature had accomplished the unexplainable for him, had leaped full grown from out an empty derby hat . . . anybody's derby hat . . . but the public no longer wondered, and the marvel had grown dim, and the rabbit was a mangy little bag of bones.

And the drama was dead.

A composer of jazz, perpetrator in the past of scores of innumerable best beloved musical shows, maestro of so many formerly brilliant exercises in the ingenuity of suspended syncopation and cerebral blues, appeared with the tattered remnants of his band. A positively last appearance, anywhere.

Once upon a time, in the heyday of jazz, this great, fat man had gaily brayed the joys of his inspiration through his every pore—and great, fat convolvuli of glistening brass had answered him like sea-horses of a grotesque hugeness from a revolutionary deep. He had defined, refined, returned the mean, hoarse notes of pandemonium as stuff of resplendent symphonies. He had made art out of uproar. Out of the fullness of his fatness he had expressed all the ample lusts and terrors and mad comicalities of his lifetime in terms of saxophones, slide trombones, tenor banjoes. And a whole world had cut its hair and its skirts in tune with his creations, and taken his codas for its moral codes.

This was only the remnant, true, of the glories of his old band. They played very loudly and madly, presuming with one final fling to shriek the hinges off the gates of hell and give sudden freedom to all the leaping little devils of sardonic sound. But, somehow, it was as if the little devils had been serenaded once too often, and had made up their minds to stop at home tonight, instead. And the audience could do no more than tap its foot occasionally in time with the tired bass-drum out of sheer politeness. Myself, I overheard someone saying how sick he was of the classics!

As for that splendid mythological seascape of the leader and his big brasses, one was reminded now of nothing but a dingy provincial aquarium where jelly-fish scarce breathed and tarnished octopuses twitched slothfully behind the dusty glass . . . for jazz was dead, or worse than dead, and all the drama kept it company.

THE last surviving prima ballerina did her dance. It was a creaky, melancholy one—but it was a dance; and she stayed on prim, artistic tiptoe to do it. The noble thespian, a grimly absurd ruin, recited Shakespeare with a double quaver gnawing at his throat, but with impeccably grand gestures, pauses of vast, pregnant echo, the attitude of a battered old lion. He, at least, would go down into disuse and oblivion with head unbowed. While the little French maid wept shrilly, and the mammy singer sobbed for once with big, genuinely impulsive sobs at the thought that, from now on, the great American Mother-Complex would have to go hungry, unsung, unsentimentalized.

For, from now on, the drama was dead.

A more mournful performance, naturally, had never been given in the history of the world. The wings, where the producers had gathered in funeral frockcoats—since, having been producers, they would still dress in a right, rich, slightly too well-tailored way—almost smelled of the freshly upturned earth of a huge, world-wide graveside. The playwrights, frayed and gaunt, littered the backstage nervously with cigarette butts, and treated each other to whispered roundelays of savage wisecracks. They all knew it: the drama was dead.

The last performance came to a close. The audience—it had been a very small, cold audience in even the beginning—drifted out. The emptied house belonged for a last time to the softly snarling whiskbrooms of those gnarled old Fates, the cleaning women . . . and this was the end.

Out, down the cobwebbed lobby, past the cold, shut window of the box-office, through the glass doors which would never again open into scenes of rapture, pain, elation or high resolve. Out, out into the street, into the crowds of the everyday which had let the drama die.

But there, on the sidewalk directly in front of the theatre, three young black boys were performing.

Oblivious to the obsequies indoors, these boys had been doing young, crazy dances, singing a shrill street song, cramming their grinning faces with mouth harmonicas, scooping pennies from the pavement while they danced and sang. Passersby had made a small mob around them. When they laughed the crowd roared back. Their foolish, formless, pickaninny treble was riddled by an accompaniment of heels like pistol shots, small coins tinkling to the ground around their crazy feet like hail upon a churchyard.

The crowd roared and was immensely cheered. Of course, the drama was dead, the theatre was closed forever and aye, the stage . . . and yet, look here. . . .

BUT this was heresy, and this was anarchy, and this was against all edicts, all advices and agreements. At first the worthier members of the crowd thought of applying to a policeman down the street, sure that here was something much in need of his censorship, something gay without reason, joyful without rule, successful without great preparation, organization or expense. In which case, of course. . . . But soon enough there was no longer any cause for worry. It all adjusted itself thus:

There was a playwright loitering on the edge of that crowd, watching and thinking automatically of some sort of plot wherein little black boys, wretched, lawless, impudently gay . . . and there were at least two ex-composers of musical comedy who, the moment they caught the fiercely young, impromptu rhythm . . . and an ex-scene-painter, I suppose, who, when he saw these dark, bobbing faces before a background of restless taxi-lights and rain-dappled stone . . . and an ex-dancer, no doubt. . . .

And, certainly, there must have been some ex-producer there, too, halting immediately when he heard the pennies greet the pavement, thinking, sizing-up, waiting cannily the correct moment to interrupt: "Now, just a minute, boys, I know the drama's dead, and the theatre's closed, and all that and all that . . . but what you boys need is a manager."

CECIL BEATON

Ruth Gordon as Serena Blandish

The Actress Brings Distinction to the Satirical Comedy of The Difficulty of Getting Married

Heh! Heh! Heh!

Further Notes on American Comedy in General, and Several Contemporaries in Particular

By COREY FORD

ABOUT a year ago I offered in these pages an article on Humour, which made such a profound impression throughout the country that I could probably publish the same article again a year later, word for word, and no one would be the wiser. (As a matter of fact, maybe this *is* the article; I'm not sure myself.)

Among the thousands of letters and communications which poured into the offices of *Vanity Fair* on the day after the publication of my little treatise were two Insurance Calendars, a bank statement, several canceled subscriptions, an inquiry why Mrs. Harry Van. R. Oglethorpe of Council Bluffs, Iowa, had not received her copy of the November (1926) issue, and a penny post-card addressed to Cory Forbes, author of *The Vanity Fair* (*sic*), which advanced the initial theory that I was a "big sap" and proceeded from this premise to develop an involved argument about Comedy designed to prove rather neatly that I "dide'nt know wat I was talking about." It was signed "Harvard."

And that is just the point. I dide'nt. I doe'nt. I still have no idea what Comedy is. I do not know the difference between Irony, and Satire, and Wit. I do not even know where Comedy leaves off, and Humour begins. At every turn I am faced by a bewildering array of terms: Humour. Satire. Wit. Pathos. Nonsense. Comedy. Farce. Burlesque. Good Clean Fun. Do they all mean the same thing? Obviously not. Is there a single term that can include all the others, like the master box in a Japanese puzzle? Apparently there is none. They are a shabby lot of terms at best, half-vague, half-forgotten, misused and intermarried interminably until in time they have lost all self-respect and become, through this constant inbreeding, feeble and degraded and impotent.

LET us be a little arbitrary, then. Let us discard these ambiguities once and for all—for this article, anyway—and let us invent an entire new set of definitions: A, B, C, D, so on. Then, because the old terms are not unpleasant as words, after all, and far more agreeable to the ear than these prim and efficient letters, let us find what A means and call it (for want of a better word) Humour; find what B means, and call it (rather than waste the word altogether) Comedy; C, and call it Satire; D, Nonsense; E, Wit. As a result of this device, the whole thing will become even more confused than before, and nobody can tell whether I know what I am talking about or not.

All right. Let us say a man is reading a book (or seeing a play, or looking at life). His mouth widens and droops, the curve distorts, the lines deepen at the corners, the flesh bunches beside his eyes and creases into tiny wrinkles, like cracks in ice; his brows descend, his eyeballs water and spill over his cheeks; he catches his breath with a gasp and choked moan, and expels it in three spasmodic sobs. We look at the book he is reading and call the effect: Tragedy.

The man is reading a second book. Once more his mouth widens, the curve distorts, the flesh wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, the tears spill over and run down his cheeks (I am afraid this is a pretty sissy sort of man to be giving away to his emotions like this; but he is just what we need for this article); but this time he expels his breath in a succession of short, explosive sounds, rocking back and forth, slapping his knee. We look at the second book—Benchley's, or Lardner's, or Frank Sullivan's—and call it: Comedy.

He is reading a third book. This time his face does not contract or wrinkle; his lips twitch, there is the ghost of a quirk at the corners of his mouth, and the lines of his face fade and deepen and fade again like the wind-blown surface of a lake. His eyes glisten, but they are not spilling over; almost their sparkle might be the reflection of a glow deep within, warm and steady and human as the sight of a rotisserie chicken through a frosted window. Whatever his emotion is, the effect is neither Comedy nor Tragedy. He is not laughing, or crying. We look at the title of the book—it may be Barrie, or *Tennessee's Pardner* by Bret Harte, or Percy Crosby's *Skippy*—and give it a third term. We call it: Humour.

So now we have three general divisions: Tragedy, Comedy, Humour. (There is a fourth division, called Essays on Humour, in which the man reading the book falls asleep.) They are independent, aloof, each equidistant from the other; Humour is no more like Tragedy than Comedy is like Humour. Where do our terms fall under this new alignment? Tragedy and Humour we can dismiss; and Humour in parting takes with it Pathos and Realism and even Irony—for I think such superb pieces of ironic realism as Dorothy Parker's *Telephone Call* and *Big Blonde* belong under the classification of Humour also. This leaves us only the varied and subtle distinctions of Comedy; and it is with this narrow conception of Comedy in general, and Nonsense in particular, that we have at present our chief concern.

THEY say that Americans as a race have no Sense of Humour. I think this is profoundly true. (*Viz.*, Prohibition, John Roach Straton, Coolidge, Henry Ford, Big Bill Thompson, Lindbergh, Mrs. Willebrandt, Bishop Cannon, and the election of Herbert Hoover.) In all our literary history we have produced only a few scattered works of Humour: Clemens, Harte, Riley, perhaps Holmes. Our joke-papers (with the possible exception of *The New Yorker*, which after all could not flourish elsewhere in this country), our articles, our illustrations are mostly inferior in Humour to those published in England. Today we have less than a half dozen writers whose work could be called Humour: Don Marquis, of course, and Chris Morley on occasions, and the immortal Herriman of *Krazy Kat;* Du Bose Heyward with his novels of life among the Carolina negroes; and Percy Crosby, whose novel *Skippy* when published next month will give America her most important contribution to Humour of the century. *Skippy* is American Humour at its native best: utterly unique, hard-boiled, blunt, swift in pace, the national idiom lifted at last into poetry, an indigenous epic worthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with the highest products of English Humour today.

But if the American roster of Humour is pathetically limited, the protagonists of American Comedy have no such need to bow their heads to English superiority. For her every entry in the field, we have a dozen knights ready to break the comic lance. Here, if anywhere, America is supreme. The salt of Comedy is native to her, it is part of her national life, it is the inevitable product of a hurried rhythm that has no leisure for the tranquil luxuries of Humour. It sparks from the universal grind of wheels, it grins behind the fumes of gases and the smoke of factories, its laughter peals high above the roar of a million motors. It is in the philosophic shrug of the factory drudge, the subway wisecrack of a weary stenographer bound for the Bronx, the horse-play of a native theatre to which these dull minds turn for a moment from their endless routine. Hardship has taught us to laugh; we have not had time to learn to smile.

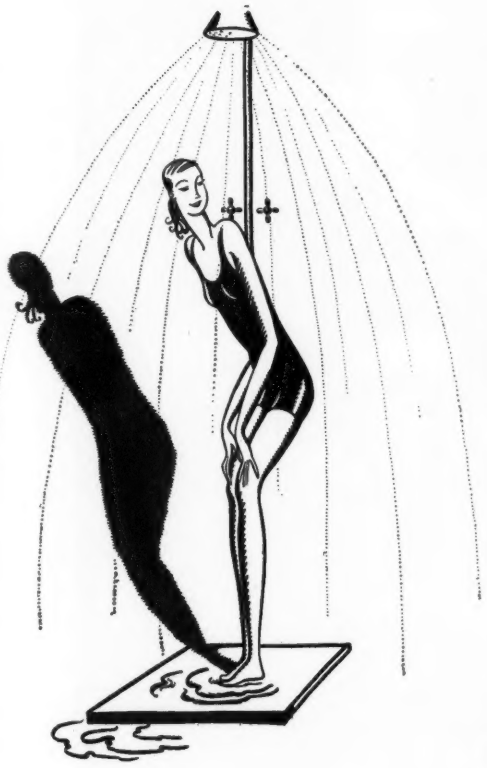
THE first division of American Comedy is, of course, Robert Benchley. There is only one Benchley; though that is not the fault of a thousand sedulous young apes, including the author. The comedy of Benchley is purely personal. He eagerly confides all his private phobias to the reader, and capitalizes his own nervousness and shyness in public to awake their sympathy. Usually he presents himself as an embarrassed young man tripping over his own cane, bullied by office boys, afraid of airplanes, whose bow-tie comes undone and whose voice invariably breaks in crises. His knack is to startle his audience into the surprised laugh: "Why, gee, I thought I was the only one who ever felt that way about—" When he loses this personal quality, he is less a comic master; but he seldom fails in all his work to be superlatively funny, his patter is always readable and alive, and always in perfect taste. There has probably been no healthier contemporary influence in American comedy.

Next is Wit, the broadest division of American Comedy and to me the least interesting. Here we find a motley assembly; the columnists, Adams, Winchell, Crouse, Phillips, O'Hara, Broun and the rest; the farce writers, Witwer and Cohen and Loos; the dialect-boys, Glass and Gross and Will Rogers—the last, at least, morbidly unfunny; the vast company of comic writers and artists that flourish daily, and no more, in the newspapers.

(Continued on page 124)

AURORA

At a not too early hour —eleven, shall we say? —our heroine greets the so-called dawn. With Spartan resolution she goes through her getting-up exercises, consisting of a yawn, a stretch and a cigarette, meanwhile wondering drowsily what day it is and what it holds of interest, if any



AQUARIUS

How marvellously the tonic impact of the shower rouses the child-mind from its nocturnal numbness. Life slowly returns and Doris recalls a luncheon engagement which she has no intention of keeping. It is too late and furthermore she is quite unable to remember the young man's name

VENUS

Nothing interferes with Doris's appointment *chez Céleste*, popular preserver of feminine pulchritude. How could she better spend the dull hours of early afternoon than in pliant subjection to these sweet ministrants who tell her, frankly, that she is beautiful, and do their best to make her so

Drawings by
M. WILDMAN

FORTUNA

Smartly resplendent, fresh from the hands of coiffeur, masseuse and manicure, Doris turns to Contract. Luck is with her and she is already eight-fifty up and holding everything. Freddie, who is dummy, is agitating a large cocktail shaker, off-stage. All in all, things are looking up

TERPSICHORE

Dinner, theatre, and now a night-club, and the excitement of it all. A perfect orchestra, an eager partner and, always, the wonder whether New York's new Police Commissioner will call in person or send a Deputy. Isn't life wonderful! At last, for Doris, the Deb, the new day has begun

The Daily Doings of Doris, the Débutante

A Pleasantly Punctuated Trip Around the Clock With an Industrious Little Sister of Society

STEICHEN

The Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow

Under the Leadership of Irma, Isadora's Russian School Has Been Making an American Tour

THE last word has probably not been said about Isadora Duncan, but the last word in her dancing has come to us this season with the appearance of Irma (Duncan) and the children of her Russian school. In the Duncan tradition but with radical differences, the children bring sentimental memories of the first appearances of the "Isadorables", as the dancers were termed. But there are also the new Russian dances—sturdy, vital interpretations of the music of the Revolution. Dressed in flaming tunics, the children chant in untrained voices, to the accompaniment of a male chorus, as they move to rhythms and music that stem from the soil. When Isadora went to Russia, in the early Bolshevist days, she founded the school which she had long pleaded for in her native America. When she returned to France, and after her death, Irma, one of the six original Duncan dancers, carried out her plans. After tours through Russia, China and the Near East, Irma has brought the children to America. Simultaneously comes the publication of her book *Isadora Duncan's Russian Days*, the story of the background and foundations of the Moscow school. Together they make just such a memorial as Isadora Duncan might have planned for herself

Do Women Change?

Being the Opinions of a Famous English Novelist on the Mutations of Femininity

By D. H. LAWRENCE

THEY tell of all the things that are going to happen in the future—babies bred in bottles, all the love-nonsense cut out, women indistinguishable from men. But it seems to me bosh. We like to imagine we are something very new on the face of the earth. But don't we flatter ourselves? Motor-cars and aeroplanes are something novel, if not something new—one could draw a distinction. But the people in them are merely people, and not many steps up, if any, from the people who went in litters or palanquins or chariots, or who walked on foot from Egypt to Jordan, in the days of Moses. Humanity seems to have an infinite capacity for remaining the same—that is, human.

Of course there are all kinds of ways of being human; but I expect almost every possible kind is alive and kicking today. There are little Cleopatras and Zenobias and Semiramises and Judiths and Ruths and even Mother Eves, today, just as there were in all the endless yesterdays. Circumstances make them little Cleopatras and little Semiramises instead of big ones, because our age goes in for quantity regardless of quality. But sophisticated people are sophisticated people, no matter whether it is Egypt or Atlantis. And sophisticated people are pretty well all alike. All that varies is the proportion of "modern" people to all the other unmodern sorts, the sophisticated to the unsophisticated. And today there is a huge majority of sophisticated people. And they are probably very little different from all the other sophisticated people of all the other civilizations, since man was man.

AND women are just part of the human show. They aren't something apart. They aren't something new on the face of the earth, like the loganberry or artificial silk. Women are as sophisticated as men, anyhow, and they were never anything but women, and they are nothing but women today, whatever they may think of themselves. They say the modern woman is a new type. But is she? I expect, in fact I am sure, there have been lots of women like ours in the past, and if you'd been married to one of them, you wouldn't have found her different from your present wife. Women are women. They only have phases. In Rome, in Syracuse, in Athens, in Thebes, more than two or three thousand years ago, there was the bob-haired, painted, perfumed Miss and Mrs. of today and she inspired almost exactly the feelings that our painted and perfumed Misses and Mrses. inspire in our men.

I saw a joke recently in a "modern" German weekly—a modern young man and a modern young woman were leaning on a hotel balcony at night, overlooking the sea:

HE: "See the stars sinking down over the dark, restless ocean!"

SHE: "Never mind that nonsense! My room-number is 32!—"

That is supposed to be very modern: the very modern woman. But I believe women in Capri under Tiberius said "Never mind that nonsense!" to their Roman and Campanian lovers, in just the same way. And women in Alexandria in Cleopatra's time. Certain phases of history are "modern". As the wheel of history goes round women become "modern", then they become unmodern again. The Roman women of the late Empire were most decidedly "modern"—so were the women of Ptolemaic Egypt. True modern never-mind-that-nonsense women. Only the hotels were run differently.

Modernity or modernism isn't something we've just invented. It's something that comes at the end of civilizations. Just as leaves in autumn are yellow, so the women at the end of every known civilization—Roman, Greek, Egyptian, etc.—have been modern. They were smart, they were chic, they said "never mind that nonsense", and they did pretty much as they pleased.

And then, after all, how deep does modernness go? Even in a woman? You give her a run for her money: and if you don't give it her, she takes it. The sign of modernness in a woman is that she says: "Oh, never mind that nonsense, boy!"—So the boy never-minds it—never-minds the stars and ocean stuff.—"My room-number is 32!"—Come to the point!

BUT the point, when you come to it, is a very bare little place, a very meagre little affair. It's not much better than a full-stop. So the modern girl comes to the point brutally and repeatedly, to find that her life is a series of full-stops, then a mere series of dots. Never mind that nonsense, boy! . . . . . Then she comes to being tired of dots, and of the plain point she's come to. The point is all too plain and too obvious.

And so the game begins again. Having never-minded it, and brought it down to brass tacks, you find brass tacks are the last thing you want to lie on.

No, women don't change. They only go through a rather regular series of phases. They are first the slave: then the obedient helpmeet: then the respected spouse: then the noble matron: then the splendid woman and citizen: then the independent female: then the modern never-mind-it girl. And when her edict has been obeyed, the mills of God grind on, and, having nothing else to grind, they grind the never-mind-it girl down, down, down—back to—we don't know exactly where—but probably to the slave once more, and the whole cycle starts afresh, on and on, till, in the course of a thousand years or two, we come once more to the "modern" never-mind-it girl.

And the modern never-mind-it girl of today has just come to the point where the fun leaves off. Why? For the simple reason that the modern boy *doesn't* mind it. When men and women start cutting all the nonsense out of one another, there's pretty soon nothing left. There is certainly very little left of the love business. So that when the boy begins leaving out all the stars and ocean nonsense, he begins leaving out the girl too. As the process continues, and he leaves out the moonlight and the solitude and even the occasional bouquet of flowers, the girl dwindles and dwindles in his feelings, till at last she does become a mere point in his Consciousness, next to nothing. And not until she is a blank, blank, blanketty nothing to him, emotionally (except perhaps a residual irritant) does she wake up and realize that it has happened. In urging him to cut out all the nonsense she has cut herself out, completely. For in some strange way, she herself was the very nonsense she was so anxious to eliminate. When a woman gets into a critical mood, all a man's feelings about her will seem to her nonsense, sickening nonsense. She amputates herself from the boy's consciousness, and then stares at the blank where she ought to be. She stares at it helpless and paralysed, and has not the faintest idea what to do about it. She has reached the point where she is nothing, blank nothing to the man. The eliminating process has been so complete. And then, she begins to be nothing to herself.

For the bitter truth of a woman is, that if she is nothing, or as good as nothing, to any man, she soon becomes nothing to herself. She becomes nothing to herself, and turns into one of these bitter women who assert themselves all the time, with a hammering self-assertion because they are nothing; or she hitches on to a job, and hopes to justify her existence in work, or in a cause; or she repents, not in sack-cloth and ashes, but in the prettiest frock she can find, and sets out once more in the hope that some boy will feel a bit of nonsense about her. And this time, she is not going to cut out all the nonsense. She is pining now to be treated to a little stars and ocean stuff, to be mixed up with the moon, and given a bouquet of flowers.

FOR after all, there is a difference between sentiment and sentimentality. And if the boy is sufficiently moved by the presence of the girl really to feel an emotion at the sight of the stars sinking over the ocean, that's one to the girl. It's a piece of flattery. A woman has a hold over a man, in the long run, not by her power of brutally and pointedly coming to the point and cutting all the rest out, but by her power of calling up in him all kinds of emotions which to her are perhaps irrelevant and nonsensical—have nothing to do with *her*—but which in the boy are just the natural reaction to the presence of the woman who really touches him. The more associations a woman can evoke in a man—associations with stars, ocean, moon, violets, humanity, the future, and so on—the stronger is her hold.

But women are not fools for very long. They soon learn their lesson, and the moment they have learnt their lesson, they change. The girl who was so smart cutting out all the nonsense of stars and ocean, in the boy, will change like a shot, and be considerably more humble about stars and ocean, once she realizes that she has reduced herself to a nonentity. And the moment she realizes it, she will begin the cycle all over again.

TWO PAINTINGS

These two paintings by Jerome Blum illustrate two major preoccupations of his spirit. *Boat Sailing Seaward* (left) is a remarkable composition in dynamic force in a state of suspension, the boat poised transiently in a flux of powers. *The Lighthouse* (right), a village in Britanny, shows Blum's genius for meaningful selection

Portrait of an Artist

An Appreciation of the Chicago Painter, Jerome Blum, a Muscular and Objective Visionary

By THEODORE DREISER

I HAVE thought of at least a portion of Jerome Blum's work as a seeking for life as he would like it to be—that is, beautiful, beyond a reasonable expectation of beauty; colourful, beyond a reasonable expectation of colour; even changeful beyond a reasonable expectation of change, and surely it changes swiftly enough. But the emphasis of him! The force and contiguity and unity of his compositions! So many of his pictures out of France, out of the South Seas, out of Chicago, from which city he came, suggest supreme moments of light, colour, warmth, and the spiritual enjoyment of the same, not the ordinary or humdrum of days and hours. In short, he sings of how he would like life to be.

There is another phase of him that seems to desire to symbolize—to show, in short, that all life forms are objective symbols of something else; thoughts, phases, emotions, desires, wants of our inner lives;—that we cannot think or be or dream, however secretly, without putting forth or symbolizing something that we feel and are trying to seek, and to try to give that form and meaning, often to succeed.

In France there is a lovely, colourful valley with a bell tower standing in the centre. He could tell you what that means or leave it for you to understand. In the South Seas, somewhere, there is a sunlit spot heavily veiled by overhanging plantain leaves. There is one figure prone and centred in the foreground. In the distance, through the interstices of the trunks and stalks of distant trees is a straight figure of a hovering native. I would say that the sunlight or the movement which he has evoked has also evoked the distant figure, which is real or unreal, as you will. I have never asked him what he thought.

When I first saw Blum's work in Chicago he had not travelled the world at all, or at most to a machine shop in Brooklyn. I heard rumours of an involute character, of a man who had struggled out of a pit of unfavourable conditions and misunderstanding into the light of self-realization, but who, as yet, had accomplished little—an adventurer on the threshold of reality. When I called on him in his first studio a portion of one wall was covered with things which seemed to me an unappeasable desire for sunlight, colour, romance. Where were such walls in Chicago, such days, roses, sunlight? Not in Chicago surely? Yet here they were put forth as obvious and customary things of the city, its Springs, Summers, Autumns. Not so, I said. They grew out of his own dreams and his own needs.

Later he travelled far and wide, to China, to the South Seas, to France, to Europe, to where you will, but always with the thought, apparently, that life was not as glorious as it might be—hence, that in his pictures he must make it so. And in many he has—many! Yet with good care taken to perfect his technique so that whatever he might choose to delineate would be flawless in that way.

There may be a port in France as sturdy, as commonplace and as enduring as a port in France may well be. And if you will look at his picture of it you will see that it is condensed, compact, relevant, meaningful of France and the sea and fish and of the Catholic faith. Yet if you will look at the sky overhead and the thrashing, tumbling sea before it you will know that all is in motion, and that the little town is by no means as stable as it appears. Also, that some day or other, the little town, like the clouds above and the sea before it, will have vanished and become light or motion and naught else or more. It is so the man feels about all things.

Blum has always loved still-life, and still-life, as you know, in

(Continued on page 108)

EDGE OF LAND

In this painting, *Two Houses and the Sea*, Jerome Blum has evoked with the smallest possible detail an unforgettable reality

Clothes and the Man

A Few Random Reflections on Dressing-Up and Its Curious Effect on the Masculine Ego

By HAROLD NICOLSON

IT is related of Mr. Herbert Spencer that he possessed a suit which had been specially made for him. He only wore this suit when he was feeling irritable, but he sometimes wore it for weeks at a time. It was made all in one piece and of a soft soothing Jaeger sort of texture. He entered the suit from the middle, huddling his angry legs into the lower part, as if he were putting on bed-socks; working his impatient head into the upper part, as if entering a bathing dress. Then down the front was an arrangement for lacing the thing together. Today that arrangement would run on a ratchet, on what I believe is called the zipper method. In one would get, and then zipp . . . one would be dressed with no greater effort than is required to close a tobacco pouch. In the evening one would reverse this process and tumble quickly into bed as if a banana released from its sheaf. Clearly such a system would be soothing to the nerves.

But it was not aesthetic. The members of Mr. Herbert Spencer's household, seeing him descend to breakfast in what had come to be known as "his angry suit", would quail—would bend apprehensive ringlets over their bacon and their eggs. And then these ringlets would begin to shake with what (although nervous laughter) was still laughter. Mr. Spencer, it must be confessed, looked very odd in his combination suit. Those fierce and prominent eyes would glare out above the Jaeger wrappings, too proud to ask why all those bent ringlets should be shaking (with suppressed merriment, but still with merriment) above their bacon and their eggs.

MR. SPENCER was an obstinate as well as an egotistic man. Still dressed in his angry suit, he would take his daily drive down Bond street, and so round the Green and then in St. James' Park. Angrier and still angrier would he become as people stared at this odd old man enveloped like Dr. Peary or Doctor Cook upon a June morning. The angry suit ceased to soothe: it irritated gratuitously: it became a shirt of Nessus excruciating to its wearer. Mr. Spencer would stop the carriage and feel his pulse, holding a large gold watch in his veined and bony hand. His pulse would be fast that morning, and the carriage would thus lumber back up Bond Street, flop flop flop from the single horse, and an indignant philosopher would be returned to Park Terrace, or to Hanover Row. (For I forget, at this moment, what was Mr. Spencer's address.) Then he would sit upstairs in his angry overalls, too angry to come down to luncheon. And next morning he would dress in a neat suit of grey tweed, and be again his bright and petulant self.

These facts are historical, but, as with so much of history, they have not been digested. Why was it that the Jaeger combinations invented by Mr. Herbert Spencer failed, when put to it, to soothe his nerves? Why was it that "his angry suit" made him angrier still? Carlyle, who wrote much turgid nonsense upon the philosophy of clothes, makes no contribution to this problem. Carlyle, poor ignoramus, knew nothing of Mr. Spencer's suit. But the problem, as a problem, existed before Mr. Spencer, and persists after his death. It is the problem of how to reconcile comfort with decency. It is the problem of how to steer between the rocks of discomfort and the sand-banks of looking a joke. It is the problem of how to be individual without being funny.

MRS. DUDENSING: BY R. W. CHANLER
Having won renown in American decorative art by his screens, murals and panels, Robert W. Chanler has turned his attention exclusively toward portrait-painting. More than thirty of his thus completed canvases formed a recent successful and largely attended exhibition at the Valentine Gallery in New York

Other people in their time have worn odd clothes. Lord Byron, when he proceeded to liberate Greece, designed for himself a little Hussar uniform of green cloth with white frogs and tags. On the top of this fussy little jacket he had meant to wear a huge helmet with a horsehair plume, such as one sees in heroic representations of the siege of Troy. But people laughed at his hat and he put it back again in its pink band-box. It can be seen today in his bedroom at Newstead. Leigh Hunt, for his part, dressed, when over sixty, like Little Lord Fauntleroy. But then Leigh Hunt, in later life, became very odd indeed. And Lord Salisbury, and Lord Beaconsfield, and the late Lord Astor—these (each in his own way) were either dirty or strange. And yet they all took trouble about their clothes. There must have been moments, let us say in January and June, when Lord Salisbury stood in his shirt-sleeves in Arlington Street, while deferential tailors stretched measuring tapes around his frame. There must have been moments when similar tailors were summoned to Cliveden or to Hever and pinned upon Lord Astor the scaffoldings of those smart alpaca jackets in which, together with a boiled shirt and tie, he would walk majestically among his Italian gardens. Even Mussolini must sometimes be tried on.

It is a little painful to picture our heroes at such moments. Not merely is it disgraceful to visualise such vital and important beings submitting to the fingering and fussing of persons, who, if they will forgive my saying so, evoke no very romantic image; not merely is it unpleasant to envisage them as standing there, turning round when told to, raising their arms like zanies ("A little higher, My Lord, *if* you please. 49.3 Mr. Burkinshaw!" "49.3," repeats the subservient Mr. Burkinshaw, scribbling in his notebook); not merely is it humiliating to conceive of a mere tailor making chalk-marks upon the backs of statesmen rounded with the weight of half the world; nay, the impression created is more profound than any pain evoked by the picture of the magnificent in humiliation, it is an impression which derives its deep poignancy from the realisation that even the most majestic among us wear two buttons on the back of a tail coat. Why do we do this thing? Both these particular buttons are otiose. And yet even the most liberated among us would miss these buttons if they failed to appear.

IT is well enough for the fashionable and the slim. Their bodies fall naturally into the shape of their clothes, their waistcoats sit lightly, concavely, upon their adolescent frames. Couth and gainly they rise in the morning, couth and gainly they don their silken pyjamas for the night. Buttons for them are mere finishing touches to a lineal design, mere points to break the monotony of what might otherwise appear too rigidly perpendicular. A button more, a button less, what matters it to those whose bodies are encased *in* but not *by* their clothes? It is only for those whose buttons are things which are apt to bulge and burst that this clothes question assumes the proportions of a deep human drama. It is for such people that I write these words of encouragement. I write for men. I do not write for boys and maidens. I write for men who, though still young in conscience, are yet not slim in shape. I do not write for women. It is not necessary, it would in fact be a mistake, to give women any gratuitous encouragement about their clothes.

It is thus for convex males that I write, and above all for those among them who are not exuberantly young. There comes a time, there comes, alas, a moment, when men of this type are apt to feel a sudden self-consciousness in regard to their pockets. A day in their life arrives when they hesitate, as never before, to cram that passport, that book of railway tickets, that diary and that letter-case into their breast pockets. They find themselves dividing so bulky a bundle, distributing its contents among pockets that hang at the

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Small Town Notes

Showing How the Eighteenth Amendment Has Added Colour to Rural Life in America

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

PETE, who is deputy sheriff, came into the newspaper office and whispered to the editor. They both laughed about the tale he told. That had been the twentieth time Billy Vetch had put it over on him. Pete said it was all because of Billy's wife. Of course it was. He swore he would have caught Billy a hundred times if it hadn't been for her.

So he said he got a search warrant for Billy's house because Billy was up to it again. Cars parked before the house every night at all hours, men coming away from there singing. There was a fight out in the road one night.

And Billy's house only a mile out of town. "You can't stand for the rough stuff," Pete said to the editor.

So he got Cal Brown and George Wiley, two other deputy Sheriffs, and a search warrant and they went out there. Billy has been searched so often that he always knows what is coming off.

He lives in a nice house. It is a little white house beside the road, with climbing roses growing on its sides and over the porch. Billy's wife is a good housekeeper too. They have done fairly well at it. They drive a pretty nice car.

The editor almost thought Pete was jealous about Billy Vetch, having such a wife. Perhaps he was.

Pete said, "You know what that woman was?" The editor did know, of course. Such a little hell-raiser she used to be about that town before Billy got her. "You might as well talk to the moon now. She has got as quiet as a little mouse."

A little black-haired, trim-looking thing too.

SO the three men went out there and drove up as suddenly as they could, of course. Billy came out to the front porch. For just a second he popped inside the door and then right out again. He met them smiling.

He made them show the search warrant though. "You got to show me boys," he said. Then he looked it over carefully. "Go ahead boys," he said, "it looks all regular to me."

"But I am innocent," he said smiling. He burst right out laughing. You never saw such an innocent man. "My soul is a lily," he said. "It is a water lily."

"Ah, look here," Pete told the editor he said, "now don't you kid us none. What do you do for a living anyway?" he asked Billy. That was just to be saying something.

"I pick blackberries," Billy Vetch said. "My wife cans them. She makes jell of them. If you ever see me walking in the woods you boys will know what I am doing. When there are no blackberries ripe I go to look at the bushes. I love bushes."

"You go to hell," Cal Brown said to Billy Vetch, thinking of the hours they had all spent tramping the hills and looking for Billy's still, so they began to search the house. They had searched it lots of times before. They knew just where to look.

"But where's your wife?" Cal Brown asked Billy. "She is around somewhere," Billy said.

She was, too. The three men went into a bedroom and there she was, lying on the bed. She had her head done up in a wet cloth. Her name is Kate. "Hello Kate," Pete said. He asked her what was the matter and she said she had a fearful headache. Cal Brown said sometimes he had them too. Kate said hers came and went.

They searched of course. There was another bed in the room. They took all the covers off that. "Gee you have nice things, you and Billy," George Wiley said. He was speaking of a nice bed coverlet they had on that extra bed. They searched and searched.

Then they went out into the other room. Billy Vetch was standing there. "My wife is my wife," he said.

That put it into Pete's head strong. He said he wasn't going to be bluffed out. He went back into that room followed by the other two. Billy Vetch went in with them. This was upstairs. "I am going to search your bed, that one you are on, Kate," Pete said.

"Search away," Kate said. She said, "but don't let your hands come near my body."

"Not your defiling hands," Billy Vetch said. Billy used to teach school. He can throw words. He is the funniest kind of a man to be in the business you ever saw.

HE said smilingly that he would kill any man who touched his wife. "It's her purity," he said, "and then, besides, she's sick."

"I have a headache," Kate said again, "with me they come and go."

They searched that bed too, just as close to Kate as they dared. Of course they didn't find a thing. Then they went out on the porch. They thought they would search the yard. Billy only has a small yard. A car passed. Pete heard a little noise. There was a kind of thump. He said afterwards that he looked over into a nearby field—it was a clover field and belonged to a man who was a hot prohibitionist himself—and he saw something shining there.

The three men got over into the field and looked and there were three bottles there. They were all full, and they were still warm. Pete said there never was anything cold about Kate. When they looked up, the window of that room where Kate was lying was closed.

She wasn't lying there any more. As they got over the fence with the stuff she came out to the front porch. "Well now, wasn't that tricky of them?" Billy Vetch said. He swore he had seen some men, in the car that had just passed, throw something into the field. "I'd have told you but I don't hold with none of this prohibition stuff myself—you know that boys," he said.

They said they did know it. Billy said it showed how good they were. "People just see you fellows standing on a porch and they begin throwing stuff out of cars," he said. "Gee," he said, "I'd be afraid of you fellows if I was handling any stuff," he said. "But I ain't," he said, "I'm in the blackberry line."

He said, "my wife cans them and she makes jell."

"Your wife gets well quick enough from headaches too, don't she Billy?" Pete said. He said he had to laugh. Kate said it was all true. She said that her headaches just came and went: "Ain't it funny? That one just came when I saw you coming; and now that you are going, it is going too."

Pete said that after that he and Cal and George just felt that they might as well go and they did.

IT doesn't seem to me that any sheriff should enjoy the memory of any sort of ardent spirits as much as Sheriff Joe over in West Virginia, near here, enjoyed thinking about that peach brandy. It's against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth. Will, the lawyer, and Tom, the jailer, say the same thing.

Sheriff Joe says he doesn't think yet it was new-made stuff. "No Sir-ee," he says.

He says someone gave him a tip where to find the stuff. It was a lady, he says.

"She is a good woman and strict and full of sobriety," he says.

"You come over here," she wrote to Sheriff Joe.

So Joe went over there. She was in a neat little house, at the opening of a gully, at the foot of a mountain. She was a maiden lady, the Sheriff said.

"I've been in a little bit of a hurry," she said to Joe when he got there. He had taken two deputies along.

"Well," Joe said. He is always saying, "Well," when he is stumped.

So Joe said—"What's up?"

She said there was a little house up the gully, half way up the mountain.

She didn't think they were ready to make the run yet. "You'll have to stay here until they get going. I'll board you free," she said. She said the two deputies would have to go on home.

It might be a day and it might be a week. One of Joe's deputies was named "Mike."

Mike laughed.

The Sheriff said he couldn't do it. "I'm a married man," he said.

"Well . . ."

"Where is the house you're talking about?" Joe asked. So he and the deputies went up the gully, creeping up.

He said it was a kind of a Robinson Crusoe kind of a place.

Lilies in the yard, he said and a goat tied to a post. Climbing roses on a little half tumble-down mountain house.

They saw a man turning something up there. It was a small cider mill.

"He was a regular dude," the Sheriff said. He said that was a swell looking guy.

Then Mike had to stumble and make a noise.

The man hopped over a fence and started to run up the hill.

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STEICHEN

The Lady of "Lady Fingers"—Louise Brown

The Former Ziegfeld Dancer Returns From a London Success as a Star of Musical Comedy

THE latest of the Ziegfeld dancers to discover that she was more than a *ballerina*, Louise Brown earned her musical comedy spurs via London. In the *Follies* only a few years back, Miss Brown inherited the place left vacant by Marilyn Miller and then by Mary Eaton, each of whom in turn tip-toed about the New Amsterdam stage until they convinced the willing managers that ballet dancers could learn to sing. They, like Louise Brown, still pirouette on their toes, but only as an interlude in the more strenuous rôle of musical comedy heroine. Miss Brown went to London last year to sing and dance the title part of *The Girl Friend*, and made a success which immediately brought an avalanche of offers to return to the American stage. Early in the autumn she returned to New York for the ill-fated *Rainbow*, which left, at least, a memory of her, dancing exquisitely in a trailing velvet riding habit. At the moment she is appearing in *Lady Fingers*, a musical concoction which leaves good humour to the ebullient Eddie Buzzel and the vagaries of the plot and score to Miss Brown. It is a less pretentious, but a vastly more successful show than the *Rainbow*, which proved to America that Louise Brown was a *prima donna* as well as a *prima ballerina*

The Death of Gulielma Sands

How a Sleigh Without Bells Figured in a Murder Trial Which United Some Famous Enemies

By EDMUND PEARSON

ONE of the curious facts about a celebrated murder trial is that it may spring from an event so innocent or so obscure. All the public excitement; the rally of great lawyers and judges, may begin in surroundings as trifling and harmless as a children's birthday party.

A gardener's daughter goes to a rustic dance, and, on her way home, across the fields, falls into a pond, and is drowned. All the country, all the highest legal officials of the land, for years to come, are agitated over her fate, and a century thereafter men are writing learned books about the *cause célèbre* of Mary Ashford and Abraham Thornton.

Two brothers-in-law go into a garden, on July 4th, to amuse themselves at target practice. One is accidentally shot, and a year later their State rocks with excitement over the trial, for murder, of the survivor,—"a Harvard professor."

Some bandits kill a paymaster and another man in a little New England town, and by an unexpected succession of events, noted literary men, all over the world, become involved in a tremendous agitation. America, the happy hunting-ground of the murderer, the land in which the assassin habitually thumbs his nose at the law, and goes scot-free,—this paradise for the man of homicidal tastes, becomes an object of denunciation for "ruthless cruelty."

Janitors of American embassies, in far lands, have to jump for their lives, as bombs go off to express the brotherly feeling of those whose love for humanity is only equalled by their contempt for facts.

DID Miss Sands and her lover, young Mr. Weeks, leave the house together on a December night more than a century ago? If it was proved they did, there was no doubt what would happen to Mr. Weeks. Did he really take the bells off his brother's sleigh, so that he might drive it silently to a lonely spot in Lispenard's Meadows,—that dismal swamp on the outskirts of New York? If so, he would surely climb the gallows, in some public and convenient place, so that all the people could observe, and benefit by the spectacle. I do not think that they had begun to have hangings in Washington Square at that time,—it was too far in the country to make it convenient for the citizens.

It was a Sunday night, three days before Christmas, and the year was 1799. New York had probably heard the news of Washington's death, which had occurred a week earlier, at Mount Vernon. The city was to have, on the last day of the year, a great funeral procession, led by the commanding general of the army, Alexander Hamilton. Yet New York, which stretched from the Battery almost up to the ditch which is now Canal Street, was not too large to get thoroughly excited about the disappearance of a very pretty girl, named Gulielma Sands.

She was twenty-two years old, and although not herself one of the Friends, lived with her Quaker cousins, Elias and Catherine Ring, in Greenwich Street, near Franklin. You may like to stand in that thoroughfare, under the shadow of the Elevated, and wonder where, in that neighbourhood, now so depressing, their pleasant cottage could have been situated.

The boarders at the Rings included a young carpenter, Levi Weeks, and his apprentice; two youths named Russel and Lacey; Hope Sands, the sister of Mrs. Ring; and others. Weeks had been paying particular attention to Miss Sands; to Gulielma—or Elma, as, for the sake of brevity, they called her. In fact, his courtship had given a household of active snoopers, listeners and eavesdroppers the time of their lives. Somebody, as was afterwards testified by the persons themselves, was forever taking off his or her boots, and pussy-footing up-stairs to apply an ear at the key-hole.

AARON BURR

Among the distinguished array of counsel who defended Levi Weeks were Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, the latter soon to become Vice-President of the United States

When, therefore, on the Sunday afternoon, Elma told Hope Sands and Mrs. Ring that she was going out with Levi Weeks that evening, for the purpose of getting married, neither of the ladies said a word about undue haste.

At eight o'clock—it was a cold night, with snow on the ground—Mrs. Ring had heard Elma come in, and now she heard her go out again. She had heard Weeks in the house, and thought she heard the two whispering together on the stairs. She thought that the young man went out with Elma, but she did not know. She did not *see* them together. All that she could say was that Weeks did come in about ten o'clock, pale and agitated, and asked for Hope and for Elma.

Neither was in. At breakfast, next morning, Elma was still absent, and although this was not unusual, the family began to inquire. A day or two later, a boy wandering near an unused well in Lispenard's Meadow, found a woman's muff. He took it home, but did nothing more. The funeral procession of the great ex-President occupied everybody's interest until New Year's.

On January 2nd, somebody looked down this Manhattan Well, as it was called, and discovered the body of Elma Sands. The well had been recently dug, but was covered and curbed. It was in a spot so lonely that tales about spirits and ghostly fires, hovering over the well-curb, soon had a wide acceptance.

If, like the writer, you are sufficiently curious about old murders, you may stand near the brink of that well, by going into a dirty little alley, near Number 89 Greene Street. The hole in the concrete pavement may not be the actual site of the well, but it is near it. And it is a fine exercise for your imagination to try to see this region as a deserted morass; an open field, where, in summer, the cows grazed all day long, and, at nightfall, took up their slow march, to the melancholy clanking of cow-bells, down that pleasant country lane called Broadway.

The trial of Levi Weeks, for murder, was held in the old City Hall, corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, where the Sub-Treasury stands. The Chief Justice, John Lansing, was on the Bench, assisted by Mayor Varick and the Recorder. The People were represented by an Assistant Attorney General, but even his redoubtable name, Cadwallader Colden, must have been hardly enough to sustain him against the heavy guns trained on him by the defense.

The brother of Levi Weeks was wealthy, and the prisoner was able to come into Court with the most distinguished array of counsel ever seen in a murder case. One was Brockholst Livingstone, but the other two were the great political rivals: Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. Hamilton had already been Secretary of the Treasury, and Burr, within a year, was narrowly to miss the Presidency, and to become Vice-President instead.

THE session began on a Monday morning and continued until half-past one on Tuesday morning. The Chief Justice was for going on, but the jurors complained that they could not keep awake. There was a recess until ten on Tuesday morning, when the second and final session began and lasted until half-past two on Wednesday morning. Seventy-five witnesses had been examined, and the prosecuting attorney said that he had been without "repose" for forty-four hours, and that he was "sinking" under the fatigue. By mutual consent, closing addresses of counsel were omitted, and after a brief charge, the jury was given the case.

There are, in our records, few trials so dramatic. The 18th Century atmosphere, present in the ceremonious conduct of judge and counsel; and present also in the unruly behaviour of the crowd, who wandered about and pressed close to the bar; the dark Court, lighted here and there by candles; the handsome and distinguished faces of the two

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That Elusive Thing, Manly Charm

A Few of Its Exponents Who Practice Their Superior Technique Upon Willing Victims

Pictured by
DE LAVERERIE

THE PAMPAS PETTER

Rigo, like most Argentines, is an accomplished amorist, particularly attractive to dancing *demoiselles*. His tangos are perfection, but it is while driving homeward, through the *Bois*, that he is most irresistible

THE GOB

Jack ashore is a notorious wooer, facile, fickle and favoured. Our artist shows Bos'un Kennedy, hypnotizing Lolita, the pride of Havana, so that she seriously considers stowing-away on the *U. S. S. Nebraska*

THE BOULEVARDIER

A typical Sunday afternoon beau is Anatole, svelte and sinister in every aspect. Miss Jamison, who takes in sewing, has a good many years of spinsterhood to her credit, but she is hoping for the worst

THE BULLY

Attractive to girls who like them is Carlos, the caveman, as tough in real life as in his professional appearances when he drags his sweetie around by her permanent wave

THE SUGAR DADDY

By far the surest sorcerer of the lot is generous Gustave, the perfect provider, with whom attracting the ladies, like Government, is merely a system of checks and balances

Variation in a Minor Key

Wherein an Exciting New Experience Is Vouchsafed to a Parisian Composer at the Seaside

By CLAUDE ANET

THE moon paraded over the irregular roofs of Verville and gleamed on the symmetrical waves of the sea. It was a restful, mild September evening. Little groups strolled up and down the boardwalk; hands were clasped in the shadows; here and there a couple descended to the empty beach. On the *terrasse* of the *Hôtel d'Angleterre, M.* Pierre Desmasures sat watching. He had lately abandoned Deauville for this less fashionable spot, where he could rest before returning to Paris. Behind him he had left a very lovely woman who was not uninterested in him. He wished to be undisturbed in his work. Was he not a composer by profession? Had he not won a name for himself with his *Fantasia* for piano and orchestra?

Already, on the second day of his visit, he was beginning to feel rested; already he was scrutinizing the women who passed by, was following them with an attentive eye, was wondering what they could give him. He noticed with some surprise that at this Norman resort were only mothers over forty and their daughters under twenty. "Either too ripe or too green," he said with a sigh.

NEXT morning, when the bathing was at its height, he went down to the beach. His eyes fell on an adolescent girl by the water's edge. She was romping with a tall youth, blond and magnificent, with curly hair and a straight nose, who might really have been compared to a Greek god, Hermes—no doubt. The girl was of a type neither striking nor commonplace. She had a delicate face and chestnut hair, grey-green cloudy eyes the colour of the sea—eyes that drew your attention, eyes you would like to see closer. How old were these children? Hermes, perhaps fifteen; the girl, sixteen at the most, though her eyes seemed older. Pierre decided to ask those eyes if they really had a secret. It would be an innocent pastime for the week of rest he had planned.

He had little trouble in making Hermes' acquaintance. Hermes introduced him to his friend Dine, and also to a lackadaisical English girl who answered to the name of Phyllis. The composer devoted himself to Dine, and to Dine alone. She had a disturbing way of looking at people, this Dine, with half-closed eyes. She had a drawling voice and a naïveté of expression that her cloudy eyes belied. Desmasures did not know what attitude to adopt toward her, experienced though he was.

Meanwhile he was spending his days with the three children, who were inseparable. One morning, when Phyllis had gone racing down the beach, dragging the young Greek god after her, he suggested a walk to Dine.

"Let's go up on the cliff," he said. "We can lie down in the high grass. It tickles you under the chin."

"I don't like to be tickled," Dine answered.

Paying no more attention to Pierre, she turned and looked after Hermes and the English girl. They were nearly out of sight. She frowned, then whistled between her fingers like a schoolboy. The couple stopped. She beckoned to them and they turned back docilely.

"You see, they obey me," she said to Pierre in a satisfied voice.

The couple had barely reached Dine when she announced to Hermes: "You and I are going swimming, my child." And turning to Phyllis, added: "You're not going in this morning, are you? Well, this handsome man"—pointing to Pierre—"will keep you company."

SHE took the Greek god by the arm and led him away, leaving Pierre alone with the English flapper. He suddenly felt that he was playing, and would play, no part whatsoever in the life of the girl with cloudy eyes; a schoolboy of fifteen had won the day. This feeling was something new, something unexpected, for Pierre Desmasures had ceased to keep track of his conquests, and he had carried affairs far more difficult than this to a successful conclusion. But after all, this wasn't an affair. What was he seeking? Nothing. Why should he continue to waste his time on little Dine? He liked to be with her. She had a false innocence—at least Pierre believed it to be false—which was very attractive. He could not believe that the ingenuousness she displayed was sincere. Forgetting her age, he decided that she was already sophisticated. Frequently he was tempted to go storming off in a rage. An indefinable something held him back. Sometimes she treated him with perfect indifference; sometimes she was almost tender. He came to observe, however, that this sort of tenderness or familiarity was only displayed when Hermes was present. One evening, on the boardwalk, when Hermes loitered beside them for a moment with the English girl, who was devouring him with her eyes, Dine suddenly said to Pierre:

"I feel like doing something foolish, *M'sieu.*"

"So do I, little one."

"With me?"

"Why, of course," said Pierre, bewildered.

Hermes sauntered off with the English girl. Dine continued:

"Well then, it's all settled; we'll have a good time together. . . . Let's hop from here to the end of the boardwalk without touching the cracks. Or what about skipping rope? Or maybe you could turn handsprings on the beach, *M'sieu?*"

Her eyes were candid; they were altogether too candid. Pierre shivered and rose.

"Dine, you're the very devil."

He went away.

The next day, she was not to be seen. By evening he was in a fearful temper. Dine did not appear on the boardwalk. He saw her with her mother the following morning, but she merely nodded and passed on.

That afternoon, however, as he paced up and down the *terrasse,* he caught a glimpse of little Dine on the beach, behind some rocks. She was marching ahead, straight as an Egyptian statue, her dress plastered against her body by the wind. She disappeared. He ran after her. The rocks, covered with seaweed, were treacherous underfoot. Why was he straining to keep up with her? What was he seeking? Probably she wouldn't be alone. He lost himself in a jumble of broken granite. Suddenly, hearing faint voices, he picked his way through an opening in the rocks. There, between two blocks of granite, he saw her; and she was not alone.

He saw young Hermes stretched on his back in the dark sand, with his arms under his curly head. Magnificent and nonchalant, he was being caressed by the sun, and not by the sun alone, for Dine was crouching beside him like a young panther. She was resting on one hand, and with the other playing with his blond hair.

"I'm browner than you," she was saying. "And I'm stronger than you, too. I'm the man of the two of us. You lie there and never budge; you're just a child. You don't even know how to kiss."

She bent over. Her lips met those of the boy, who smiled, then leisurely freed himself and rose.

It was more than the composer could bear. He walked away, a little sad at heart, though he did not acknowledge it to himself, and sat on a stone some distance away. He waited, dignified and outwardly indifferent.

At last they appeared. He looked Dine in the eyes. They showed no shadow of emotion. "She is a woman already," he said to himself; "she knows how to dissemble." But with her white teeth she was biting her lower lip which seemed almost ready to bleed. Hermes walked on, indifferent, silent; the strength of this young god lay in his disdaining to speak.

DINE took Pierre's arm; she smiled at him, she teased him, she did everything to win his confidence. Finally they reached the group of mothers on the beach.

"It was very nice of you to bring me back, *M'sieu,*" she said. "My mother doesn't like me to be alone with a boy. But now she can't say a thing, seeing that I've come back with my nurse."

She ran away laughing.

He could think of nothing but Dine; he no longer answered the letters that came from Paris. He did not work; he did not rest. He waited for Dine, who often made him wait, and always insisted on his sharing her company with Hermes and Phyllis. Sometimes she assumed a provocative air; sometimes her confidence in him seemed so serene that he almost felt insulted.

One afternoon they went shrimping. Hermes was waist deep in the water with the net. The little English girl followed him as best she could, but she hadn't bothered to wear a bathing suit, and the waves that beat

(Continued on page 114)

CARLO EDWARDS

OCHS VON LERCHENAU
This lustful and exuberant Viennese noble, joint creation of Strauss and Von Hofmannsthal, is the focal centre of *Der Rosenkavalier* and one of the most brilliant comedy figures in all opera

MISHKIN

MEPHISTOPHELES
Michael Bohnen's interpretation of the arch-fiend of *Faust* differs utterly from the traditional characterization. He becomes an evil, hovering, grey cloud, unreal as smoke, subtly tormenting mortals

CASPAR
Caspar is the malignant and saturnine woodsman of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, whose gruesome secret habit it is, of a moonlight night, to conjure up uncanny demons in a hidden mountain glen

MISHKIN

CARLO EDWARDS

KING MARK
Isolde's tragic husband, King of Cornwall, in *Tristan und Isolde*, is a lonely and grief-stricken figure. Bohnen endows this difficult rôle with that intelligence which places him in the top rank of Wagnerian singers

CARLO EDWARDS

JONNY
Křenek's *Jonny Spielt Auf* had its American première this season with Michael Bohnen creating the principal part. As the black-face American band-leader, he typifies the vital restlessness of the modern jazz age

Michael Bohnen—Sempre Mobile

The Great Singing Actor of the Metropolitan Opera Makes an International Choice of Rôles

MICHAEL BOHNEN, one of the leading bass-baritones of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is a German by birth, but not in the nature of his operatic career. Beside the rôles which he would naturally and linguistically fall heir to, he sings Italian and French, his repertoire ranging from *Tonio* in *Pagliacci* to *Mephistopheles* in *Faust*. To each new part he brings a characterization, spontaneous and original. So protean is he, that he seems actually to become at will a *Sachs*, a *Jonny* or a *Landgraf*. His face is as variant a medium as though he wore an infinite number of masks. In the bloated visage of Monday evening's *Baron Ochs* is no memory of Saturday's vengeful *Wotan*. His stride, his gesture, his very stature alter with the rôle. As *König Marke* in *Tristan* and *Gurnemanz* in *Parsifal*, he is veritably an aging man, yet he is one of the lustiest and most brutal of all *Hagens*. In Germany he is known also as an athlete and film actor

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

Janet Gaynor Finds Her Place

The Young Film Actress Has in a Year Become One of the Favourite Luminaries of the Screen

EVEN in a field so replete with overnight successes as motion pictures, the rise of Janet Gaynor to stardom is outstanding. The past year has seen a dozen new names put up in electric lights over the temples and cathedrals of the cinema, but Janet Gaynor provides the most serious competition for the established stars. She has in this short time not only gained world-wide publicity, but has definitely given proof of her histrionic abilities. Achieving sudden fame by her meteoric performance as the French gamine in *Seventh Heaven*, Miss Gaynor immediately followed this with a simple and beautiful interpretation of the German peasant girl in Murnau's *Sunrise*. She brings to the screen, not only a unique sincerity and charm, but a genuine talent for characterization and honest emotion. In her next film, *Christina*, she is a wooden-shoed maid of the Isle of Marken, a new venture for her in delineation and nationality

The Big Noise

An Unfanatical Defense of the Potentialities of Talking Pictures, the Cinema's Unwanted Scion

By GEORGE ABBOTT

EDITOR'S NOTE —George Abbott, the author of this article on talking pictures, came into fame as the most persistent collaborator in the American theatre with the production of *Broadway*—which also established his reputation as a stage director. Subsequently he directed *Coquette*, *Ringside*, and *Gentlemen of the Press*, and also had a hand in the writing. By the sudden behind-the-scenes prominence of Mr. Abbott, the stage automatically lost a fine actor. For after his performance in *Processional* George Abbott was considered among the best of American players. This season he has been comparatively inactive in the legitimate theatre—only a few plays have been identified with him. Meanwhile he has been experimenting in Astoria with the talking pictures. After two short dialogue films, *The Bishop's Candlesticks*, which concerns itself with the adventures of *Jean Valjean*, and *Carnival Man*, Mr. Abbott turned to longer and more pretentious efforts. He is now at work in the Long Island Studios on a feature picture

IN the "Talking Pictures" controversy which may be assumed, for the purposes of this article, to be currently contorting the face of the land, all sensible men (among whom the writer is not averse to numbering himself) must admit that the loud speaker is at its present point of development giving forth a kind of grating bellow that is not conducive to the purest enjoyment of art. When so much ground has been yielded to its detractors, the more sanguine of its defenders may entrench themselves in the assurance that this is said to be a progressive and inventive nation. I for one believe that it is as unwarranted to estimate the talking pictures' future by the present state of its mechanical advance as it would have been to judge the potentialities of the phonograph from the caterwaulings it emitted in its first phase. Even the existing crude form of the talking pictures is valid enough to create an illusion, to enable the audience to identify itself with the characters and forget for the moment that it is listening to a machine. And so soon as that point has been arrived at in any part, the door is open.

I have an idea that in about five years' time no one will use the term "Talking Pictures", because there will not be any other kind. This does not mean that the present ineffective makeshift of reproducing a lengthy scene in talk will be continued, nor does it mean that the pantomime and long shots will be understressed, but merely that when a character is supposed to be saying something, he will be heard to say it.

IN the studios the camera men already refer to the silent pictures as "dummies", and when we become accustomed to motion pictures with audible actors, I imagine that it will be rather ludicrous to watch an actor mouthing away into a silent void. At present the talking pictures are in a state of chaos —half-talk, half-picture—but when the proper technique is evolved for telling a story with jumping tin-types and a mechanical voice, we shall have something else again.

It has many advantages. For one thing, the playwright is not bounded within any one set. He has all the freedom of the Elizabethan stage. He can jump his scenes to any spot in the world or out of it that his imagination dictates. The stage has no such mobility. Present theatre convention has made scenery necessary. To change scenery one has to lower the curtain. The moment this is done, the illusion has been broken. And no matter how quickly the change is made, the audience has been lost and must be won all over again.

On the screen there are no such limitations. The thought and emotions not only follow the jump from place to place, but they thrive on it. The Indians attacking the covered wagon; the cavalry galloping to the rescue; the closeup of baby dying in grandpa's arms; the torch about to be applied to the barricade; tra-ta-ta-dee-ta! saved just in time! Old stuff and sure fire. It has been used cheaply and it has been used beautifully as, let us say, in *The Birth of a Nation*. The addition of spoken dialogue, furthermore, does not in any way impair the effectiveness of the rapid change of scene. Witness *The Singing Fool*. You may despise it, but you cannot remain unaffected by it.

AGAIN, there are certain points in the development of any drama when we, as audience, want to see the faces of the characters involved. In the theatre, this has been accomplished to a degree by the building of small houses, but on the screen the boy in the worst seat in the top gallery will be able to view the close-up. Benchley's *Treasurer's Report* is a better show on the talking screen than on the stage of any theatre that holds a thousand people or more.

The use of sound as a collaborator with pantomime can be of tremendous dramatic value. The murderer, for example, is haunted by the strains of music that happened to be playing when he did the dirty deed, and all that sort of thing.

In my first attempt at this medium we tried two experiments. The first involved the use of a church bell to serve as a transition mood between the convict and the bishop (it is the old Bishop's Candlesticks plot from *Les Misérables*). The bell faded in and out of the scenes both in sight and sound (what is technically known as a lap dissolve) and was used in the end to motivate the convict's surrender to the power of good. The second was the adaptation of the mental soliloquy *à la Strange Interlude*, but without the necessity for having the actor's lips move. He thinks the thoughts and the words are heard: which is really far more reasonable.

There is one further tremendous advantage in this canned entertainment. The director is in a position to select the best performances and use them permanently. He does not have to concern himself about the vagaries of opening-night nervousness; he can rest content that his original cast will stay with him to the end of the run, and what is more, that the individual performances will remain set and not undergo the violent changes which are the inevitable by-product of a long run of any spoken drama.

What are the drawbacks then? the greatest one is that it is new and we're not used to it. I can imagine the howl that went up in Merrie England when women were first put in to play the female parts. I will wager the old boys sat around their clubs and mourned that the theatre was well on its way to the devil.

My friends complain that there is no peace in the movie cathedrals any more. A quiet place to doze has been taken from them. This, too, is a matter of habit. I, for example, do not sleep well at the opera.

Ensemble acting on the talking screen is not possible at present, but the same effect can be approximated by shifting the camera from one face to another. On the stage practically the same thing is accomplished when we shift the focal point of action from one character to another. The eye could at any time take in all the figures on the stage, but it ignores them in favour of the one or ones toward whom the interest is arbitrarily pointed. Every comedian, being conscious of this fact, knows that he can ruin a rival's joke by attracting attention to himself and away from the speaker at the crucial moment. And even as I write this, experiments are being conducted with a broader screen; other experiments are seeking to add a new dimension and give us depth; still others are attempting to develop the use of color.

MOREOVER, the industry, which is working so furiously toward these improvements is doing so against its will. For this phenomenon, so prosaically christened the talking picture, was wanted by neither of its parents, neither the cinema nor the spoken drama. It just happened. The cinema resisted to the last. It had millions of dollars tied up in contracts with authors, directors and actors who had no knowledge or ability to handle dialogue. The Hollywood colony, we are told, is industriously polishing up on its elocution. As far as I am able to judge, that is no help at all. It generally takes an actor five years to gain poise and naturalness in delivering dialogue. There have been exceptions: skyrockets, the actors call them. The skyrocket generally comes to earth as soon as he attempts anything not identical with his own personality. A large proportion of the screen actors will have to acquire a technique in a new field. Many of them will find that they have been disqualified. The directors likewise are lost in the "talkies". And so, at present, men with some training in the legitimate theatre have been drafted to work with them and supervise the dialogue. As far as the authors go, the scenario writer still speaks of a line of dialogue as "a title"—and that's the way he writes it. Stage writers have been called to the rescue. No, it was not pleasant for the motion pictures. Just as it had its life all planned, there looms this unwelcome stranger and changes everything.

Mechanically, the problems are innumer-

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Benny Ammino Geely and the Veenusboig

The Radio Announcer Does His Languid Bit Toward Making Good Music a Big Bore

By DEEMS TAYLOR

JUST now, in a last attempt to postpone the ordeal of writing by a pretense of gathering additional material, I turned on the radio again. From out the loudspeaker came a voice—a cheerful, nondescript contralto, rather friendly and not unattractive. It was singing something about giving one's little baby lots of lovin'. I should have liked to linger, to see who it was, but time was pressing. I turned the station selector. Another voice, a man's, speaking in the high-pitched monotone of one addressing the unseen—"And so, Heavenly Father, we leave this meeting in Thy hands"—. Another slight turn of the selector. A jazz orchestra, this time, the thud-thud of the plucked basses becoming audible some time ahead of the other instruments. Another turn. This time neither song nor prayer, but some carefully reasonable speech-maker taxing Doctor Parkes Cadman with advocating Roman Catholic doctrines while passing for a Protestant clergyman.

NOT much grist here. I had shunned the high and low numbers on the dial, for I long ago discovered that whatever good music the radio has to offer comes, for some reason, over the medium wave-lengths. Above 450 my set dispenses little beyond prize fights and Chinese restaurant orchestras; below 290 it is addicted to studio "parties" of unimaginable dullness, tenor solos with ukelele accompaniment, and hockey games.

But on good nights, especially on Saturdays and Sundays, there is real music to be heard over the radio—string orchestras, chamber music ensembles, choral societies, organ recitals, even an occasional operatic performance. Two or three of the more pretentious "hours" have accustomed the radio audience to expect some of the world's greatest singers and violinists as a matter of course. Now the symphony orchestras are going on the air. Walter Damrosch has just contracted to conduct a radio symphony concert every Saturday night for a solid year, and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony broadcasts its Sunday afternoon series throughout its regular season. One thing, and one alone, prevents the hardened concert-goer from spending his evenings indoors with his ears glued to the loudspeaker.

I refer, of course, to the radio announcer. At present writing this gentleman, working earnestly and conscientiously to put over the concerts entrusted to his mercies, is, in my opinion, slowly but surely succeeding in making symphonic music utterly repellent to thousands of people. I have listened in on many concerts, most of them broadcast with great care and at enormous expense; and offhand I cannot recall one program that was not spoiled for me by the announcer.

How does he do it? By being himself. The radio announcer is, as a class, a young man who drifted into broadcasting through possessing a voice that carried over the air, a ready vocabulary, and an ability to describe events in such fashion as to make them vivid to a distant listener. His equipment includes an intimate technical knowledge of various sports, particularly boxing, baseball, and football, the details of which he observes with astonishing accuracy, and is able to communicate in graphic, racy, and colloquial terms.

When it comes to music he is lost. Confronted by the necessity of being highbrow, he becomes tongue-tied, pompous, and bathetic—"This selection you have just heard [*pause*] was written by a man [*somewhat longer pause*] whose pen is now [*after a very long pause, triumphantly*] forever stilled in the lasting peace of death."* One has only to listen to him for two minutes to become painfully aware that he knows nothing, and cares less, about the music, however light, that he happens to be describing—"You have just listened to selections from Victor Herbert's popular and well known [*pause*] operetta [*long pause and sounds of whispering*] *Eileen*." He essays the light, chatty style, with baleful results—"We now hear *Laddie and Lassie*. This selection has a distinct flavour of Scotch. Not the Scotch that we're all thinkin' of jus' now [*light laugh*], but a Scotch of [*five seconds' wait*] mormportance probly."

HIS pronunciation of titles and musical terms is a hair-raising revelation of blank ignorance of any language except English, and a none too intimate acquaintance with that. He refers to "Arthur Hahnegger's 'Pacific Two Thoity-one'," and mentions the success of some singer "in Parrus and Bewnoss Iris." He tackles Italian bravely, but is thrown for a loss by "Benny Ammino Geely." He starts a title in meticulous German—"Vognehr's 'Die Meistersinghehr' "—and scuttles hastily back to English—"'of Nooremburgh'." He announces the "Vaynusburgh" music from *Tannhäuser*, feels that all is not well, becomes discouraged, and compromises on "the lovely Veenusboig scene."

In introducing serious music, however, he seldom relies on extempore efforts. As a rule he ransacks the Columbia Phonograph catalogue or the Victor Book of the Opera, culls a few highly uninteresting facts and dates, writes them out in order, and reads them aloud, producing a perfect illusion of a scared freshman reading a theme paper in English I. Let me illustrate by quoting a typical radio announcer's account of a symphony concert. It is not a real concert, being a combination of parts of several programs that I have heard over the radio. But synthetic as the event is, every word of the announcement is genuine, having been taken down as it floated from some radio speaker's lips.

The hour is, let us say, 8:30 P. M., and you want to hear a concert that has been heavily advertised in the day's papers. You tune in on the proper station, and get the following:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Station WEAR of the International Broadcasting Company and associated stations. The concert brought to you tonight is the regular Thursday night concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra playing at Carnegie Hall and brought to you by the International Broadcasting Company and associated stations. The orchestra is under the direction of Mr. Fritz Reiner, guest conductor, and a large audience is assembled in Carnegie Hall waiting for the concert to begin. The first number on tonight's program is Brahms's Fourth Symphony. The symphony number four of Brahms begins with the allegrow nahn troppo. This is Station WEAR, bringing you the Thursday evening concert of the Philharmonic Society—er, the Philharmonic-*Symphony* Society of New York. Now Mr. Reiner has mounted the platform, and the audience is applauding him. The symphony is about to begin."

(Orchestra plays first movement of symphony. Burst of applause at the end, which is suddenly shut off.)

"THE first movement of the symphony number four of Brahms. This is Station WEAR of the International Broadcasting Company and associated stations, bringing you the Thursday night concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York. The second movement is the beautiful andahnte mahderatow. It is said that at the time he was writing it, Brahms was interested in the works of Sophocles, the Greek dramatist, and some hearers find in this movement the influence of Sophocles in some of his real stark tragedies."

(Orchestra plays second movement of symphony.)

"This is Station WEAR of the—" *etc.* "The allegrow in the scherzo is quite boisterous, and anything but sombre and tragic. Now the orchestra is about to begin."

(Orchestra plays third movement of symphony.)

"You have just listened to—" *etc.* "This is Station WEAR—" *etc.* "The finale of Brahms's Fourth Symphony, while it has earnestness about it, is scarcely Sophoclean in its tragedy. It is described as a sort of *chaconne* in triple tempo."

(Orchestra plays finale of symphony. Intermission. After a brief recapitulation, revealing the name of the station and the nature and location of the concert, the announcer introduces Professor Thing, "the famous pianist and lecturer", who is to deliver a few remarks concerning the Wagner excerpts that constitute the second half of the program. The famous expert comes to the mike and unburdens himself of some assorted observations, including a characterization of the Tannhäuser Bacchanale as "a fairyland of wild bacchanalian revery!" (sic) and the astounding news that "there are hundreds of thousands who are beginning to realize that Wagner's music does not lack melody." He offers an exposition of Wagner's theory of

(Continued on page 112)

*This and those that follow are all *verbatim* quotations.

SONG

This sculpture in wood entitled *Song* is half life-size and is the only example in wood included in the comprehensive exhibition of Raymond Duchamp-Villon's art which was held recently at the Brummer Gallery in New York

(Above)

YVONNE

This sculpture in plaster, *Yvonne*, is, together with the two other heads on this page, smaller than life-size. All three are representative examples of Duchamp-Villon's major preoccupation which was with the medium of plaster

(Below)

FACE

Working in the medium of plaster, Raymond Duchamp-Villon incorporates in this charming and thoughtful work, *Face of a Young Girl*, his disciplined instinct for realism and the assurance of his feeling for plastic form

(Above)

MADELEINE

This firm and noble head suggests Duchamp-Villon's inheritance from the great past of art as well as the way in which he turned the sturdy intellectualism of his own period upon the idealism of his personal tradition

Sculptures by Raymond Duchamp-Villon

Selections from a Posthumous Exhibition of the Work of a Frenchman Who Died in the War

RAYMOND DUCHAMP-VILLON, whose art in its entirety was given a posthumous exhibition last month at the Brummer Gallery in New York, was killed in the closing days of the Great War. Duchamp-Villon's brothers, Marcel Duchamp and Jacques Villon, had been artists before him and he began his enterprise in art after he had spent the early years of his life in the profession of medicine. But as a doctor he acquired that sense of logic, of truth, of the importance of objectivity, that so strongly affected his work as a sculptor and both limited and focused his genius. He came at a time of the most audacious experimentation in the form and matter of art, when animalism and vision, pure emotion and pure idea, were in opposition. Accepting such of the spirit of his contemporaries as was of service to him, their intellectualism and freedom, Duchamp-Villon returned in his approach to his subjects to hard-headed idealism, to the Greeks and the craftsmen of medieval France. These works are important also as bridging that chasm which the War left in the continuity of art

Justice for the Victorians

Being a Rather Disconcerting Morsel of the Truth Concerning England's Most Modest Age

By THOMAS BURKE

IT is a commonplace in the public mind, and fixed there as firmly as the bailiff's man in the kitchen, that the Victorian Age in England was an age stiff with formal rectitude and hypocritical prudery. This is the result, I fear, of reading too credulously the writings of smart young critics imperfectly acquainted with their subject; for anybody who has made the most hasty study of the social life of that age knows that, whatever the life of the Court and the intelligentsia may have been, the life of the mass of the people was Anything But. The association of complacent humbug with that age is as hoary a fable as that which says that Parisians never patronize the oddities provided in the lower quarter of Paris, or that all aristocratic English families of to-day are impoverished.

London under George V., is, if you like, stiff with outward rectitude; it is exactly what these smart writers imagine the Victorian Age to have been. Ours is indeed the hypocritical age, when all the vicious amusements that were openly pursued under the eye of Victoria (*and* Albert) are to-day, not abolished, but pursued furtively and under ground; when, although we know that vice and folly are still very much with us, we pretend that, because we don't countenance them, they are not. We, not the Victorians, are the humbugs. We think that because we have destroyed the music-hall promenades and emptied Leicester Square and Piccadilly of prostitutes, social life is therefore much cleaner; that because we have put a heavy hand upon taverns and night-clubs, everything in the garden is lovely. What a time the smart biographers of 1998 will have with the present Georgian Age!

ALMOST certainly they will give it the label that the writers of to-day have given the Victorian Age—the age of shams. Yet, compared with this age, the Victorian age was an honest age, for actually London at that time was more candidly and carelessly un-moral than it had been since the Stuarts. There were few laws against indulgence; the town was open all night; drink and drugs were to be had without restriction, and the most recherché vices of to-day were, if not three a penny, at least within the reach of every fool with a sovereign or two. No indoor sport catalogued by Herr Kraft-Ebbing that had not its particular and un-raided academy somewhere in Victorian and Albertian London. A distressing picture, of course, but useful as correcting the popular conception of long-faced hypocrisy. *That* belongs to *us*.

If you don't accept the picture on my word, then let me present to you an amusing trifle (a family heirloom) which I have just retrieved from the back of a shelf of London books, where it must have fallen when I last arranged the shelf. (I wish I'd retrieved it a month ago, when one of these smart Oxford boys was outlining to me the book he was going to write on the smug Victorians.) It is a paper-covered volume, dated 1850, the year before Albert's Great Exhibition. Here is the title-page:

THE SWELL'S NIGHT GUIDE
to
The Great Metropolis
Displaying the Saloons; the Paphian Beauties; the Chaffing Cribs; the Introducing Houses; Fancy Ladies and their Penchants; the French Houses, etc., etc.
Revised and Carefully Corrected by the
LORD CHIEF BARON
With Numerous Engravings
Twenty-first edition
5s. 6d.

It is, as you see, the kind of book that, since Thomas Dekker, has appeared every ten years or so—something like Ned Ward's *London Spy* and Peirce Egan's *Life in London* and Westmacott's *English Spy;* except that each of these unkempt authors could give my man a lesson in reticence. The point to note is that it had then gone into twenty-one editions, and was openly sold to the public; and it is the kind of book that, in this emancipated age, when we flatter ourselves that we talk freely of everything, could not lie for twenty-four hours on a bookseller's counter without bringing a prosecution upon the bookseller. Yet, really, there is nothing in it—nothing, that is, that shocked the supposedly susceptible Victorians; only talk about things that everybody knew and accepted much more calmly than they accept them to-day. It only says openly the kind of thing that novelists of this outspoken age have to print privately.

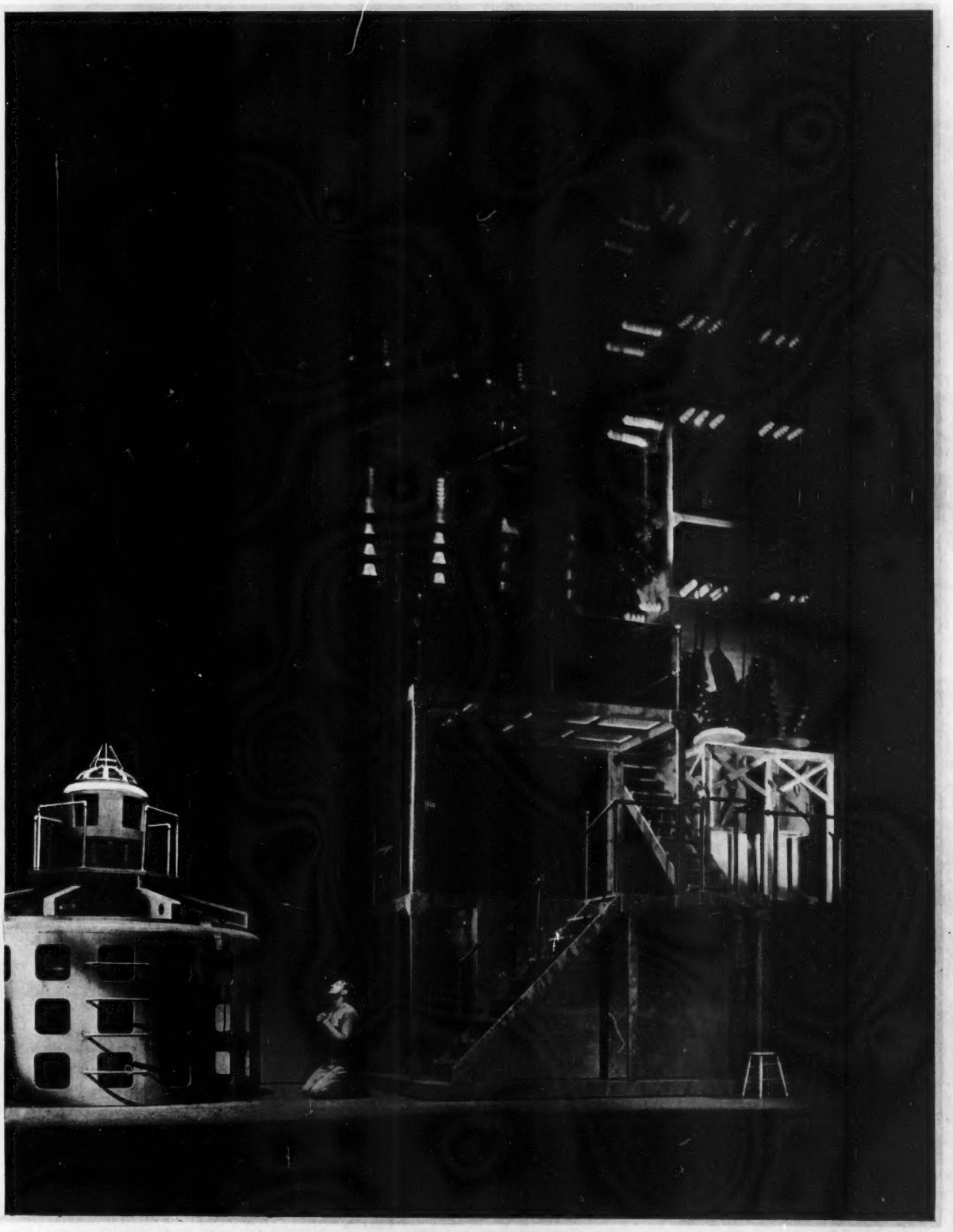
A WORD about the editor. The "Lord Chief Baron" was a man named Renton Nicholson, well known to students of past London life. He kept various taverns and hotels in London, and was the inventor of the successful Judge-and-Jury trials, held nightly at one of his houses, *The Garrick's Head*, in Bow Street. These were mock trials of imaginary divorce cases and unsavory criminal cases. The judge was Nicholson himself, the jury was empanelled from his customers, and specially retained performers played counsel and witnesses, and, by contemporary report, did it so well that they drew "all London". The whole object of this parody of a court was to elicit obscene evidence and point it with obscene comment; and these shows, which matched any entertainment devised by Sedley or Rochester, were publicly performed and regularly patronized by "the nobility and gentry" and most other sorts throughout the second decade of the age of propriety. From their success Nicholson went further and introduced an exhibition of *Poses Plastiques*, which was nothing but an exhibition of naked chorus girls, admission one shilling. It was publicly advertised, and, over a long period, shown twice daily, without protest. But in those days, before short skirts and Eton crops and freedom, they had neither the prudery that is easily shocked nor the prudery that delights to shock. Indeed, the Baron writes of this show, and of its effect upon his patrons, in terms that the most conscientious editor of an undergraduate magazine would hesitate before passing.

THE Guide opens with a Preface, and then goes on to describe the various night resorts of London, high and low, in ample detail. There is a complete dictionary of the flash language, and a comprehensive directory of names and private addresses of the most noted women of the town, with comments upon their peculiar attractions. Chief among the open-all-night houses, in tone and price, was the Royal Saloon, Piccadilly. It was noted for its cuisine, its cellar and the high quality of its customers. The women who frequented this house were personally invited by the management, and no others were allowed to enter. The Baron mentions, in passing, that it was a "very wrong" house, and if this eminent Victorian found it "very wrong" in comparison with some of the extraordinary Introducing Houses that he so freely and casually describes, then it must have been a house that would have sent the Night Club Squad of our Georgian police into a swoon. Other prominent all-night houses of the West End were the Baron's own Garrick's Head, the Coal Hole, the Finish, the new Crockford's, the Elysium, The Windmill Saloon, the Adelphi Shades; and across the river were a score of others—The New Inn, the Surrey Coal Hole, The Victoria Saloon, the Jim Crow, and Astley's Wine and Supper Rooms. There were also the saloons and foyers of the theatres which were public rendezvous of a kind to which the old Empire Promenade was a spelling bee.

In all these houses, those of fashion and those of the labouring world, supper entertainments, not then made exotic by the word cabaret, were a regular nightly feature; indeed, no tavern could hope to attract custom without an entertainment; and judging by the Guide's descriptions, each place appears to have afforded the spectacle of Victorian women behaving and looking just like modern girls. Truly the philosopher was right—the luxuries of one age are the necessities of the next—and vice versa. The deportment of the loose woman, which once belonged to the few, now belongs to the many; and cabaret, which, in 1850, was everybody's evening treat, is now a luxury of the few who can pay the price. The kind of cabaret they offered was mainly in the key of the master of the art, our Baron; disgusting perhaps, but frank, and so far less disgusting than the half-hearted, self-conscious smirks at impropriety offered by the cabaret entertainers of New York and London to-day.

Our author, in matter and style, comes as a cold wind through the closed parlour that our

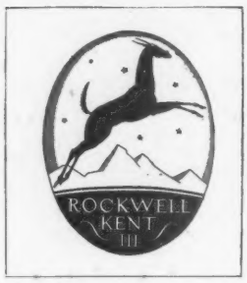
(Continued on page 106)



VANDAMM

The Altar of the God, Electricity

The Power-House in "Dynamo", Eugene O'Neill's New Play Concerning the Religion of Science



BENNETT CERF

This is the bookplate for Mr. Bennett Cerf, publisher of *The Modern Library*, shown overlooking the vast seas of literature in quest of his especial salvage

A NOTE ON SYMBOLISM

IN these six examples of his woodcut bookplates, Rockwell Kent proposes his faith in the importance and efficacy of the symbol. Already known as an artist, he sets himself up now under the sign of the psychiatrist, endeavouring to interpret in one emblematic figure and design the essential secret of one individual. "All that idols, the crescent, the cross, the arms and crests of chivalry, were, in more believing times, the personal and chosen symbol now may be to those who want to fix some thought or principle upon themselves, to make it theirs, to live toward it, for it, by it; to let it be the visual reminder of a faith or aim of a mood experienced and reinvoked," Rockwell Kent writes in his new book, *Bookplates* and *Marks of Rockwell Kent*. How admirably in these examples has Mr. Kent made a great thing of a small! He has let it be known that he takes the obligations of this art altogether seriously. In these at first sight unambitious devices, he has invoked what he calls the science of psycho-symbolism. This high seriousness, however, he qualifies as follows: "In the devices for my children and my friends, I have, through incomprehension of the former and, for the latter, unconcern, done little except by gentle flattery to please. Yet, in the design for Gordon Kent, I have ventured (and I may write it in these pages which he may not read) to determine his becoming a good horseman." Although it goes without saying that no bookplate will ever interest the stranger so much as the subject, who will always return to it to discover some new secret of his unconscious, nevertheless we may be grateful for these truly admirable diversions from Mr. Kent's hand

J. B. NEUMANN

The strange device shown above is the mark of Mr. J. B. Neumann, dealer in etchings and prints, and is one of the most successful of Rockwell Kent's bookplates

JOHN HAY WHITNEY

The bookplate of John Hay Whitney, the young sportsman, does not involve too abstruse a symbolism, showing simply a jumping horse and decoration of game

THE BOOK

The woodcuts on this page have been selected from the book, *Bookplates and Marks of Rockwell Kent*, printed by the Pynson Printers under the supervision of Elmer Adler and to be published in the near future by Random House in New York

EMILY M. LAMBERT

This Byronic figure with his air of Victorian somnambulism, shown browsing among the ruins of classicism, serves to distinguish the books of Emily Milliken Lambert

Bookplate Designs by Rockwell Kent

Woodcut Examples of the Artist's Recent Experimentation in the Art of Psycho-Symbolism

An Essay in Doubt

An Easy Lesson in Philosophy With Special Reference to the Unfortunate Mr. Bulger

By LOUIS GOLDING

IT is a tangled world. You would think one of the easiest things in it would be to pronounce off-hand whether you like a thing or dislike it. It is not. Take food. There is one article of food (I shall only mention its name if I am forced to) which, whenever I am at a satisfactory distance from it, I spend my time in reviling. I exhaust all my ingenuity in finding unpleasant names for it. I do indeed dislike it heartily. And then, by some undeliberated catenation of circumstances, I find myself faced by a steaming dish of it. Its odour conquers me more than poppy and mandragora. I fall for it. I realize I care for nothing else in the world so passionately. Next morning—next morning—I rise pale with shame. I shrug my shoulders at myself, I point at myself the finger of icy scorn.

It happened in Vicenza lately. It is always my habit to order from foreign menus the dish named more cryptically than all the others. I ordered something at Vicenza which ought to have baffled, so tortuous and polysyllabic it was, the sophisticated palate of a Petronius. It was tripe. (Yes, it was tripe. I am afraid the secret is out.) You cannot imagine, I repeat, how rude I am about that article of diet in its absence, how I jeer at the manner in which it simulates the limbs of a polypod, how it laminates, effoliates—what is the word?—into a cellular coral formation. You cannot imagine how disgustingly I behaved that night in Vicenza.

IT happens not only with food. Take mountain-climbing, for instance. What a glorious occupation you deem it, in your study armchair, to be climbing mountains. All that business about wind whistling in your hair and yourself and bathing your ardent brow in waterfalls, and cresting the peak of morning. The concept, mountain-climbing, may be said to appeal to you. You like it. Then, upon a dolorous day, you actually start climbing a mountain. The concept, mountain-climbing, may be said to bore you. You dislike it. You loathe it. You think mountains abominable protuberances in an else flat and amiable world. You grunt, you sweat. You, as I said, dislike mountains.

The same might be said about seafaring. I will not labour the point. I will, on the contrary, come to the point I am driving at. People, I mean. If it is difficult to determine whether, in absolute philosophic fact, you like or dislike tripe (forgive the ungarnished mention of the detestable commodity), whether you like or dislike mountain-climbing, the music of Poulenc, the paintings of Cirico—how much more difficult do you not find it to declare categorically: I like Smith; I can't stick Smith. Celia is a darling. Something should be done about Celia, something very drastic.

All of which brings me to Bulger, poor dear old Bulger. And, of course, Watkins. For the story does not exist without Watkins, poor dear old Watkins. Bulger liked Watkins; he thought him the most charming person in this or any world. He thought him so charming that he called him Wottles; it shows just how charming Watkins was that he endured it. I repeat, Bulger liked Watkins, worshipped Watkins.

Until they parted; then all of a sudden Bulger discovered he disliked Watkins more than anyone in this or any world. He loathed Watkins. Most rigidly he thought of him as Watkins. He could no more have thought of him as Wottles than he could have taken his eyes from their sockets and juggled with them. Watkins would send him notes asking him to go to dinner and the theatre with him. The note would be returned to Watkins, unopened, marked "Gone away, address unknown." Somebody might report to Watkins that Bulger had been seen somewhere in the neighbourhood of his usual address. Said Watkins to himself: "The dear fellow has come back. I must just run along and see how dear old Bulger is." Bulger would be standing, yellow as ivory, peeping through the drawing-room curtains. The curtains would be drawn and all the blinds down, as if there had been a triple death in the house. But that wouldn't be enough for Bulger. He'd draw the piano up against the door and reinforce it with a few armchairs and encyclopædias. Then he'd lie back on his couch quivering with dislike for Watkins. "Go away, go away!" he would grind out between his teeth. "Go away! I don't like you!"

O no. It wouldn't occur to Watkins that Bulger didn't like him. Watkins was not that sort of person; he was far too full of the milk of human kindness for that.

BESIDES Bulger *did* like him, Bulger simply worshipped his little Wottles. As soon, that is to say, as some accident brought the two gentlemen together again. Bulger would be in the presence of Watkins not more than a moment or two when the old spell would reassert itself with ten times, twenty times, its old potency. Such delightful manners had Wottles, such an unexhaustible flow of funny stories. He was the very quintessence of *bonhomie*, the perfect man about town. He belonged to all the best clubs, had the *entrée* to all the best houses, knew all the best vintages, offered you the best of all cigars. Nicest fellow in this or any other world was Wottles. Dear, dear Wottles.

So it went on. So his liking for Watkins and disliking of Watkins played battledore and shuttlecock with Bulger for years. Something, said Bulger with deep feeling, will have to be done about it. What shall it be? "O confound it," he said (he was sometimes rather vigorous in his phraseology), "what shall be done about it? I can't stand it any more. Do I like him? Don't I like him? Do I? Don't I? I do! I don't! I do! I don't! O damn!" he said.

Then of a sudden it occurred to him. He jumped into the air, and landed so violently on the drawing-room carpet that he brought down two expensive Dresden rustics from the mantelpiece. He was not aware of it. "I've got it!" he shouted. "I've got it! I'll get him out of town, I'll divorce him from his *milieu*. I'll get to the heart of the man, the essential man, the man as God knows him. I'll get him away from his clubs and from his cigars and his wines. I'll take him tramping over the hills with me, from sunrise to sunset. I'll get him face to face with the big things, the pure things, wind and sky and space. And by Heaven," he bellowed, "by Heaven, when the sun of that day has set I'll have my man! I'll know you, Watkins, I'll know you through and through! I'll know whether I like you or whether—or whether I don't like you! Whether I loathe you! Whether I abominate you! Where is that ordnance map? Where is that time-table?"

WATKINS was absolutely charmed by the idea. "Nothing could give me greater pleasure, Bulger, old man! Just like you! Glorious! Any jolly day you like! Bravo, old Bulger!"

They arrived at the village under the hills from which they were to set out, a little before dawn. They puffed and grunted their way up to the ridge. It was a little chilly at first, and they had to keep blowing at their fingers and swinging their arms about like windmills in order to keep themselves warm. When they got a little bit further, it started drizzling. It would have conquered anybody's good temper excepting Watkins's. It conquered Bulger's. From the way Watkins went rattling on, you would have thought that there was only one thing in the world lacking to make him really happy. A cold drizzle on the open hills had its points. But if you could only have provided him with a nice thick hailstorm, he would have shrieked with laughter. As the morning proceeded, the weather gradually improved. But a long time before the sky was really clear, Bulger found himself chuckling unrestrainedly at Watkins's jokes. He couldn't remember Wottles in better form. And the way the dear chap never repeated himself was nothing less than astonishing! That one about the duchess and the saveloys for instance . . .

Bulger stopped short. Bulger suddenly remembered what he'd organised the whole business for. He remembered what had induced him to get up at so fiendish an hour, to tolerate a breakfast a scavenger would have sneered at, to set off in the tallowy darkness into the cold, into the rain.

"I must take myself in hand," he swore inwardly. "This will never do! Bulger, I tell you this will never do. Take yourself in hand, Bulger!"

The idea had been, as I have said, to get Watkins face to face with the big things, the pure things, to see the picture he'd make in his stark nudity, as it were, with his metropolitan wrappings stripped from him. But that's where the paradox was. Watkins brought metropolis with him. He'd never been in happier form in his own special corner at the

(Continued on page 118)

Another Extract From My Reminiscences

A Visit With Max Beerbohm at Rapallo—and a Glowing Tribute to the Wines of Sicily

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S own exquisite aquatints in prose of the visits he has paid to various great men might induce in the most confident writer a sense of presumption in venturing to record a visit paid to him. I remember with a qualm of self-reproach that on this very visit Max told me that his last hours would be haunted by the fancy of the good story that would be fathered on him by the paragraph gossips on the morning of his obituary notice. "Mr. Max Beerbohm, whose regrettable demise is chronicled this morning, will perhaps always be best remembered for the following story . . ." he antequoted with an urbane shudder. And then would be set down for ever indisputable some horribly pointless anecdote for which the wretched author was never responsible and never could have been responsible, or some base coin of wit which he would have scorned to pass. And I who have now lived long enough as a speck of dust in the public eye to read such anecdotes about myself can appreciate that macabre anticipation in which Max indulged fifteen years ago. Shall all my labours end in finding myself best remembered for a bad pun I never made? What between the threats that paragraphists and spiritualists will offer to one's reputation after death, fame from being a bubble is likely soon to become a bomb.

I first met Max at Oxford twenty-five years ago. Poor Robbie Ross brought him to breakfast with me one morning, and I had collected half-a-dozen awestruck undergraduates to help me pass him bacon and eggs and marmalade. And what I can remember of Max at that breakfast-party is not his conversation, but his cuffs. I am afraid that we were all disappointed with him, and I know that we all thought he was thoroughly bored, and perhaps a little contemptuous of us after his dazzling compeers at Oxford in the 'nineties. How little did we suppose that he was probably feeling shy, for there were still many years to roll before any of us would return to Oxford with a measure of reputation, there to suffer that ordeal of having breakfast with undergraduates, which is one of the major embarrassments of the human soul.

SO all that can be chronicled of that breakfast-party is Max's cuffs, and I should hesitate to chronicle even them, had I not seven years later sat at breakfast with Sir Hall Caine and observed that he wore similar cuffs. They were fastened very tightly round the wrist and encroached a certain distance on the hand itself.

When I visited Max at Rapallo he was no longer wearing such cuffs; and I have sometimes wondered if he had discovered that Sir Hall Caine favoured those cuffs which he might hitherto have been considering a style of his own and if perhaps to the shock of that discovery may be attributed his decision to grow that moustache, that very heavy moustache too, that almost as heavy a moustache as those with which dragoons used to arm themselves in the late 'eighties. I should not have mentioned that moustache if Max himself had not been aware of its military aspect, for when sending me some prints of a snapshot taken of him and me on his white terrace he wrote that the title would be "A Major of the Volunteers in Conversation with a Faun." Photography was occupying much of Max's attention at this date, which was the month of September, 1913, and it was photography which had just enabled him to invent and carry through with the most scrupulous ingenuity an enchanting trick at the expense of Bernard Shaw. There had recently appeared a number of the English *Bookman* devoted to Shaw, and such special numbers were usually illustrated with photographs of the hero at different periods of his life. Max had cut out each reproduction of an early aspect of Shaw and with an engraver's pen had slightly altered every one of them. Thus if there was a photograph of Shaw in knickerbockers, Max would slightly prolong these knickerbockers till the wearer of them looked something worse than merely absurd. He would exaggerate Shaw's eyebrows in one, bulbify his nose in another, give him spots in a third, and thus turn every single portrait not into a caricature but into a very slight distortion of the original which was more ludicrous than any caricature.

BUT this was only the beginning of this elaborate joke. After the portraits in the magazine had been thus treated they were cut out, pasted on cardboard, and sent to a photographer in Genoa who re-photographed them and printed them off with the faded appearance of portraits in a family album of thirty or forty years ago. No sign was any longer perceptible of Max's elfin pen. The effect was of genuine photographs in which Shaw's clothes were even uglier than the clothes of anybody else when he was a young man, that Shaw's nose at the age of twenty-four testified to many hours spent in taprooms, that in fact Shaw if he ever intended to be a famous man should never have allowed himself to approach within a hundred yards of a camera. And not even yet was the joke finished. These apparently genuine contemporary photographs were now sent one by one at intervals to various friends in America and England with a request to mail them back to Shaw himself in Adelphi Terrace accompanied by a letter from some mythical devotee saying that he had come across the enclosed photograph of Mr. Bernard Shaw in an antique shop in Buffalo or had discovered it on a boarding-house mantelpiece in Bloomsbury and begging the original to be so kind as to sign it and return it to the sender in the stamped addressed envelope enclosed.

I do not know if Shaw ever discovered who was responsible for these goblin photographs of himself, but his life must have been a nightmare when the first of them reached him. Max played a joke of the same kind on Herbert Trench, who took himself and his talent even more seriously than most poets. Indeed I ought not to use the word talent, for Trench himself when describing to me on one occasion a play of his about Napoleon lowered his voice reverently as he always did when he was talking about his own work and leaning across whispered, "Well, the effect . . . well, you won't misunderstand me, my dear fellow, when I say it is genius." Max suddenly put into my hands a volume of Trench's poem *Apollo and the Seaman* saying "You know this, don't you?" or something like that, and I who did not know murmured vaguely and, as one does when one has been well brought up and books are put into one's hands, turned over the pages and read a line here and there. The poem is a longish one—a duologue in verse between the god Apollo and a seaman who talks rather like Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, indeed rather like all sailormen in poetry. Then I looked harder at the page. I had not remembered that Trench had made his seaman like one of W. W. Jacobs' bargees.

APOLLO

What shipwrights' hammers rang on her,
The stout ship and the leal?
In what green forest inlet lay
Her cradle and her keel?

SEAMAN

I think some arm of the sea-gods
Framed us 'er stormy frame,
And ribbed and beamed and stanchioned 'er,
And gave 'er strength a name.

Never, Sir Traveller, 'ave you seen
A sight the 'alf as fine
As when she 'ove up from the East
On our 'orizon-line!

I TURNED more pages. *"By no man's 'and unfurled was 'eaven! . . That was the pit of 'ell!"*

"Curious," I said, "I never remembered that Trench made his seaman drop all his aspirates." Max smiled. "I took them all out myself with a penknife very carefully, put in an apostrophe, and then sent the book to Trench." "He must have thought he'd gone mad." "He was a little offended about it," Max admitted, in that tone whose gentle suavity of utterance no pen can hope to express. I may have taken this occasion to ask him if any of the victims of *The Christmas Garland* were hurt by his parodies. Anyway, I remember he told me that all of them had written to assure him of the deep enjoyment they had derived except poor A. C. Benson who had written to say that he was pained by Max's opinion of him as a writer. Was A. C. Benson more sensitive or more honest than the others? Who shall say? And then as if to let me know that he enjoyed playing jokes on himself quite as much as he did on other

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On the Peaks of Montparnasse

Poets, Painters and Plain People of the Artistic Quarter of Paris

Pictured by
COVARRUBIAS

ISOLATION

Poet Lucien is alone, spiritually and otherwise, for he is the sole surviving genius of the Old Tradition of Verlaine and Villon. Darkly he wonders if his inspiration and his *Pernod sucré* will hold out long enough to pay for the one-*franc*-fifty that stares him straight in the face

THE POT BOILER

The Grübers of Cleveland, doing Bohemia, have strolled into the *Rotonde* where Gruber, *Mère*, is being done by Jules whom only starvation drives to this ignoble art. The portrait will eventually hang in the Euclid Avenue den, flanked by restaurant menus and clippings from *Le Rire*

A SYMPOSIUM

Here we have a conference in which Jalik, Roumanian painter, expounds his theories to Denyse, his model, while *Mlle.* Kerenski, the exiled Russian actress, listens attentively. Between them sits Oko, the Japanese Academician, rapidly becoming a convert to the modernistic school

LITERATI

Jacqueline and Andrée are outstanding figures among the highest of the highbrows. Style and form are crimes in the code of these insurgent souls. They write when, as and how they feel, which is usually terrible. Just now they are talking Joyce and regretting his punctuation marks

A DECORATION

M. Benoit is the type which creates the Bohemian atmosphere our tourists crave. Seen at his table on the terrace of the *Panthéon*, he is invariably taken for a celebrated painter or poet. Actually he is a Government clerk and spends his days in the *Arrondissement Bureau de Postes*

The Gay Social Whirl Encored

Itemizing Some Further Way Stations in the Merry Round of Society's Gilded Cage

By CHARLES G. SHAW

IN a recent paper, published in these pages, I made so bold as to touch upon certain pastimes currently enjoyed by Society. The Bohemian evening, an Opera Monday night, the formal tea, and other standard models of polite rejoicing, were reduced to their simplest terms. But the list was left incomplete by half. The present thesis, therefore, undertakes to summarize the vital features of those fêtes and frolics unrecorded in the former tract.

Let us first of all consider the dinner with bridge. Invitations for this event may be by letter, card or telephone and will be received anywhere from weeks ahead to a few hours. 8:30 P. M. is the usual designated time, which means somewhere in the region of, say, quarter past nine. A dozen in all (six men; six women), let us imagine, are present. The customary rounds of cocktails have been passed, swallowed, and contents noted, followed, in turn, by the exchange of the traditional witticisms. With a sudden gust of animation the company then troops in to dinner, arranges itself according to the gilt-edged cards before each plate, and proceeds without any further delay to a consideration of the more succulent scandal-items circulating at the moment.

From grapefruit, through the guinea hen, down to the frozen *biscuit glacé*, the pageant of overhauled reputations passes in review, without an intermission. The reasons for the Jerry Carfax separation are thoroughly gone into, as is also the Endicott divorce, not to forget Maude Demarest's latest "affair", and even the sudden Pringle-Sims marriage. After a brief interval (during which the ladies withdraw, leaving the men to lie shamelessly over the coffee about their negotiations in the stock market), a general re-assembly takes place, partners are paired off, and the fascinating business of Contract (orchestrated with groans, looks that could kill, sighs, biting of lips, argument, and the gnashing of teeth) is begun.

FOR our next venture into the world of fashion there is that piteous fandango known as the "coming out" party, of which numberless specimens are exhibited each season. Built around the *débutante* as a nucleus, the more formidable brand will in due course involve several hundred guests, a trio of bands, and two columns in the society pages. Let us consider one of this kind. A Park Avenue hostelry has been engaged for the night and, ranged in company-front formation at the entrance to the ballroom, stand the parents with their terrified little daughter, Clarisse, who, at the stentorian announcing of Grimes (the hired second man) forces a smile and nods sheepishly to each of the arriving guests, few of whom she is even acquainted with. Amid a clump of cacti and rubber plants one of the orchestras bangs away. A stagline of youths embellishes the centre of the dance floor; some tail-coated, but most in dinner-jackets. A few more sit out with pink-and-white young women on the stairs. In an alcove, another group pummels its way to reach the bowl of sauterne punch. Here and there several with wilted collars and dripping brows take swigs from friends' flasks, while already a number plot to slip away and join up at the Cotton Club. "Don't forget—a week from Tuesday," "I want you to know my sister," "Can't Sunday, dear. We're sailing on the *Île*, Saturday," "Will you *please* look at that Gifford girl!" and other staccato quips may be heard, while the more mature faction (friends and relations of the family) pass the time in fat-jowled conversation or seek distraction at the card table. A little after midnight the second band strikes up the supper march and there is a universal scramble for partners, through the din of which a Lithuanian string quartette renders torch ballads. After a repast (consisting of a cup of bouillon, a spoonful of scrambled eggs, two lumps of ice cream and a saltine), seasoned with promises to dine with the So-and-So's on Wednesday, the third band takes up the burden, bravely carrying on till the strains of *Home, Sweet Home* and *Good Night, Ladies* fall upon the sma' wee hour.

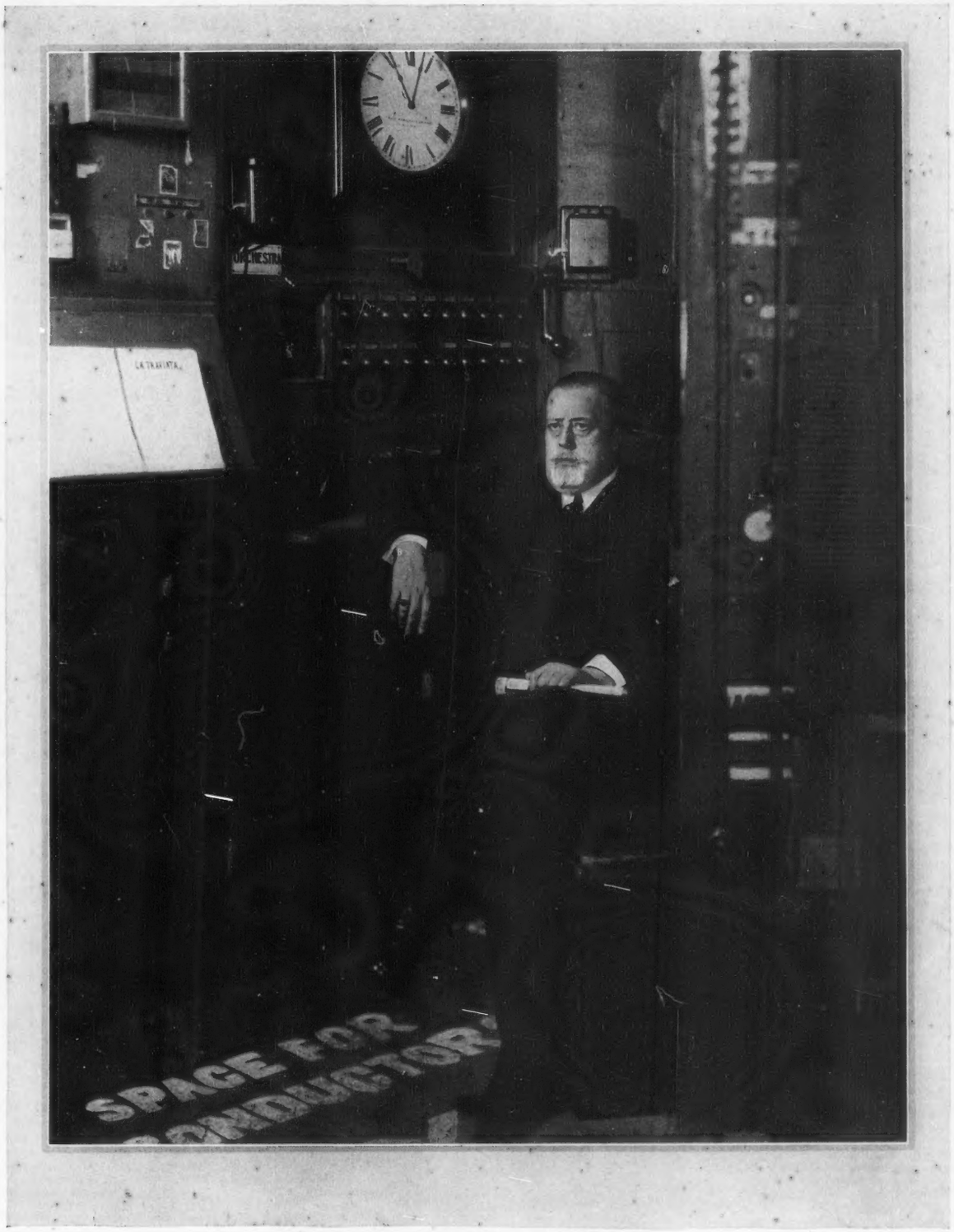
ASSUREDLY the theatre is rich with curious incident, with odd and strange event, with weird, fantastic memoir. Among which, the fashionable "opening" cannot well be omitted. Everyone—that is to say, "everyone"—is, of course, terribly late. There has been the usual confusion about the tickets (sent to the Union Club by mistake) and what with the traffic congestion it is exactly 9:27 before Lillie Grafton's party finally straggles in like a herd of immaculate lost sheep. The seats being five off the aisle, there is naturally a certain delay in getting located and then, of course, the usher has to be sent back for programmes, so it is finally intermission by the time everything is actually settled. At this stage all proceed to rise and push their way back into the lobby, where other friends (equally late) are joined over chit-chat and cigarettes. On the return to the seats the curtain has already been up several minutes and a repetition of their initial entrance is undergone. Fay Ancaster, in the meantime, has, somehow or other, lost her programme, which misfortune she broadcasts in a high mezzo-soprano, while Cliffee Jay and Blanche Vanderveer wave to and carry on conversations with suddenly-discovered chums sprinkled anywhere within a radius of ten rows. Sheila Prime, in a new Patou creation, with the Perry Huffs, is spotted in the left stage-box, much to the delight of Jack Grafton and, with an almost deafening shriek, Kay Bliss points out Elsie de Wolfe and Mayor Jimmy Walker sitting just in front of Texas Guinan. "Isn't it *too* amusing!" bubbles Lillie, the while attempting to make out whether or not the blond young man in the second row centre is Colonel Lindbergh. Across the aisle, Moe Katz (brother-in-law of the producer) is mistaken by Teddie Lake for Somerset Maugham, while a portentous cloak and suit buyer in G-7 is pointed out by Laura Fellows as Mr. St. John Ervine. "Too, too thrilling for words," gushes Blanche, shoving her elbow in the eye of the ex-bootlegger on her left. "We simply *must* come again tomorrow night."

There, too, is the *haut ton* wedding reception, following the church ceremony, and held, let's say, in the apartment of the bride's family. The line of motors outside reaches a good three blocks, while the mob of reporters chauffeurs, nursemaids, photographers, tramps, small boys, and policemen at the door soon swells to bewildering proportions. An entrance achieved, however, and the hat and coat exchanged for a small pink check, an opportunity (slight though it be) to glimpse the surroundings is finally offered. At the far end of the living room (hung with fading Easter lilies) the groom, bride and bridesmaids (in picture hats and yards of tulle) are drawn up in line, receiving the congratulations of the day.

NEARBY is posted the father of the bride (well-edged) and a few feet further on, the mother, half laughing, half weeping, and gesticulating profusely in all directions. Swarms of large elderly ladies, too, on tiny gilt chairs, gazing through lorgnettes, drape the offing, and in a corner stands a stranger who knows absolutely no one. A single bottle of *champagne* is produced for the needs of twelve adult men with thirsts of salamanders, while a lemonade-cup blooms untouched on an adjacent sideboard. Upon a curly-maple centre-table towers a mountain of wedding cake, done up in little white boxes with silk ribbon, and on a Chippendale affair, the presents, comprising (among other items) seventeen enamel clocks, nine soup tureens, twenty-three sets of dessert spoons, eleven pairs of silver candle sticks, and fourteen embossed picture frames, are displayed to the view of all. A chicken and lettuce salad is the main comestible (served by Parks, the faithful family servant, smelling strongly of '89 Sherry) together with a *consommé* that is neither hot nor cold and, later, little cubes of pistachio ice cream. After a while a hidden orchestra strikes up *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*, the bride's Sixth Form brother upsets the goldfish bowl with a crash, the three college classmates of the groom (who have been celebrating the great event since 5:30 P. M. the previous day) collapse in a body, there is a rush to the foot of the stairs, handfuls of rice splash the scene, and old Mrs. Fitzlister (who has come under a storm of protests) is soaked right in the ear with the wedding bouquet.

Finally I would note the formal private luncheon given for visiting nobility. This is always, rest assured, the work of some well-meaning lady who has about as much in common with the guest of the occasion as an elephant has with a moth. The event is,

(Continued on page 112)



CARLO EDWARDS

The Strong, Silent Man of Opera

Giulio Gatti-Casazza at the Stage Control-Board of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York

GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA came from *La Scala*, in Milan to become General Director of the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1908. Believing that opera in America, not being state-subsidized, should pay its own way, he has succeeded in making the Metropolitan do so. He puts on a new opera with fewer words than it takes to put on the average club smoker. He seldom speaks English, but understands far more than he admits. In twenty-one years he has never publicly lost his temper or replied to a criticism. He would have made a great diplomat if he had not become an impresario. He introduced *Pelléas* and *Louise* to Italy; Toscanini, Chaliapin, and Jeritza to New York. He began life as a naval engineer. His one passion is discipline and his one aversion is "temperament." He prowls about the Metropolitan during most performances, but occupies Box 48 for *Die Meistersinger*, his favourite opera and hums a little accompaniment of his own

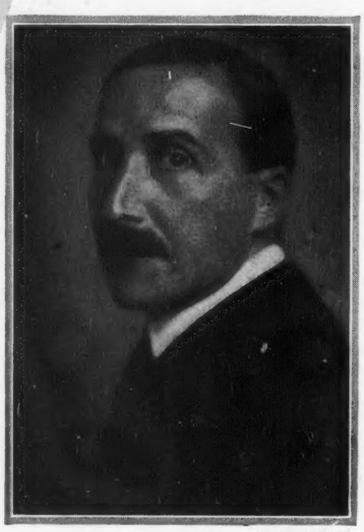
We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:

MOREAU—PARIS

DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC
Because he is one of the foremost of contemporary French artists; because he substituted for Cubism, a back-to-the-soil movement in his life and art; because his boxing drawings have made him known outside the artistic world; because his high position as an etcher and a painter is now assured and finally because as he paints very little, the demand for his work is far in excess of the supply

MURAY

ALBERT SPALDING
Because he is the best known of native violinists; because since the time of his début, with Adelina Patti, at the age of eighteen, he has played in every country and with all the major orchestras; because he is a musician and a scholar; because he was decorated by Italy for his services in the war and finally because he has just been awarded the cross of the Legion of Honour by the French nation



SETZER—VIENNA

STEFAN ZWEIG
Because he is a critic of the seven arts and a distinguished novelist and biographer; because he has worked indefatigably to forward the causes of foreign literature and modern music, in Germany and Austria; because his criticism and biography bear the mark and the style of the creative writer, and finally because his latest book, ***Adepts in Self-Portraiture,*** is a psychological and literary study of genius

(Centre)

W. B. SEABROOK
Because his books of life in the far corners of the world, are not only informative but absorbing; because he brings the breath of adventure into modern life and literature; because he has been a reporter, a hobo and the Secretary of the Atlanta Rotary Club, and finally because his latest book, ***Magic Island,*** a story of Haiti and Voodoo, fulfills the promise of ***Adventures in Arabia,*** and is a best seller

SZANTO—BUDAPEST

BARONESS LILY HATVANY
Because she is a favourite Hungarian playwright; because she merits her distinction as "the most beautiful woman in Budapest"; because she is as well known in the social centres of Europe as in the literary salons; because she is an inveterate first nighter in the capitals of the world; and finally because her latest play, ***The Love Duel,*** is to be presented in New York before long by Ethel Barrymore

The Best Authorities

An English Novelist Demonstrates How an Erring World Chooses New Masters for Old

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

OURS is a braggart age; we are perpetually boasting and patting ourselves on the back. Loud self-congratulation is louder now than ever it was. The reason is easily found. Our ancestors believed in a fall; we believe in an evolutionary rise. Now the longer you fall, the lower you go; each age, for the fallers, is a little worse than the last. For the evolutionary risers, on the contrary, the passage of time means a progressive improvement. It follows that our age, being the latest, is the best. Such things as the radio and the electric cigar-lighter triumphantly confirm us in our consciousness of being better than the earlier inhabitants of the planet. When our fathers wanted to hear bad music, they had either to make it themselves or to go to the place where it was being made; when they wished to smoke a cigar, they had to light a match. To-day we sit in our armchairs and merely press buttons. What a manifest sign of our superiority!

ONE of the numerous virtues which we evolutionary risers complacently lay claim to is independence of mind. Our ancestors—poor slaves!—never dared to think for themselves; they had to take such answers to the cosmic riddle as the official thinkers of the time deigned to give them. They were cooped up in the dim and smelly dungeons of tradition, bound down with the chains of authority. Truth, Education, Science and any number of other glorious abstractions have liberated humanity from its ancient bondage. Man is now spiritually free . . . thinks for himself . . . unquailingly confronts the cosmos, alone. And so on. I leave the reader to imagine the twenty pages of moving eloquence into which this theme could be expanded. True, such eloquence would have little or no relation to observable reality. But that, for the professionally eloquent, would be the most negligible of objections. What the orator says may correspond with reality, or it may not; it hardly matters. So long as it serves its rhetorical purpose he does not really care. For the philosopher, on the other hand, discourse is an instrument, not of persuasion, but of analysis and information; words have value, not as emotion-producing noises, but in so far as they correspond with observable reality. Lacking the intoxicating power to move or browbeat his hearers, the philosopher finds satisfaction for his vanity in the consciousness that he is wiser and more knowing than his fellows. Predestined by the qualities and defects of my temperament, I tend in any discussion to take the philosophical rather than the oratorical line, to pursue knowledge rather than power. The intoxications of oratory are not for me; I get my fun by knowingly analysing the facts, I satisfy my lust for power by pricking those bladders of illusion which the flatterers of our age so busily and complacently fill with the wind of their demagogic optimism.

Subjected, then, to a dispassionate scrutiny, this famous liberation from authority reveals itself merely as an exchange of masters. Authority is as much respected now, as urgently in demand, as ever it was; the only thing that has changed is the class of people whose authority is accepted. In the past it was the authority of churchmen, of orthodox philosophers, of certain ancient books, Greek, Latin and Hebrew, that was respected. Our age has to a great extent liberated itself from this authority, only, however, to bow down at the strangely assorted shrines of men of science, popular novelists, politicians, professional athletes, journalists, female preachers. Aristotle and St. Thomas, Virgil and St. Paul, Augustine and Cicero—these are a few of the fixed stars of authority to which our fathers looked for guidance through the mysterious obscurity of human life and destiny. The ancient guides have lost a good deal of their prestige; but this prestige has passed to new sources of authority. Many, diverse and, to a great extent, ephemeral, the new stars twinkle with a rather fitful splendour in the contemporary firmament. I name a few at random, as Freud, for example, and Mrs. Macpherson, Gene Tunney and Professor Whitehead, Tolstoy, Mrs. Besant and Nietzsche, Count Keyserling and Lord Beaverbrook, S. Parkes Cadman, Dostoëvsky and Bernard Shaw. These and a thousand others are our guides. For guides we must still have. Independence of mind is no more common now than it was five hundred or five thousand years ago. The majority of human beings still clamour for shepherds to drive them, teachers to tell them what to do, philosophers to think for them, saviours to relieve them of their responsibility. And so long as the riddle of the universe remains unsolved—and it is manifestly insoluble—so long as natural inequality persists among men, the demand for authoritative leading will never cease, nor the supply fail.

IT is now time to approach the personal aspect of the problem of authority. What are the qualifications for authoritativeness? What are a man's motives for wanting to be an Authority? These are questions which deserve the most careful consideration. I will do my best to answer them as briefly as possible. The two necessary attributes of an Authority are in the first place talent and in the second a prestige which is a product partly of that talent and partly of causes external to the talented individual. In a limited circle a person of no particular talent may find himself endowed by external circumstances with a prestige which makes him, for the members of his circle, an undisputed authority. Thus, the mere fact of age can give to parents and teachers a moral and intellectual authority in the eyes of their charges, to which they are not entitled by the possession of any talent to lay claim. But this authority ceases outside the circle in which the prestige-creating circumstances hold good. Nobody without some sort of outstanding talent can hope to become an Authority for the world at large. At the same time, talent without prestige is unavailing. Many men of talent have lacked authority during their lifetime; authority has only come to them posthumously with a posthumous accession of prestige. In the past, men of talent could not hope to win prestige and authority unless they had either been dead for a very long time or, if contemporary, were orthodox. The dogma of the Fall carried with it as a corollary the superior wisdom of antiquity; the existence of established churches made it fruitless and even dangerous to meditate on life heretically. Circumstances have changed; the decay of established religion, the current belief in progress and evolution, the existence of the newspaper press have rendered the acquisition of prestige by even moderately gifted, heretical and contemporary men of talent unprecedentedly easy.

IT is a common but quite fallacious notion that a man who is talented in one direction must for that reason be more than ordinarily gifted in other directions. The eminent specialist is deferently asked for his opinions on subjects outside his peculiar province, on life in general, in the belief that these opinions will be valuable. And sometimes, in effect, they *are* valuable. But not always or necessarily. They are sometimes worthless. Newton, for example, was the most prodigious of mathematicians; but he was a barbarous theologian and a poor metaphysician. His theological writings remained for the most part unpublished and were little regarded; but owing to his great and merited prestige as a mathematician, his metaphysical system was accepted, with but slight modifications, as the official philosophy of science. It has led men of science into such difficulties that they are now being forced to invent a new and more adequate philosophy. Cases similar to that of Newton abound. Kant, for example, is an admirable logician and critic of ideas. But it does not follow that, for this reason, he is a good moralist. As a matter of fact his ethical system is absurd in its systematic rigidity. But such was his prestige as a metaphysician that the categorical imperative was for a long time taken quite seriously as a basis of behaviour. Similarly Pascal's prodigious powers as a stylist and a metaphysician have prejudiced people into taking his side in the famous battle between Jansenists and Jesuit casuists. Now it is obvious that the Jesuits' principle—that every case of conscience should be treated individually, on its own merits—was entirely sound. They stood for equity; Pascal, with his moral absolutism, stood for the letter of the law. And yet, such is Pascal's deserved prestige outside the sphere of ethics, that we continue to regard him as right even within it. He remains an authority, while the casuists are neglected.

(Continued on page 122)

Nine O'Clock in the Morning

Episode in Old Age, Showing What Awaits "All That Beauty, All That Wealth E'er Gave"

By MADDY VEGTEL

EARLY one beautiful May morning, Mr. Smith (an amiable, middle-aged gentleman) went into his kitchen, took a rucksack from a peg in the wall, returned to the room where his wife was seated, said "Are you sure that's all you'll need?" and "I'll take the 6:10 train back," and walked out of the house. He descended the steps leading from the terrace to the garden, he opened the garden gate and descended another flight of steps which led to a path which led in turn to the village station: a charming path winding its way between lilac bushes, jasmine bushes and bushes bright with yellow flowers, winding its way between horse-chestnut trees, lime-trees and meadows, winding its way up and down and up and down and up . . .

Grüss Gott! Mr. Smith called out (for Mr. Smith was just then living in Bavaria) to a peasant who was feeding his chickens, *Grüss Gott!* to the priest who was on the point of entering the chapel, and "my wife wants a dozen eggs", to a woman who was hanging up the washing at the side of her house. And then where the path abruptly turned and abruptly ascended Mr. Smith stopped and looked around him in the way he always did before he walked the last quarter of a mile to the station. And because it was such a beautiful May day the landscape for the moment seemed as colourful as the picture-postcard representations of it which were sold at the grocery store.

THERE lay the Lake as blue as the heaven above, there were the mountains, snow-white, there the meadows, the trees . . . "Beautiful," said Mr. Smith, "beautiful," and then he turned and trudged up the path and finally arrived, slightly out of breath, at the station. And *"Grüss Gott!"*, he cried again to the station master as he bought his ticket. He then walked up the platform and there on one of the benches a lady was seated. She wore a yellow dress, an immense straw hat and in one hand she held a parasol. Her head was turned away so that one could not say whether she were very young or very old, for her figure had that peculiar angularity which can belong to either.

But as Mr. Smith's footsteps sounded on the platform, she turned her face towards him.

"Good God," thought Mr. Smith, "there that old hag is again, *Gräfin* Fels!" Now what was she doing there, sitting on a hard station bench at nine in the morning, a seventy-eight-year-old lady? Absurd! Ridiculous! But then she always did the absurd, the ridiculous thing. The first time, for example, that he and his wife had gone to call on her and her husband (for they were neighbours although their villas lay ten minutes' walk apart) the first time they had called on her, she had suddenly left the tea-table, left her guests and had insisted on taking him, Mr. Smith, to her boudoir to "look at my photographs".

Photographs! Mr. Smith had never seen so many photographs in his life, and all in one small room. They hung on the walls, they littered up the tables, a cupboard, a shelf—and such photographs! Of Royalty, of princes, dukes, counts, of ambassadors, opera stars, tragediennes, dashingly signed "Yours, Albert," "Fond remembrance, Zizi," "Paul, Prince Pa'llfy," "With love, Pauline Metternich."

"Pauline Metternich?" Mr. Smith asked.

"Pauline Metternich," said *Gräfin* Fels.

"But this one here, and this, and Mr. Smith, do you remember hearing of her?" She pointed hurriedly, feverishly, to a photograph here, a photograph there. Sarah Bernhardt, James de Rothschild, Richard Wagner, Count Bentinck, Marie Vecséra, Marie Sax, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Marquise de Lima, they hung *pêle-mêle, grandes-dames,* members of the *haute-finance,* operatic divas, artists. . . . "My friend, one of my best friends, ah, an adorable man . . . and she, my dear Mr. Smith. . . ." Thus *Gräfin* Fels commented in her peculiar hissing whisper. Occasionally she smiled, occasionally permitted an insinuation of past glories to escape her.

"Good Lord, what a woman!" thought Mr. Smith (for Mr. Smith knew all about her past and thought it was best to leave that past alone). "What a terrible woman! The less my wife sees of her the better." And then suddenly his eyes fell on an unsigned picture of a young girl with short, blonde, curly hair around which a wreath of flowers was tied with ribbons that fell over her bare shoulders, over the tiny puffed sleeves, over the short bodice with the low, square-cut neck. Mr. Smith bent forward to look better at this picture. Never had he seen so radiantly happy a face.

"THE flowers of that wreath were cherry red and blue," *Gräfin* Fels said suddenly. She began to hum. . . . "That's what they played that night: *'Si vous n'aviez rien à me dire, Pourquoi venir auprès de moi?'* " The voice stopped. Mr. Smith and *Gräfin* Fels were looking at each other, but Mr. Smith realized suddenly that *Gräfin* Fels was staring past him at the picture.

"Heavens!" thought Mr. Smith. "It can't be . . . impossible! I would never have known—but what happened that night that she remembers the flowers and the song. . . . How old was she? Surely not more than sixteen, it must have been before her marriage to Prince Bethyani—or was it Erdöd?" He did not remember. Some one had told him, in fact, everyone had told him about her life as a young girl in Paris, her marriage, her flight to London after the Prussian victory, her elopement with a jockey, her husband's suicide, her re-marriage, her divorce, her return to Paris where she lived. On what? One did not know. She had lost much money and yet she kept an equipage, she kept four servants. How did she do it? No one knew but one could not help but guess, but was it Lord C—, or Mr. B—? And then her sudden marriage (when she was already past middle-age) to *Gräf* Fels. A wealthy man *Gräf* Fels, but no longer wealthy after the war and daily becoming more the miser.

"A sad way to end up such a glittering life," some one had said to Mr. Smith, but Mr. Smith had expostulated, "Sad! Sad! She ought to thank God on her knees for a respectable home!" Ah yes, Mr. Smith had heard all about her life, all about her disreputable past, but as he gazed at that picture he forgot it, he saw but the girl as she must have dazzled men when she danced to *Roses of the South,* or a waltz by Lanner, dressed in "tarlatan blue Mediterranean" or *tulle eau-de-Nil;* as she must have enchanted hundreds when she visited the courses, the salons, the balls, the *sauteries,* the fêtes for visiting Royalty; as she must have charmed the entire Parisian *beau-monde* in those glittering days of the Second Empire.

BUT on this morning, on this beautiful morning in May, the sight of her, the sight of her old, painted face (for painted it was, with rouged lips and under the old eyes streaks of blue powder) disgusted him. Reluctantly he went over to her.

"Gräfin," he said and bent and kissed her hand.

"Sit down," she said, "sit down. You are going to town, your wife told me you were going today, so I came to see you . . ."

"Yes?" asked Mr. Smith. "Yes?"

Gräfin Fels moved nearer, so near that the brim of her hat touched his shoulder, "I want you to do something for me."

"What!" cried startled Mr. Smith. Fear suddenly clutched at his heart.

"Yes, I want you to do something for me, but do not tell my husband. No! No! You must not let my husband know, he would not approve."

Mr. Smith moved away a little. What did she want him to do? Something her husband was not allowed to know. He had a vision of himself involved in a terrible scandal, he already saw himself saying "Good-bye" to his wife, departing for a duel . . .

"Listen," and then suddenly *Gräfin* Fels hissed, "My husband . . ."

Yes, there was *Gräf* Fels coming towards them.

"Thank God," thought Mr. Smith, "she has no time now to . . ."

But something was slipped hurriedly into his hand: a coin; and a voice beside him whispered, "A box of cigarettes. Batchari. Mind, Batchari."

And loudly now the voice went on, "Ah, Fels! Our friend Mr. Smith was telling me about the success his wife has with her roses."

"Yes," said Mr. Smith looking at her, but this time he did not see her, but a girl with a wreath of flowers, cherry red and blue.

NICKOLAS MURAY

Mary Ellis in "Meet the Prince"

This Star of Operetta and the Drama Turns Comedienne in a New Fantasy by A. A. Milne

Bunkers for Use and Beauty

The New Art, and Avocation, of Golf Architecture as Practiced by George C. Thomas

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

SOMEWHERE about 1875 Charles Blair Macdonald—fresh from a sojourn at the University of St. Andrews, Scotland—took a few empty tomato cans to the Chicago Lake Front with the idea of laying out a golf course. But the hoodlums of the district refused to permit any such desecration of their native heath, and it was almost twenty years before Macdonald was permitted to plan another golf course there. Tomato cans never again figured seriously in American golf, but the beginnings of our courses were casual enough. The first course that Macdonald designed for Chicago—and it was the first in America west of the Hudson—rambled over the front lawns of Senator Farwell's home at Lake Forest near Chicago, and employed flower beds as hazards, while the pioneer course of them all—St. Andrews near Yonkers—required, in one of its early metamorphoses, a series of high approaches over apple trees with what they then called a "lofter". Shades of Old Tom Morris and the linksland of Scotland!

This was early in the Gay Nineties, of course, and things golfic improved rapidly thereafter. But up to the last two decades almost anybody who could break a hundred imagined he could lay out a golf course. Give him grass and he would give you what he called a "links". The melancholy results were occasionally to be observed as late as the outbreak of the Great War. The sign-manual of the dabbler in course-making was the cross-bunker that looked like a gigantic mole-run.

Charley Macdonald must be credited with a major credit for taking golf course design out of the cross-bunker era and making it a science and an art. When he created and laid out the National Golf Links of America at Southampton he truly revolutionized our golf architecture. The birth of the idea—as he explains it in his book of reminiscences, *Scotland's Gift—Golf*—was a symposium in the British periodical *Golf Illustrated* on the best golfing hole. Macdonald conceived the notion of reproducing in America the best holes of Scotland and England. He measured and mapped and studied, and at last he had half a dozen fine replicas of holes at St. Andrews, North Berwick, Prestwick, Sandwich and elsewhere. But the important thing was not the borrowed holes but the dozen of his own designing which he had to lay out to join them all up.

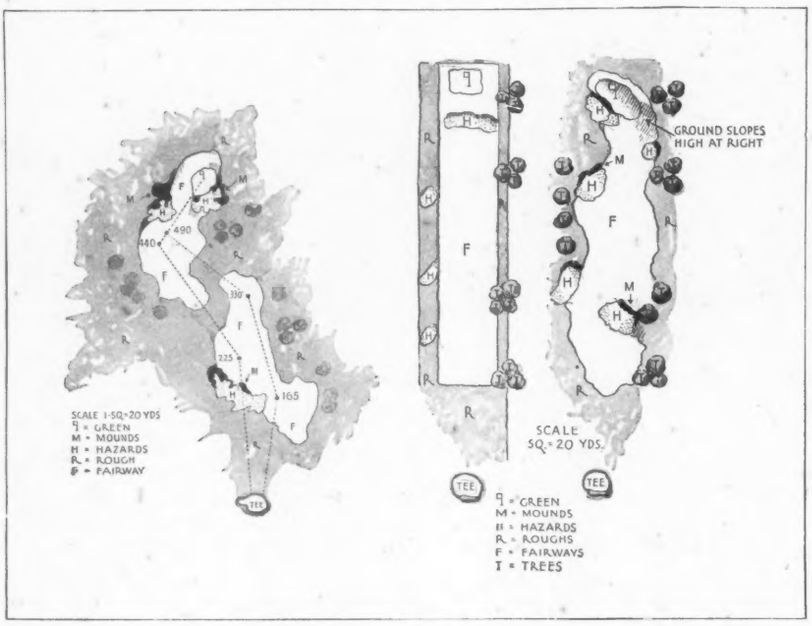
GEORGE C. THOMAS
A golfing amateur who for the love of the thing has designed all manner of courses on the Pacific slope, some of which are included in the most famous golf courses

When Macdonald had finished the National—though to call it finished is absurd, for every year he is hard at it improving and polishing the twenty-year-old course—he knew more about the construction and strategy of golf courses than anyone in America. In the passing years he has stamped this knowledge on famous lay-outs like Piping Rock, Deepdale, Yale, the Mid-ocean in Bermuda and that extraordinary course, the Lido, where sand was pumped out of the sea to fill up Long Island marshes with the hillocks and greens that Macdonald demanded.

Since Macdonald trained Seth Raynor to build courses a new profession has arisen to shape the four thousand golf courses of America. Men like Donald Ross, Alfred W. Tillinghast, Devereux Emmett, George Crump and George C. Thomas have risen to match Mackenzie, Colt, and Abercromby abroad. Many of these men earn their living by golf architecture. Others—Macdonald and Thomas in particular—have remained amateurs in this field as well as in the playing of the game. To them the study of the fine points of forced carries, island fairways, targeted greens, diagonal hazards, creeping bent, and underdrainage have all the fascination that water marks, palimpsests, first editions, Ming glaze, and 15th Century brush-work have for wealthy collectors. They are deep in a science which is not only infinite in the variety of its problems, but which is the necessary basis of the game they most love in all the world.

How fascinating this science can be even the veriest beginner at golf may learn by

(Continued on page 134)



SMART STRATEGY
The skilful use of island fairways on this double-dog-leg three-shotter succeeds in making the scoring of par by the expert difficult, without adding extra burdens to the lot of the average player simultaneously

OLD AND NEW
Center, a hole as played around 1900. Out of bounds on the right and a strip of rough twenty yards wide on the left. Monotony marks it. Right, modern design calling for accuracy in placing shots

J. Riddell Memorial Award Short Best Stories

A Parody Collection of the Best Short Stories of the Year, and Other Literary Comments

By JOHN RIDDELL

Introduction

By Edward J. O'Henry

ENCOURAGED by the success of all the other anthologies of short stories published annually in America, *Vanity Fair* has decided this year to found the J. Riddell Memorial Award; and for the initial volume they have done me the honour of asking me to write the same Introduction which I have been writing every year for my own collections of short stories, known as the *Best Short Stories of 1915*, the *Best Short Stories of 1916*, the *Best Short Stories of 1917*, the *Best Short Stories on Land and Sea*, the *Best Short Stories in an Airplane*, and the *Best Short Stories at Yale*.

In presenting, therefore, the first, if not last, volume of Prize Stories, I should like to take the opportunity to explain briefly the operation of the J. Riddell Memorial Award. This Award, as its name implies, was founded by *Vanity Fair* in honour of J. Riddell, the late short story writer (his short stories were anywhere from one to five years late). Every year a selected Committee will choose the Best Stories of the Year, which will be published in an annual volume entitled *The J. Riddell Memorial Award Prize Short Best Stories of 1929*; and the proceeds of this volume will be presented to J. Riddell, in the form of an Award. In addition there will be three prizes of $500, $200, and $100 or its equivalent in merchandise, for anyone offering the best solution to the question of why these particular stories were chosen. The authors, on the other hand, get a dinner.

PERHAPS the most unique feature of the *J. Riddell Memorial Award Prize Short Best Stories of 1929* is the fact that it is published *before any of the stories included in it are written*. This does not affect in any way the quality of the stories, and it also allows the *J. Riddell Memorial Award Prize Short Best Stories of 1929* (hereafter known as Harry) to score a distinct scoop on all the other anthologies, which will be publishing these self-same stories several months from now.

It is difficult for the average reader to imagine the gigantic task which confronts the editor of an anthology of short stories, before he may select those which conform most accurately to his standards of art, construction and reader-appeal. Since there are over sixty magazines from which these stories are selected, and since these magazines average annually anywhere from two to five hundred stories, this means that he must read something like five thousand stories a year in America, to say nothing of a similar number in England for his *Anthology of British Best Stories*. And reading ten thousand stories a year, counting time off for meals and every other Thursday, represents an average working-day of about thirty-seven hours, leaving him just seven minutes a year to award his prizes, light a cigarette, and clear his desk for next year's batch. His task of finding a day with thirty-seven hours in it is alone colossal.

The method of selection may also be of interest to the average reader. In the first place, all short stories with a happy, or even a bearable, ending are automatically rejected. This leaves about ninety per cent of the short stories published in America. These remaining stories are then sorted carefully into separate piles, according to the colors of the covers on the magazines in which they appear; and the editor blindfolds himself, turns around three times, and then proceeds forward in a straight line across the room, out the front door, down the steps, and across the street to Tony's. By the time he returns all the magazines have been given away to the Salvation Army, and he is forced to write the Best Stories himself, under assumed names.

THE YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY
APRIL, 1929 TO APRIL, 1929

THE JUDGES:

Mrs. W. Q. Mc Plash, A. M., F. M., Instructor in English at State Normal School for Feeble-Minded, Wilgus, Wisconsin. Story writer.
Loretta Diana Deeples Goush, winner of Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League (1881); attended High School in Duluth. Story writer.
Mrs. Messersmith, contralto; chairman of the Literary Section of the Montclair (N. J.) Tuesday Ladies' Bicycle and Whist Club. Story writer. Also had one accepted.
Subst.: Osterholz for Messersmith (2); Osterholz for Mc Plash (3); Osterholz for Blee (4); Osterholz for himself, from now on, and to hell with everybody.

ROLL OF HONOUR AMONG MAGAZINES:

Abbreviations:	*Averages:*	*Fin.:*
Awf. Glug.	96	1st
Brx.	1	2nd½
Zblu. Mli.	131¾	3rd
Oo.	17	4
Growgle J.	No Sale	5

Three furlongs. Post, 2:04; off, 2:07. Winner ch. g., 3, by Beet—Squidgums. Time 0:35¼. Scratched: Spanish Onion; Wee Wee.

INDEX OF STORIES PUBLISHED IN 1929

Hogan, Mike ("Kid")
** I Dreamt I was a Lily of the Valley, FV. X Apr., '29 (17)
**** Life is a Pretty Funny Proposition, Qug. Ff. May, '29 (313)
Reeperclotz, Lillian Van R.
*** Where Men are Men, Cowb. St. Feb., '29 (2)
Hemingway, Ernest
The Killers, Scr. Mar., '27 (361)
Ostensibly, Maria.
******** Three Times Three is Three; or, The Rover Boys in Business, Whish. Pf. Feb. 17, '29 (126:318)
*Does not run week-days or Sundays. ** These dishes are ready. *** Wall Street Final. **** Stops on signal at Boggy Meadows. ******** Girl friend of the editor.

In order to assist the editor in his monumental task, the stories in this present volume have been grouped under the following heads: (1), The Gloomy Mid-West Story; (2), The Flying Story; (3), The Cowboy Story; (4), The Clinical Sophistication Story; (5), The Twist. There has been a distinct reaction this year against Suburban, Cape Cod and Russian stories, and the percentage of heroic collies, stories of the younger generation, sea stories, and stories of degenerate artists in Parisian cafés has also materially reduced. Fathers and sons, on the other hand, are coming back into vogue, and an increase in adolescent love has also been noted among the women's magazines. In other words, the American Short Story has made tremendous strides during the past year,—so tremendous in fact, that it is now almost back where it was in 1915, when I first started collecting.

In concluding the Introduction to *The First J. Riddell Memorial Award*, I should like to take this opportunity to congratulate *Vanity Fair*, Mr. J. Riddell, and the editors who have laboured so hard to make this volume a success. Where would the American Short Story be today without these current anthologies? Where, for that matter would be the editors?

Edward J. O'Henry

"Among My Books,"
New York.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929

SPACE

(*The Gloomy Mid-West Story*)

By Mortimer L. F. Suet

Minnie Timkins stared out the window across the desolate prairie, drab and flat and hopeless. A wet rain dripped from the eaves, like the cold water tap in the kitchen sink. She thought of the kitchen sink, piled high with last week's breakfast dishes, on which the grease had hardened in grey lumps. They had not eaten since last Thursday.

The door slammed. Eben shuffled to the coat-closet to hang up his coat. She did not raise her eyes: "The baby died today, Eben."

He did not reply. He had hung himself in the coat-closet, inside his coat.

There was a revolver in the top bureau drawer, but she was too weary to cross the room to get it. Outside the window the rain dripped steadily over the dull, empty, futile prairie. Drip. Drip.

She broke her arm at the elbow, just to hear it snap.

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UPSIDE LOOKING DOWN

(*The Flying Story*)

By Elliott Monk Bellah

B Flight blipped their motors and zoomed. Requ had taken the roof at eighteen thousand, and was skirting the wisps. Suddenly below him Brett saw a Hun two-seater. The old stunt. Perritt pulled up on his nose to climb above. Then L-Z threw himself up and over into an Immelman, and he came up under the tail, just as one of the Camels hurtled into a nose-dive. Too late. His Lewis had jammed. He yanked madly at the cocking lug, but the random was pip. Requ fuseled again. In vain Laurie caught at his

(Continued on page 130)

STEICHEN-LOS ANGELES

A Fair Alchemist—Esther Ralston

A Blonde Young Actress Who Turned the Metal of One Performance Into Pure Gold

GOLD and white as a colour scheme for screen stars reaches its finest decorative beauty in the person of Esther Ralston. The perfect blonde, she comes by perfection naturally. *Mère et Père*, surname Ralston, were physical culture experts in old time vaudeville, and at the age of two the infanta, Esther, was being exhibited as "the perfect model." Years later, after a career of vaudeville, burlesque, extradom in the wilds of Hollywood, Paramount exhibited her as *Wendy* in *Peter Pan*—her first important rôle. The gold and white had, by then, emerged in a fresh, charming pattern. After *Old Ironsides* came stardom, and from then on Esther Ralston impersonated a series of sweet creatures who were duly adored by their supporting casts. In *The Case of Lena Smith*, her latest film—and a triumph of directing by the brilliant Josef von Sternberg—however, the customary rôle was changed, dramatically, and the star played a forlorn, fiercely maternal servant girl. A Spartan and affecting performance it was, and the colours were old gold and white, a richer scheme than ever before

Tragic Journeys

A Wandering Author Notes—Not Without Emotion—Two Manifestations of Capricious Fate

By FERENC MOLNÁR

LATE at night, after a *première*, a group of authors, actors and *régisseurs* were discussing the age-old problem whether there existed such incidents as could only be enacted on the stage, incidents which neither the *raconteur* nor the writer of books could express completely and thoroughly. I also participated in the controversy, citing a few situations and events, all of which would be more effective when acted than when told in a book. But, quite naturally, I was at home before I could remember the one incident among my reminiscences that would have answered the question. By that time the argument had long been finished and everybody except myself had more or less forgotten.

Walking down the main street of a small town in Eastern Galicia where I was stationed as a war correspondent, I met a Hungarian officer, an acquaintance of mine. It was a Summer afternoon in 1915.

"Do you want to see something interesting?" he asked me. "If you do, come with me. I'll take you to see a trial by court martial."

HE took me to the end of the village where the so-called residential section—as they know it in Eastern Galicia—was situated. In the centre of a large, unkempt garden, there stood a one-story house—headquarters of a brigade-command. In front of the house, beneath the trees, several tables were placed end to end so that they formed one long table. As near as I can remember, there were about ten or twelve officers seated on one side of the table, with a lieutenant-colonel in the centre. I stopped, with my guide, a little farther away, in order not to interfere with the proceedings. The defendant stood in front of the table: he was a handsome, gigantic Ruthenian *Landwehrmann* with black beard, in uniform, without his cap. There were documents scattered all over the table; among them, soda water bottles glistened in the sunshine. The trial was conducted in a loud tone but I did not understand a single word of it: the lieutenant-colonel spoke with the defendant in a Slavic language. My guide, who understood it, told me what it was all about. The Ruthenian giant was arrested when he attempted to steal over to the enemy's lines. Now he was standing trial as a spy. We stood there for a long time, staring at the scene: a long row of officers sitting behind a long row of soda water bottles, and, before them, a tall man with a black beard standing as straight as a pine tree. My guide suddenly turned to me:

"Look!" he said, pointing to the gate of the garden.

The garden was surrounded by a low wooden fence and separated from the state-road by a deep ditch. A short wooden bridge led from the gate to the road across the ditch. On the bridge there stood a great, strong girl. She stood there, rigidly, still as a statue, staring at the court martial scene. She was a broad-shouldered, hefty, ample-bosomed peasant girl. My guide remarked that when he had passed by about an hour ago, the girl had been standing there already, just as silently, just as motionless, on the very same spot. The soldiers knew her: she was the mistress of the black-bearded giant. (The brigade had been stationed in that section for three months and many of the soldiers had formed liaisons.)

The lieutenant-colonel rose from his chair and, immediately, all of the other officers followed suit. The defendant was sentenced to death. Two soldiers took him to the house, but the officers remained at the table, in small groups, arguing. The scene left such a gruesome impression on me that I felt I had to flee from the place.

"Let's go," I said to my friend and started to go, a little nervously and impatiently, toward the gate. As we crossed the little wooden bridge, the big peasant girl turned to my friend, without saying a word of greeting, with a very stern, very severe expression on her face:

"Will they kill him?"

"Yes," answered the officer.

"Thank you," said the girl, turned about, and went away. She walked in the middle of the white, wide state road, slowly but with equal steps, making not a single gesture or movement that would not have been essentially connected with walking. She walked straight, with head erect, without looking back, not quickly, not slowly. But in this walk, in this devastatingly objective going-away, in the rhythm of this walk, in its tempo, in the manner in which she held her head, in the slow, pendulous motion of her arms, in the rhythmic swing of her skirt moved by her determinedly stepping legs, something was expressed.

SOMETHING which, I must confess, I cannot express here because I somehow feel that everything that was majestically beautiful, dramatic, poetic in that silent departure would be despoiled with every printed word with which I tried to explain it. The sentences with which I would attempt to convey this never-to-be-forgotten sight would break the perfect silence of the twilight that was an essential part of this compelling experience. We stood on the little bridge and silently watched how the girl, injured at heart but resolute, *went away* from the man who would be executed in an hour. We did not move until she had disappeared from sight.

This scene, this going away, it seems to me, can only be *acted*. One may tell it fairly well, but it is impossible to reproduce it in writing. For the essence of the scene was the immediate, unhesitating, stubborn, self-confident, energetic, constant and merciless departure of the female from the male that had now suddenly become *useless* to her. All this was expressed only in a movement which completely concealed all sentiment and feeling. And yet, this movement, in its absolute simplicity, *contained* everything that we, the spectators, could only *feel*: eternal laws of the relationship of men and women, of the psychology of women, of wounded human beings, even of war itself . . .

Here was a moment that Duse could have expressed better than Balzac. Although, had this scene appeared in a play, the author would have said nothing but: *Exit silently.*

I once knew a famous singer, a member of the Budapest Opera, who had a very wealthy uncle. The old gentleman was very proud of his nephew and presented him each year with a princely gift. In the particular year when the following incident occurred—and that it all happened a very long time ago will be apparent at once as soon as I mention the nature of the gift—the singer received from his uncle a carriage and two beautiful Russian steeds. It was an extraordinarily handsome, black lacquer carriage of the type which—before the automobile age—the more conservative aristocrats used to have. And the horses were black, too, nervous—beautiful, fiery. After that one could see the carriage at the stage door of the Opera every night. The stage hands stared at it silently, but the supers and the choristers generally made envious remarks. The singer, surprisingly enough, used his carriage for other purposes than display—he sometimes took long rides—usually on those days when he had to sing in the evening. An hour before the performance, he would drive to the City Park in order, as he used to say, to air his lungs and to meditate about his rôle.

ONE evening he was scheduled to sing *Scarpia* in *Tosca*. An hour and a half before the performance he drove through the City Park for meditation. But the two wild Russian steeds had been trotting for hardly more than ten minutes when the weather suddenly changed; the mild evening breeze turned into an icy wind and a sleet storm began. This was both bad for the lungs and for meditation. So the singer rose from his cushioned seat, opened one of the windows and said to his driver: "Drive to the Opera—hurry!" The driver reached for his whip and the two fiery steeds began to race toward the Opera. The singer shut the window of the carriage and started to sink back on the seat. But now that supernatural power that does not like people to live in too great comfort and security, interfered. The floor of the carriage simply dropped out, and was left behind somewhere on the avenue. There was no time left for hesitation: the singer began to run too, with his feet dangling on the ground. He started a race with his horses. It must have been a dreadful situation. Had he stopped for only a moment, or had he been unable to maintain the speed of his horses, he would have been crushed under the wheels of his carriage. He was yelling for help at the top of his lungs but his voice, coming from the closed carriage, could not be heard in the din of the crowded street. So he kept

(Continued on page 116)

The Vanderbilt Club Convention

Wherein a Specialist in Bridge Makes Some Valuable Suggestions About Playing the Game

By R. J. LEIBENDERFER

IT is difficult to believe in these days when contract is being played so generally that only two years ago the "Vanderbilt Count" was a novelty and the methods of scoring were still in a chaotic state. With the adoption of The Whist Club Code, however, in September, 1927, order came out of chaos and the "Vanderbilt Count" became the accepted law of the game. The author of this count, Harold S. Vanderbilt, is once again to the fore with a novelty, the so-called "Vanderbilt Club Convention", and, like the "Vanderbilt Count", it has struck the public fancy and has spread like wild fire. The public wants it and wants it right, so the writer has asked Mr. Vanderbilt to express his views authoritatively and this he has kindly consented to do in the following concise and very entertaining manner:

"The 'Club Convention' involves the introduction into the game of two 'artificial' as distinguished from 'regulation' bids. It removes the original one club bid and original one diamond overbid by partner from the realm of regulation bidding.

"IF you are playing the 'Club Convention' and bid one club originally, it is equivalent to saying to your partner—

'Partner,

(*a*) I have at least three quick tricks: An ace or a king queen equals 1 quick trick; a guarded king (except by a queen) equals ½ a quick trick; an ace king in the same suit equals 2 quick tricks.

(*b*) You must not leave me in my one club. If you have not at least two quick tricks, you must bid one diamond. I, in turn, will do my utmost to take you out of your one diamond, but will not guarantee to do so. If you have at least two quick tricks in your hand, make a bid other than one diamond.

(*c*) My one club bid is made irrespective of my holding in clubs. I may have neither strength nor length in clubs. If I had wished to show the club suit originally, I would have bid two clubs, which, playing this convention, is equivalent to a one club 'regulation' bid.

(*d*) If the adversary on my left bids or doubles, the chain of the convention is broken, the 'regulation' system of bidding is thereby restored and your bid is optional, not forced. Consequently a one diamond bid from you following an adverse double would indicate strength in that suit or length with outside assistance.

(*e*) I may hold nothing more than I have shown by my one club bid or a strong suit with great length in it I wish to bid subsequently or I may have a hand which is so strong that if you can make a bid other than a diamond I can forthwith bid a slam, relying on your two quick tricks. Therefore, be sure your hand, when your overbid is other than one diamond, contains two quick tricks.

(*f*) I probably have not got a two suit hand. If I had, I would probably have opened with a one bid in the higher value of the two suits.

(*g*) I probably have a suit or a no trump bid at which, if you have nothing, I can play the hand at a one bid without incurring a material loss. This is a reasonable supposition.'

"Let us assume that playing this convention you have bid an original club, the opponent on your left has passed and your partner bids one diamond. By doing so he says to you:

'Partner,

(*a*) I have not two quick tricks in my hand.

(*b*) My one diamond bid is made irfespective of my holding in diamonds. I may have neither strength nor length in that suit; if I had length in diamonds with two quick tricks in my hand I would have bid two diamonds.

(*c*) As I have not two quick tricks, unless your hand is gigantic, it would be well to abandon all idea of bidding a slam.

(*d*) I may have a very bad hand, or one quick trick, or great length and moderate strength in one or two suits I would like to show you later on, or a hand that will materially assist one or more declarations you may be able to make.

(*e*) Take me out of my one diamond if you can possibly do so.'

"Conversely, if second in hand having passed you bid one heart over your partner's original club, it is equivalent to saying to your partner—

'Partner,

1. I have at least two quick tricks in my hand.

2. I have at least 4 hearts in my hand but neither one of my quick tricks is necessarily in that suit. However, my hearts, if only four in number, are headed by not lower cards than the queen ten.

3. I have not got a sufficiently strong hand, taken in conjunction with your club bid, to warrant more than an original one overbid, otherwise I would have bid more.'

"All this, no doubt, sounds very complicated at first sight, but if you follow the above rules and play the convention a few times, you will, I think, agree that it is extremely simple.

"WHY, perhaps you are thinking, is it advisable to introduce what might be termed 'artificial bidding' into the game, why complicate the game further by such an innovation, why not play the regulation system of bidding at contract?

"At Auction Bridge you do not have to bid the game to make it, and slam bidding and the large premiums that go with it are not part of the game or generally played. At Contract, the main bidding objective is to reach a game bid if it is in the cards and incidentally a slam contract provided you are reasonably sure of it. The regulation or ordinary system of bidding has proved to be inadequate in many hands at contract, and the need of a supplementary system is often felt and various ones have been devised by those who have played the game for any length of time. I am not for a moment suggesting that the regulation system should be abandoned. Far from it, I am still a great believer in its use in the large majority of hands. I merely advocate the Club Convention as a complementary system, as to my mind it rounds out and completes the regulation system.

"There are many hands at contract that it is almost impossible to bid adequately originally. The following hand is a typical example: No score. It is your original bid. You hold

Spades—Ace, Queen, 10 X X
Hearts—Ace, Jack, X
Diamonds—King, Queen, X X
Clubs—X

If you bid one spade you may be left in, if you bid more you will perhaps shut out your partner's suit and play the hand in spades when the game contract is attainable in another suit and not in spades. If you bid one no trump you may reach a game no trump contract and be defeated by the club suit. You have a very good hand but any regulation bid you can make is objectionable for one or more reasons. Playing the club convention you bid one club. Assuming no bid on your left you should bid as follows over your partner's bid:

Partner's Overbid	*Your Bid*
1 no trump or 2 clubs	3 no trump
1 Diamond	1 Spade
2 Diamonds	5 Diamonds
1 Heart	4 Hearts
1 Spade	4 Spades

In this hand you cannot adequately express your strength or game making possibilities in one call. It is important to first find out what if anything your partner holds, and it is essential that you have another opportunity to bid. There are any number of hands of this character.

"IT was primarily for the purpose of enabling hands of this type and hands with slam prospects to be adequately bid that the club convention was devised.

"There is a corollary to the Club Convention which I believe to be one of its greatest advantages. It is simple enough. Never bid an original no trump unless you have a prospective guard in all four suits. Even with a singleton ace, bid a club. By a prospective guard I mean an ace or a king and one, or a queen and one, or knave, nine, X X. The queen and one against an opening lead in that suit is almost as good a guard as the queen and two. To require the queen and two would, I believe, be restricting the use of the original no trump bid too much.

"This corollary is not suggested to limit no trump bidding. I am a great advocate of playing hands at no trumps if practicable to do so, particularly when there is no score. It takes one less trick to go game (there is a vast difference between making 9 and 10 tricks in a hand), there can be no ruffing or cross ruffing, and no bad division of trumps. Because you bid a club holding a good hand with 3 suits guarded which you would ordinarily

(Continued on page 116)

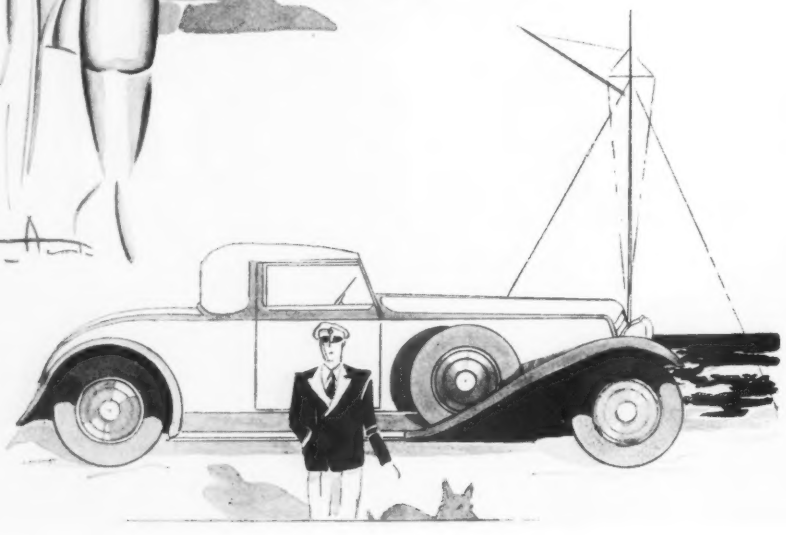
Spring Days on the Avenue

The Well-Dressed Woman Goes Walking in the Newest Tailored Clothes

TWEEDS, a classic for spring days, may be divided into three parts—suits for the country that may be worn into town, the essentially tailored suits for town, and the tailored coat to be worn over a skirt of the same material and a sweater-blouse or over a crêpe de Chine dress. The cross or silver fox is the smartest fur to accompany any of these three costumes. Joan, at the left, has just motored in from the country for lunch and represents part one. She is wearing a London Trades suit of light-weight blue-and-gray checked tweed and a Rose Descat beret of blue suède; suit from Kurzman. Part two is illustrated by Susan, in the centre. Beer designed this tailleur, which has a band stitched across the back of the coat, giving a belted effect, and is made of a soft beige woollen material. The beige felt Rose Descat hat has a natural red pheasant feather at the back; suit from Kurzman. The beautifully tailored O'Rossen coat worn by Mary, at the right, is in a brown-and-white mixture and combines simplicity with intricacy of cut. The Rose Descat hat is of brown felt; coat from Bonwit Teller; hats sketched on this page from Marimay, Inc.

ROLLS-ROYCE

Above is one of the new Hibbard and Darrin bodies on a Rolls-Royce chassis. This is an inside drive limousine, painted in light grey and dark blue. Emphasis is placed on the waistline moulding and the marked slope of the windshield suggesting speed

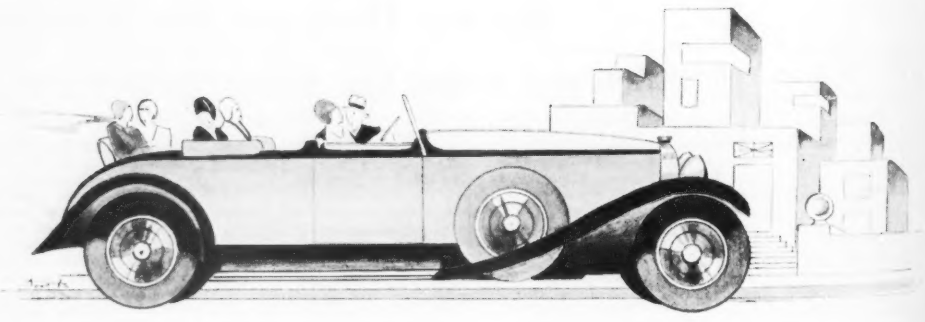


RENAULT

At the left is a new collapsible runabout by Hibbard and Darrin, built on a Renault chassis and most advanced in seating arrangement. It has two rumble seats and a total carrying capacity for six people with top up or down. Below, the top is shown down

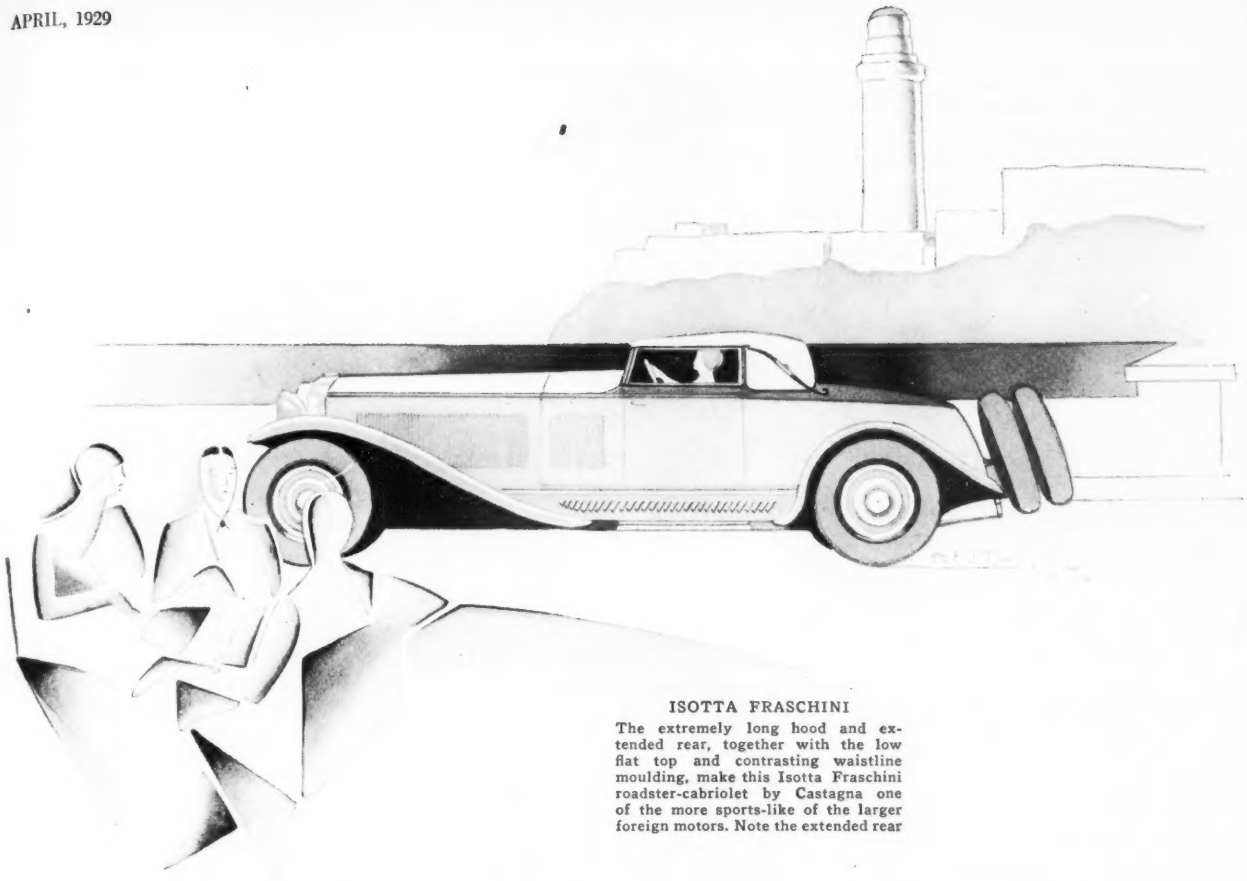
BUGATTI

Below is illustrated the same body as the one above, but on a Bugatti chassis. This view shows how the car appears with its top collapsed and all six of its seats in use. The middle set of the three pairs of seats is a second rumble seat entered from the front



This Season's Smart European Motors

Illustrating Some of the More Distinguished Cars to be Seen on Continental Highways

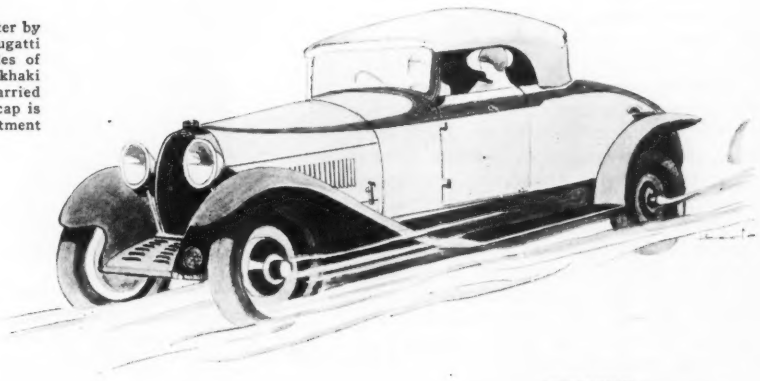


ISOTTA FRASCHINI

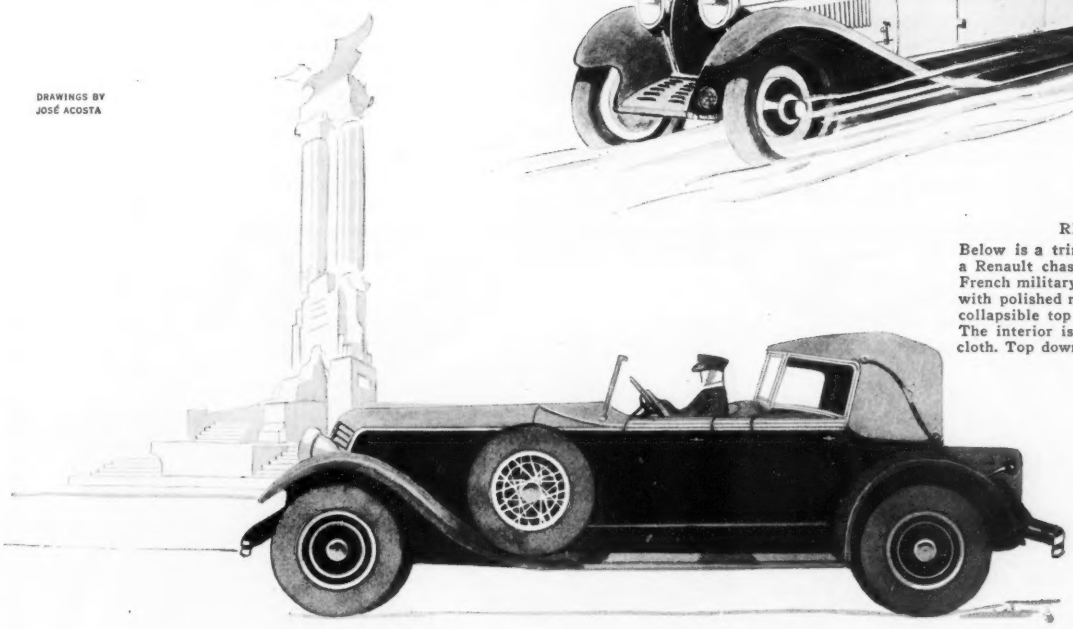
The extremely long hood and extended rear, together with the low flat top and contrasting waistline moulding, make this Isotta Fraschini roadster-cabriolet by Castagna one of the more sports-like of the larger foreign motors. Note the extended rear

BUGATTI

This amusing little sports roadster by Hibbard and Darrin on a Bugatti chassis is painted in two shades of buff with a very light-coloured khaki top. The waistline moulding carried across the hood to the radiator cap is an interesting and sporty treatment



DRAWINGS BY JOSÉ ACOSTA



RENAULT

Below is a trim body by Kellner on a Renault chassis. It is the blue of a French military uniform, and finished with polished nickel trimmings and a collapsible top in light grey leather. The interior is lined with light grey cloth. Top down makes it a sports car

Advanced Tendencies in Foreign Cars

The Restrained Use of Curving and Sloping Lines with Long Horizontals to Suggest Speed

A CAP WITHOUT VISOR

At the left is a novel cap for golf. It is made without a visor and the fullness is pulled down over the eyes, giving a more sports-like effect. It is made from very soft woolen materials such as tweeds

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

Some Innovations by the London Tailors and a Few Novel Accessories From Paris

WHILE in the matter of accessories there are continually new things to be seen in the men's shops, the tailor seldom has much in the way of novelty to offer except in regard to materials. However, the London tailors are developing a few changes which are new and worthy of attention. The most important of these is the increase in the width of lapels which, while still peaked, are more rounded and fuller than ever. Even so slight a change gives a coat a very different look and the rounded line from the tip of the peak to where the coat is buttoned makes a great deal of difference compared to the same line which is cut slightly more straight. Double-breasted waistcoats are more and more in the ascendancy—to wear, of course, with single-breasted jackets—and, as illustrated here, the buttons are even further apart than before, which gives the waistcoat the appearance of being shorter at the waist. The lapels of these waistcoats are quite exaggerated in cut. One of the smart new tailors, *Pleydell & Smith*, who with *Anderson & Shepherd*, and *Kilgour & French*, are the most fashionable tailors now in London, are making their trousers with one very large pleat instead of the usual two over each leg at the waistband in front. This means that all of the fullness in the front of the trousers is gathered into one pleat which turns in and from which the crease of the trousers starts. In the way of materials, if any colour can be said to be new, the latest thing is a light walnut brown which has no red in it and which is woven with a white thread. It might also be described as a grey-drab brown. But no materials for town wear are very conspicuous in colour or pattern, while it is just the contrary with sports clothes which are made in very bold and colourful materials.

JERSEY DRESSING-GOWN

This new dressing-gown is made of jersey in colours such as brown lined with buff. The edges are over-stitched with heavy brown silk thread, and pockets are inset like trouser pockets and silk-lined

As usual, Paris contributes the more novel accessories, the latest one of which is illustrated here and which is especially novel for the material in which it is made. It is the jersey dressing-gown which comes from *Madame Irande*, a shop where there are novelties for both men and women. This use of jersey has also been applied to mufflers, such as the one illustrated here which is made of navy blue jersey lined with white and initialled in navy blue on the white side. Jersey, a material which has been for so long used by women for all manner of sports clothes, is now being taken up by the designers for men, and it has such a masculine quality, as well as so many practical uses, we will undoubtedly hear much about it. The loose jersey sweater, with a collar, which is worn in place of a flannel shirt for golf (also lined with another colour of jersey) is another example of how this material is being used.

In the matter of mufflers, the huge square, which is by no means new, is becoming noticeably popular when it is worn in the manner illustrated. But it must be made of a very soft, though heavy, silk and not in a silk of a stiff quality, which one often finds in the shops. These mufflers are correct to wear either with town or country lounge clothing.

A SMART MUFFLER

A very smart muffler is the one illustrated here. It is cut from a large square of heavy grey silk spotted in small black dots, with a monogram worked in one corner, and it is knotted as shown here

THE NEW LINE

Double-breasted waistcoats, again becoming popular in London, are being cut in the manner of the one shown here, with an exaggerated width between the buttons and a decided curve to the lapels

ANOTHER MUFFLER

A white jersey muffler lined with blue jersey and initialled in blue on the white side may be worn in town or in the country with sports clothes thrown about the neck as it is shown in this illustration

Philadelphia Pepper Pot

What a soup for hungry men!

There's a pungent invitation to good eating, a hearty savor and sound body about real Philadelphia Pepper Pot that promises good cheer and grateful satisfaction to robust appetites.

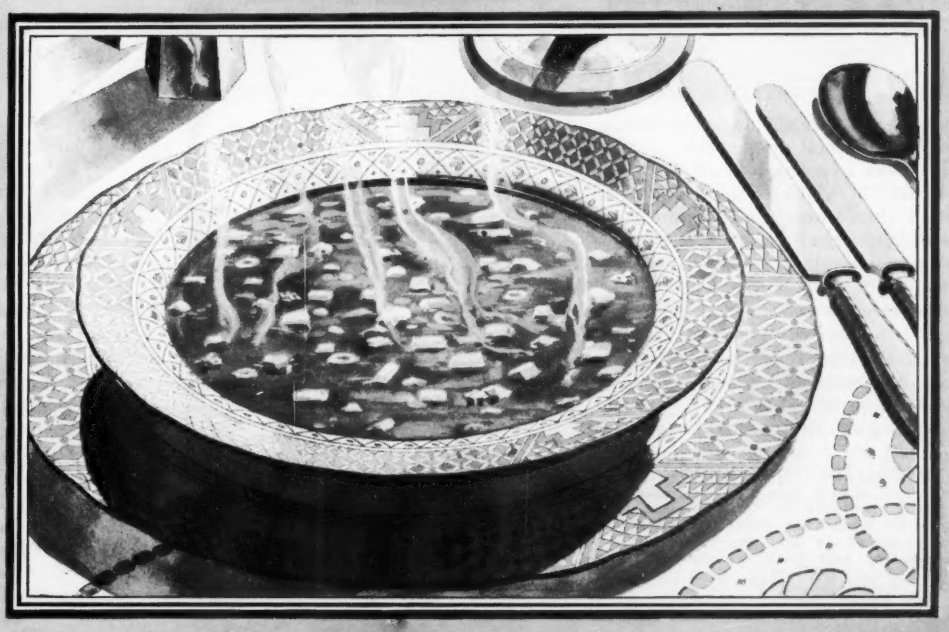
No wonder that in Philadelphia, where Pepper Pot originated, it is still a great, popular dish. Once you, too, taste it, you'll readily understand why. It's a soup your appetite remembers!

For no other soup is quite like Pepper Pot —no other soup can be! A rich stock, velvety smooth and bland, brimming with pieces of delicious meat, diced potatoes and carrots. Seasoned to a nicety with ground black peppercorns, savory thyme and marjoram, fresh parsley, sweet pimientos. And further generously endowed with wholesome macaroni dumplings.

What a soup indeed for hungry men! Serve Philadelphia Pepper Pot as Campbell's make it for you from a famous old colonial recipe. Once you and yours taste its unique savor, its piquancy and zest—you will want to serve it often. Your grocer has it. 12 cents a can.

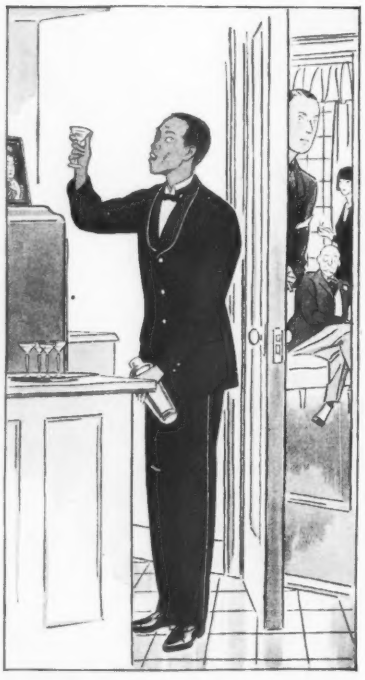
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A Man's Soup



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

ACTIVE SERVICE
The gloomy, umbrageous servant at the right is correctly uniformed for his tasks about the apartment in the morning, such as the one he is contemplating with ill-concealed distaste. Black suit with silver buttons



THE CLEVER JAP
Caught while misappropriating his master's refreshments, this sly Oriental is nevertheless correctly dressed to serve at an impromptu and informal afternoon affair. Jacket and trousers dark blue with silver buttons

For the Well-Dressed Man

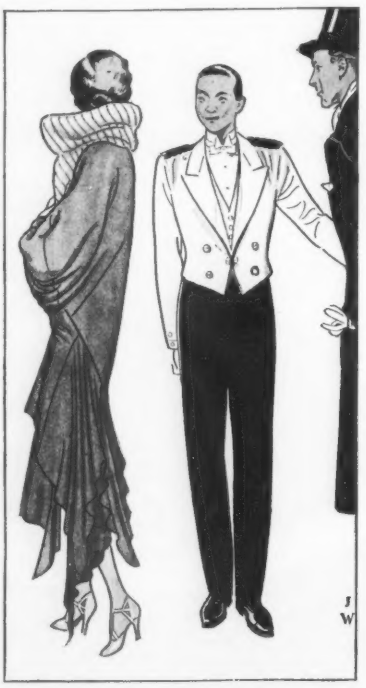
The Correct and Smart Uniforms for a Single Manservant in a Man's Small Apartment

LIVING in a small apartment in the city and having arrived at some solution of the servant problem by obtaining the services of a man—a Japanese, Filipino, Negro or White—there is still the question of suitable uniforms. Obviously some sort of uniform is necessary if there is any pretense of keeping up a smart establishment, and equally obvious is the fact that it must be different from the master's clothes, at the same time not too ornate or pretentious. The baroque uniforms that were quite appropriate in the large households of another generation would be ridiculous, for example, in a small bachelor apartment. An Asiatic or a Black decked out in splendid plum-coloured cloth, heavily braided with gold, cuts a comic-opera figure, especially against a modern background.

The illustrations on this page show several uniforms for various types of occasions. Each is correct for its particular use, and each is suitable for the single manservant.

When a man is giving a small dinner in his apartment at which ladies are present, the servant should wear a plain white linen shirt with a starched bosom showing two studs above the waistcoat. The collar is also of white linen with bold wings, and the tie is white, worn under the wings of the collar. His collar is not quite so tall as his master's and less of the shirt front shows above the waistcoat. The jacket is short, cut with a point in the rear but without tails, and finished at the front with rather large silver buttons bearing the monogram of the master. At the front it is held by buttons and a silver link. The waistcoat, white to match the jacket, fastens with five smaller silver buttons. Linen or some other washable material is excellent for jacket and waistcoat.

The trousers may be dark blue or black with shoulder cords on the jacket to match. These cords are held on by small silver buttons at either end. Two silver buttons are at the cuff, and a silver braid adorns the trouser leg. Shoes and socks are black, of course.



FORMAL EVENING AT HOME
This suave servant from the Philippines is dressed correctly for formal evening service in black and white. His white linen jacket of the Eton type pointed at the rear and with black shoulder cords

For very formal day occasions such as a luncheon where ladies are being entertained, the same outfit with a black and white striped waistcoat is correct. The stripes run horizontally across the waistcoat. Or, instead of the notched collar, a shawl collar may be used on the jacket.

A less formal day affair calls for a dark blue or black suit. The jacket is still cut the same as the ones described, with shoulder cords and silver buttons, and the trouser leg carries a silver braid. The tie, however, is black, and the waistcoat striped.

Another outfit for informal morning or afternoon use is a dark suit. The jacket has a short shawl collar piped with silver braid, silver buttons are used on the cuffs and at the front, and the back of the jacket is gathered and finished with a half belt. The trousers carry a fine silver cord at the leg.

Least formal of all, and suitable to wear about the apartment in the morning while engaged in the various routine tasks, is a jacket with notched lapels and a straight front. This has for its only ornament silver buttons. Trousers are black to match the jacket and have a fine silver braid. The tie is black, as well as shoes and socks, the collar and shirt white linen, and the collar has small wings.

These three outfits are all that a single servant needs, and since our modern apartments are well-heated, the uniforms should be made of fairly light-weight materials, light-weight worsteds for winter, and alpaca for summer.

Comfort is quite consistent with smartness.

A BRIGHT NEW NOTE
in silver of age-old grace and charm

EARLY AMERICAN STYLE

with raised monogram

"Treasure" Solid Silver

Sterling
925/1000 Fine

To the stately dignity of the EARLY AMERICAN STYLE PLAIN now may be added a strikingly individual note—a raised monogram (or a single initial, if you prefer) designed by the same skilled craftsmen who created this distinguished pattern in "Treasure" Solid Silver.

A monogram inspired by your own charming whims and fancies... a monogram reflecting your own personality, as surely as the EARLY AMERICAN pattern reflects the refreshing simplicity of eighteenth century America.

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Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

New York

Small Town Notes

(Continued from page 72)

"Stop," the Sheriff said, "stop or I'll shoot."

So the fellow stopped and came back laughing.

"That dame down there told you, eh?" he said. "A man ought never start anything when there is a dame like that living anywhere near."

"What you doing up here?" Joe said.

The young fellow told him to go in the house and see—knowing he would anyway—and he did.

There was a small copper still, a dandy. The best outfit the Sheriff ever saw. He could hardly contain his admiration, speaking of it.

He kept saying it over and over. "A swell outfit. Ah, a swell outfit."

So they ripped up the floor of this place and there was a keg with twenty-five gallons in it. It was this peach brandy.

"Good stuff, eh! A man of my experience."

"All the liquor I have seen made."

It took the three men to carry it down to the Sheriff's car. The Sheriff made that young dude help and he himself marched behind keeping him covered with a gun.

They kept stopping. The young dude would say, "let's stop. Let's straighten up," he would say.

"He was sure a cheerful young man," the Sheriff said. Stopping that way and maybe just standing around the keg cheered them all up.

So they got the keg into town and put it and the young dude both into jail. The young dude was bailed right out. A thousand dollars was his bond. A smart lawyer put it up. He went away whistling.

The Sheriff tried to keep that liquor but he said he couldn't. He locked it up everywhere, in cells, in the jail, in the big safe in the court room, in the cellar under the jail and even in the Judge's chambers.

There was less and less of that peach brandy in the keg all the time. "Ah," the Sheriff said, "it was marvelous stuff."

"One drink and then—but," he said, "what's the use talking."

So the day came for that young dude's trial and he wasn't there. A lot of others were though, walking nervously about. They were the best citizens of all that part of West Virginia, too.

"That old Judge is dead now. He was an old crust," Joe the Sheriff said.

He said half the prominent people in his West Virginia county were so nervous they couldn't sit down.

By that time, the Sheriff said, the keg was quite empty. He said it wasn't his fault. He said it was a keg you couldn't keep nothin' in. He filled it up with water.

And so into the Court comes that smart lawyer and he says to the Judge. "My man isn't here," he says. "I guess he's lit out."

"What was his name?" the Judge asked.

"Tom Williams," said the smart lawyer.

"He told me 'Teb Smith,' Joe," the Sheriff said.

So the Judge said, "we'll call Mr. Teb-Tom Smith-Williams, eh?"

"You have to put up the thousand dollars," the Judge said to the smart lawyer.

"Oh, let me out with five hundred, won't you?" the smart lawyer said.

"No," the Judge said. "The law is the law. I'll just give you thirty minutes to put it up," he said.

So the smart lawyer did it. He brought the cash over to the Courthouse.

So the Sheriff took the water that was in the keg and poured it into the street.

"That was that," he said. He said he was talking to the Judge later. "You were stern with that lawyer," he said.

"Yes," said the Judge, "I was, and with myself too. I might have let myself off with less than I did."

"I had to put up four hundred of that thousand myself," he said to the Sheriff.

Justice for the Victorians

(Continued from page 82)

historians have furnished for us. "Enjoy women," he says, "but let them be of the right sort. Make your hearts glad with wine, but let that, too, be of the right sort, and then neither in health nor heart will you be a jot the worse. As to company, if you are told to beware of bad company, then we advise you to beware of going into any company at all." A pretty comment on the Victorian age. On the subject of vice our dashing old Baron is what we should call "fearless" and "straight-from-the-shoulder", only he didn't know he was being fearless. But as not even a Sunday paper of today would allow him to be as fearless as he is I must suppress him from your inexperienced and modern ears. Perhaps he is most typical of his age (as it really was) in the section where he catalogues the then most notable demi-mondaines by name and address, and appends comments on the social manners of each in what he humorously describes as her private life. It reads rather like an auctioneer's address at a bloodstock sale. The person of each girl is described in such detail in this openly-circulated Guide that even a quotation of half a paragraph would cause this magazine to be seized by the authorities; so again I must suppress him. I can only refer you to the book and to others like it if you wish to see how stiff and staid the age of Victoria was.

In fairness to the young historians, though, I make them a present of one point for their case. In one spot of this book of two hundred pages the author is on their side. In a paragraph which makes a blunter statement concerning sexual matters than any modern writer has yet achieved, containing words that even James Joyce would frown at, the author wishes to use the word *damned*. And he prints it "d----d".

A memory of your Dear Ones that will never fade

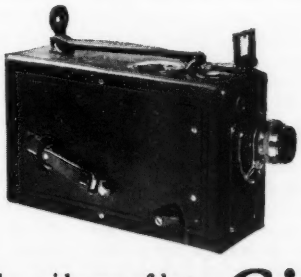
How wonderful to be able to see your mother's smile at any moment you wish and as long as you live!

WHISTLER painted a picture of his mother. He painted her so cleverly that unnumbered people of all races hung copies of his picture on their walls. It reminded them of their own mothers.

But to Whistler it was not merely a reminder . . . *it was his mother*, and since then many have envied him because of this. Although they, too, formed mental images of their mothers, these images remained mental. He could put his on canvas. His memory might fail; his mother might change; but that painted image of her in the mood that he loved best could neither fail nor change.

Your Mother on the Silver Screen

Today, however, the Ciné-Kodak can do more for you than Whistler's brush could do for him. In movies that you take yourself, it records your mother as she lives and breathes. It preserves her for you in a thousand attitudes. It captures her mannerisms; each fleeting facial expression; each familiar gesture.



When the films are projected by your Kodascope on your own screen, you realize that no painting or series of paintings could compare with them. They show her to you as an active human being, with all the evidences of her charm and personality and character. Her lips move, she smiles, her eyes twinkle; a wisp of her hair blows out of place . . . and you know that you'll always remember her as she actually is today.

Astonishing Simplicity

In thousands of safe deposit vaults duplicates of such films are stored away and each day the number grows. The increase in popularity of home movies has been amazing and is largely due to the ease with which the Ciné-Kodak works.

It is as simple as taking snapshots. You press the lever and you're taking pictures. You send the film to us and we develop and return it to you immediately. The cost of this service is included in the price of the film.

Movies in Color!

And now, another Eastman development —Kodacolor—enables you to make home movies in full natural color. With the Ciné-Kodak *f*.1.9., a filter and Kodacolor Film you can make the most beautiful *living* portraits. When you project the film you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

Also, to supplement your own films, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, are available at your dealer's. They cost only $7.50 per 100 feet.

Don't let precious opportunities to take movies of your dear ones slip by through any fault of yours. Your Ciné-Kodak dealer can show you outfits—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen—that cost as little as $140.

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THE ARTIST

This self-portrait, showing the corner of a landscape, reveals that Jerome Blum who has not lived easily, who has travelled much, shows here the front of a weathered determined man

Portrait of an Artist

(Continued from page 70)

many hands can be so surfacy and dead. I would ask nothing more for anybody who appreciates such things than that he should see the apples, the pears, the oranges, the flowers and the leaves which Blum paints. They are not really still but so alive that an apple, a potato or an orange actually suggests motion, all of its electric economy still in vital, electronic motion and order. Such things, under his brush, live as much as a person or an animal in motion, and you get a sense of vital, indestructible life, not death. I think truly they are of Blum's own craving for vital, enduring life, his belief in it. Spiritually he is very old, although not much over forty. Mentally he is amazingly young, endlessly searching.

But I talk briefly. Actually I could take picture after picture and sermonize to much point because they interest me from so many different angles. Once, as I recall, he painted a portrait of himself. Spiritually, at the time he did it, he was at the lowest possible ebb—in mental rags and sack-cloth as it were; physically, to look at him anywhere, he was well—a strong, well-possessed man. In the portrait of himself, however, he showed a man weathered by many storms, poignantly suffering, but with a determination that looks straight ahead, unbeaten, and you, looking at this man, know that he will come through. As the artist he could only paint himself as spiritually he felt himself to be. That is why he and his work are so truly significant.

Boat Sailing Seaward:—I am talking as though I were Jerome Blum: "There was a storm—the worst the coast had seen in years. I had a room facing the harbour. It was blowing men and masts about at will. The masts of hundreds of boats jammed out there, were swaying to and fro, back and forth, in and out, crisscrossing rhythmically, and careening to the sky. You could hear the masts scrape one another in the wind. Then two get caught—they are deadlocked, and they go apart with crashing, ripping noises as the sea tears them away from one another. Along the wharves and from boat to boat stocky men in southwesters can be seen hurrying through the downpour to their boats—to reach the boats and make them fast.

"I looked for a long time with my face pressed up against the window of my room, trying to make out what was going on out there with the wind screaming and blowing and making whirlwinds of spray and sending it to the sky; every once in a while you would hear moaning and whistling, and as it got worse it was hard to see anything at all—it was as though heaven were going to give this harbour a darn good beating for something. In the blasts of wind and spray men stood still holding their heads and leaning forward. But in the house I was safe and watching. Five men got into a small boat and rowed out to sea for something. I went into the room and started painting high waves and then a boat. From time to time I would go to the window,—another boat was trying to come around the peninsula—but, slowly, slowly, being buffeted to a standstill, now a wave would hide it, now it was stock still in the wind. An hour later it came in.

"While I painted, a boat with five more men went out to sea for something or other—smashing calmly into the giant sea—I have painted that, too."

Two Houses and the Sea:—If one walks between these two houses to the end of the land one gets the greatest vision of the sea. Here women wait and watch for their men to come home from voyages. The boats never come back until they have made a good catch. A week ago, say, there was a storm and no news.

(Continued on page 110)

One of Philadelphia's Most Important Brides

Mrs. WILLIAM H. KINGSLEY JR.

Selected her Silver for "its real Genius of Design"

PICTURESQUELY beautiful . . . a leader of the smart younger set . . . and by birth one of that most exclusive of inner circles, Philadelphia's oldest families—Mrs. William H. Kingsley, Jr., is known to her friends as a lovely person with a flair for beauty and grace in living.

Her charming home at Chestnut Hill is

MRS. KINGSLEY IN HER WEDDING GOWN OF OLD LACE AND IVORY SATIN

planned for gracious entertaining, and selecting the silver for her dining room was one of her first happy tasks.

"Of course, I instinctively knew," she says, "that I would select a Gorham pattern, for as everyone knows, Gorham makes the finest sterling and their designs are always authentic.

"I decided on the new Dolly Madison pattern because I love the graceful sweep of its delicate lines. Somehow you can just see the loving care of the artist who moulded the smooth, gleaming silver into this beautiful, simple form. Truly modern in the best sense, it adds richness to any table setting."

It is because silver, the subtlest, most elegant of metals, can reveal its true beauty only in the delicately precise hands of such artist-designers, that Gorham Sterling has been for generations and is today the choice of women of inherited position and of distinguished taste. The amazing thing to know is how small an investment purchases this most beautifully designed of all sterling. There are many sets of hollow ware and flat silver in matching patterns.

Your jeweler will be proud to show you Dolly Madison and the many other beautiful patterns in Gorham Sterling. The Gorham Company, Providence, Rhode Island and New York City.

MRS. WILLIAM H. KINGSLEY, JR., THE FORMER MISS ELIZABETH HOWE MONTGOMERY, WHOSE RECENT MARRIAGE AT ARDMORE WAS ONE OF THE SMARTEST AND MOST BRILLIANT OCCASIONS OF THE SEASON

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SIX LOVELY NEW DOLLY MADISON TEASPOONS COST ONLY $9 SIX DESSERT KNIVES, $21.50; SIX DESSERT FORKS, BUT $21

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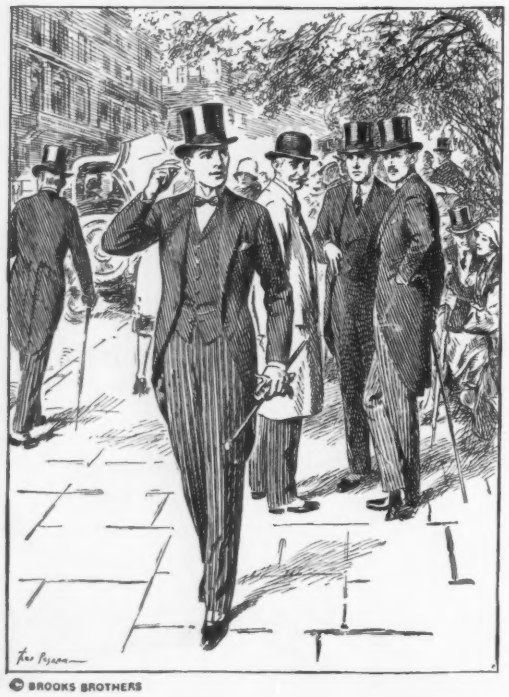

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NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

The Big Noise

(Continued from page 79)

able. The microphone which catches the dialogue is in reality a big tin ear. Now our ears are connected with a brain and the brain eliminates for us the sounds we don't want to hear. We are unconscious, by habitual selection, of the passing traffic or whatnot. The tin ear hears everything. The click of the camera would record like a steam riveter. Therefore the camera men must work inside sound-proof booths. The carbon lights are also noisy. Consequently, sound pictures must be photographed by incandescent light. This means new and more sensitive film.

The sound motor and the camera must be perfectly synchronized: the adjustment must be made before every shot and causes constant delay; the necessity of new laboratory work: the sound film and the camera film are developed in different "soup"; add also the difficulties in cutting—and you have given plenty of grief to an industry that was already becoming set in its ways. In cutting film with a sound track the greatest ingenuity is required. The sound, you see, is nineteen frames ahead of the vision on the film. If the voice and the vision were released simultaneously, they would seem to be out of step for (you remember your physics, of course) the light travels faster.

Now when you add the further fact that all this trouble is necessary to make pictures that are not saleable except in English-speaking countries, it is not hard to realize that the motion picture industry is not trying to foist this child on anybody, but that he was just so healthy that nothing could stop him.

What are they going to do about their foreign markets? They don't know. They don't know what they're going to do about any of it. It's just here. And here it seems determined to remain.

The spoken drama, naturally, wasn't so distressed by the incident. True, there are those who think that the apathy toward the theatre during the past season was induced by a disturbing interest in the new child; and there are those, too, who see "the road" forever given over to the newcomer. But, after all, the legitimate theatre has been doomed by its critics for centuries and it still shows considerable signs of life. It can teach the baby a great deal and get well paid for it, and that's one compensation. In a case like this, where the relations between father and son are already so strained, where filial piety doesn't enter in at all, it's not a question of the principle of the thing: it's the money. Indeed, parental prosperity might result in a family reconciliation.

Portrait of an Artist

(Continued from page 108)

The red house on the left is where the man that keeps the government barometer lives. It is hung on an outer grill—so everyone can know about the weather. On the right the white house with the stairs going up is the *Cerie*—the Auction Room where boat loads of fish are auctioned off for the Cities—and what is left over is for the town. The men talk of boats and the weather. The women wait. From this point they all watch the sea—from the southwest. I commend to your attention a most effective and even amazing bit of condensation and concentration. Also the art of taking the commonplace and by the blessed gift of spirit transmuting it to beauty.

The Light House:—At the end of the land in Concarneau Brittany—there compact on the corner where the tiny boats come in and go out to sea for their two weeks' try at luck, are grouped together the little church that now is hardly ever used except to store flowers and small green fir trees for decorative purposes on fête days, and the mariners' home where sailors rest and read, if they want to, play checkers, look out of the windows, and go to bed—*L'Abri,* it is called, or Sailors' Rest.

The Christ—donated by a wealthy old packer of sardines—is hung to a wooden pole, which is sunk to a three layer stone flagging which forms a stone seat where old women come to sit and gossip and knit.

The sailor and his Breton bride and the light house dominate all with chalky whiteness. A white mark the light house *by day;* by night a combination of coloured revolving lights.

Around this little corner of land men in ships sail forth—every day in rain, in sunshine, in storm. There they go—they must go—they are fishermen and they love their boats with coloured sails.

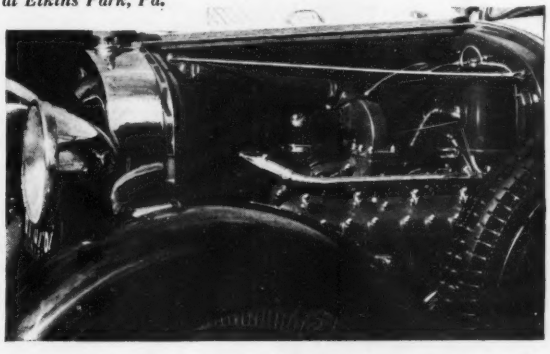
A Man with Palette:—From the upstairs windows of a house in the country (both sides) a wonderful light;—on one side from a garden, on the opposite, from a gradual slope of fields that stretch to the sky. Three-quarters of a mile up a dark green line of trees, the beginning of a forest.

"One day in Paris," I can hear Blum saying, "I saw a huge mirror in a *brocanteur's* place, and put it in that large room of ours with a view on the garden and the hills beyond. Now I could see the garden and the hills beyond without going to the window. There it was right in the room in the huge mirror. And there was something wonderful about having all the outside right in my room. One day when I entered the room (I had been in another room painting) I saw in passing a man in the mirror. I went back and looked at that man and looked and thought, 'I'll do that—I'll just do that man in the mirror.'"

Often in the country I have stopped and looked at curious formations in rock and stones, and of the land, and at the base of trees, and then again along their trunks way up to the very delicate tips at the top, at buds, maybe, maybe just stems—maybe blossoms, tiny blossoms, you hardly knew what they were. From this picture I see that Blum has done the same.

IT IS FOUND
WHEREVER NOBLE THINGS ARE VALUED

A Lincoln sport phaeton, with body by Locke, the property of Mrs. Fifi Widener Holden, of New York, photographed upon the estate of her father, Joseph Widener, Esq., at Elkins Park, Pa.

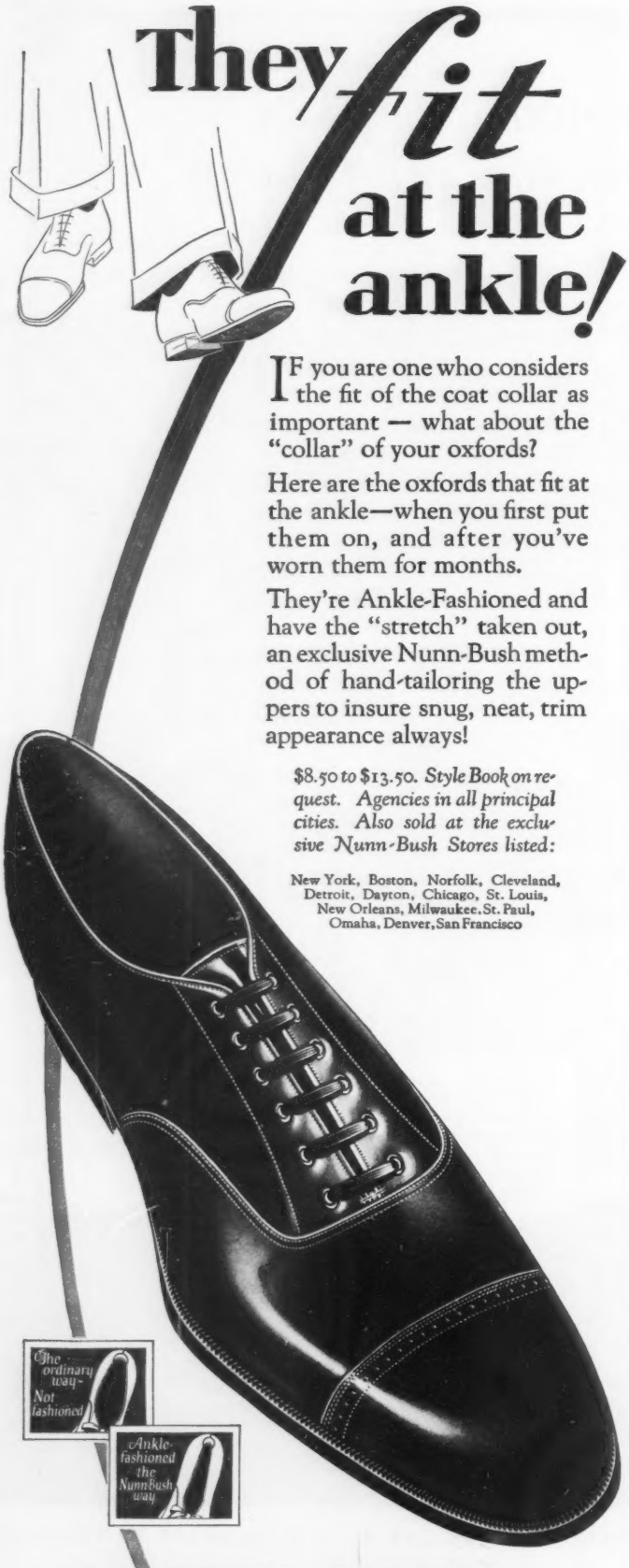


IT IS a notable fact that the owner of a Lincoln comes to feel something of the relationship existing between a man and a finely bred horse . . . a sense of confidence and affection, of loyalty and pride. . . . For here is a motor car with a great tradition behind it. A car so beautiful in appearance that people turn their heads to look at it, so marvelously well constructed that it will not fail. . . . A car that embodies the skill of the foremost coachmakers . . . Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. (There are no yearly models. The Lincoln that you buy today will not be out of date tomorrow. Like all fine things, it grows old gracefully.) . . . A car that is equally at home on a desert trail or at Deauville. . . . In brief, a motor car that will serve you long and faithfully, with credit, in the most exacting usage to which an automobile can be put.

The Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN



They *fit* at the ankle!

IF you are one who considers the fit of the coat collar as important — what about the "collar" of your oxfords?

Here are the oxfords that fit at the ankle—when you first put them on, and after you've worn them for months.

They're Ankle-Fashioned and have the "stretch" taken out, an exclusive Nunn-Bush method of hand-tailoring the uppers to insure snug, neat, trim appearance always!

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ANKLE-FASHIONED OXFORDS

New York - Milwaukee - San Francisco

Geely and the Veenusboig

(Continued from page 80)

music drama, winding up with the following peroration):

"Now the exploits of Captain Fried and his men would not be suitable material for a music drama, dramatic as they are, because they are too personal, too close to us. But let us reverse the situation. Let us suppose that Neptune, the sea-god, made greedy by his success with the *Vestris*, is angered at the captain of the *Florida*, and that his mermaids are in love with some of the sailors. Now there *would* be material for a music drama!"

(The orchestra is heard coming on the stage, and the lecturer begins to talk more and more rapidly. There is a distant burst of applause, evidently to welcome the conductor, and the station announcer cuts in with the name of the station and the location of the concert. He continues.)

"Miss Florence Austral, one of tonight's soloists, is to sing the aria, *Dich, theure Halle*, from *Tannhäuser*. Elisabeth enters in a state of joyous emotion and sings her joyful greeting to the hall of song."

(Soprano, accompanied by orchestra, sings. Applause. Station announcement. Announcer then tells radio audience what it has just heard. Continues.)

"We come now to 'Lohengrin's Farewell', sung by Mr. Richard Crooks, one of the loveliest and most appealing melodies in all of Wagner's operas."

(Tenor sings Lohengrin's Farewell. Station announcement.)

"We come now to the concluding number of the program, that lovely farewell scene, the immolation scene from *Götterdämmerung*."

(Orchestra plays immolation scene. Announcer identifies station and concert, and signs off.)

Now this is, I submit, a fair average. In it the announcer has not said one interesting thing, has not contributed one fact or comment calculated to arouse the slightest interest in the music on the part of an uninitiated listener. On the other hand, he has juggled a lot of musical terms whose meaning is obviously unknown to him, has mispronounced most of them, and has managed to call the music "lovely" and "beautiful" so many times that the listener has no adjectives of his own left. In radio circles this is known as "selling the music to the audience."

It is not the announcer's fault, of course. He is being forced to undertake a task so delicate and difficult that it baffles most professional speakers and writers on music, that of being interesting and genuinely illuminating about music. Here, roughly, are the qualifications he should possess in order to do his job really well:

He should possess an attractive, low-pitched speaking voice and a pure—and unaffected—English diction, and he should be able to pronounce convincingly French, German, and Italian. He should possess an extensive knowledge of musical terms, a good elementary training in musical theory, and some knowledge of musical history and biography. He should own Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, Forsyth's *Orchestration*, and Upton's *The Standard Symphonies*, and should have access to the music department of a good public library. He should be a devoted and constant concert-goer, and should possess a first-hand acquaintance with the standard orchestral, chamber, vocal, instrumental, and operatic repertoire. He should possess a sense of humour. He should be able to talk well at a moment's notice. He should possess the ability to write down facts, read them aloud, and then reword them until they sound human. He should do nothing but announce musical programs.

Such a man would make radio concerts worth listening to. There are, I should imagine, about five of him in the world.

The Gay Social Whirl Encored

(Continued from page 88)

nevertheless, promulgated far and wide, invitations are sent to a chosen few, and the distinguished visitor received with all the pomp and elegance the Messrs. Thorley and Sherry can provide. Trays of silver-sheathed cocktails are passed around along with little heart-shaped caviar-and-egg *patés* and it is almost half past two by the time the august company is ultimately seated at table.

Most of the male element, being stock-brokers, keep in touch throughout the function (by means of telephone messages, conveyed in whispers by powdered flunkeys) with the last-minute news of The Street, while the majority of the ladies, having discussed in cultured tones the previous night's dance at the Ritz, are forced upon the arrival of the avocado and quince salad to withdraw, in order to keep important bridge engagements. A few others (matinée bound) remain till the advent of the coffee, at which point the greater fraction of those left exit in a flurry of silver fox, chinchilla, and mink. The noble guest is accordingly told three coon-dialect anecdotes (hot off the floor of the Exchange) by one of the stock-brokers, and is eventually stalked to a corner of the conservatory where, under fire, he is dragooned into accepting four Long Island week-ends, three Florida fishing trips, and seven Tuxedo house parties during his brief five and a half weeks' sojourn.

With this dreadful scene we must momentarily close this chapter of the gay doings of those people known collectively as Society. Surely proof enough has been adduced to show that hearts aching with boredom may throb beneath the starched bosom and the Patou frock: and the supreme enigma is that our great and fashionable *noblesse* submit to these grim rituals, not for a night, but for years and years, until . . . But ah, we have omitted the fashionable funeral.

PACKARD

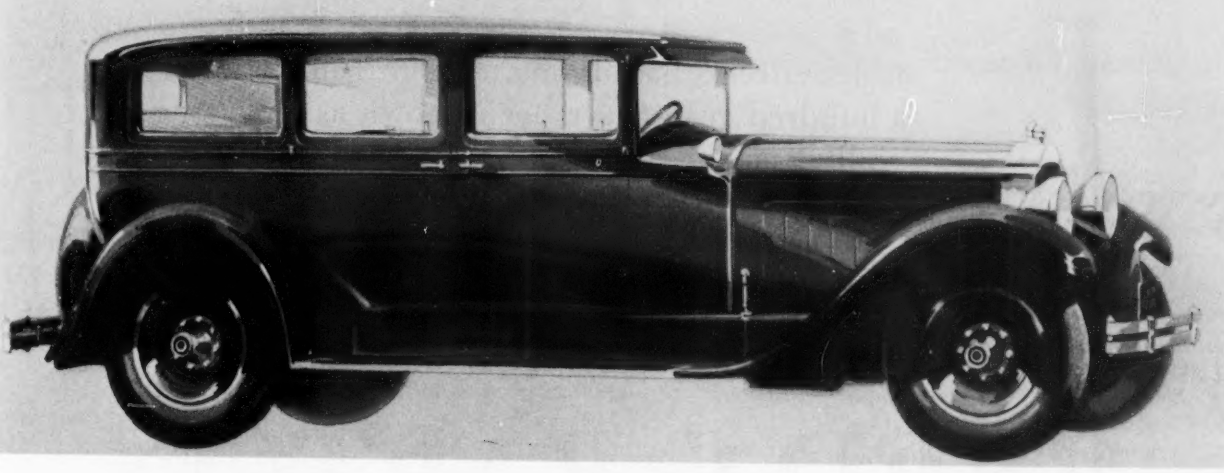
The pure beauty of classic Greek architecture will endure forever. The principles of sound design are changeless

Real beauty is unchanging. Classic forms still delight the eye after twenty-four centuries. A thing of true beauty, grace and charm need pander to no passing fad or changing mode.

The Packard has long been distinctive—and distinguished. Its beauty has been acclaimed by the motoring world at large—flattered by imitation. Through ever-varying trends in motor car styles Packard design has persisted unaffected in basic essentials, supreme in its original conception—refined only as time goes on.

To owners, the stability of Packard lines means more than a satisfaction of the artistic sense. It signifies, too, that no frequent and radical changes in appearance will depreciate their investments—that their cars will be Packards in looks as well as in name, through long years of luxurious service.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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This beautiful design was inspired by the magnificent windows of Christchurch Cathedral at Oxford, and will continue to be treasured through all the years to come. It is made by Reed & Barton, who, for more than a hundred years, have been known as skillful master-craftsmen. The Oxford Design in Sterling by Reed & Barton is substantial in weight and character. It will be enduringly lovely on your table.

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THE new Ford Convertible Cabriolet is a splendid choice for the family needing more than one car.

It is trim and smart, yet in good taste always because of its quiet simplicity of line and modish colors. It is reliable, long-lived and economical to drive because of the enduring quality that has been built into every part.

Safety, comfort, quick acceleration, smoothness, speed and power—all these it has in full measure with the additional advantage of being easy to operate and control under all conditions. To the woman driver, this is an increasingly important factor.

The convertible feature makes the new Ford Cabriolet particularly adaptable for business, for shopping, and for social engagements in all kinds of weather. Quickly, and with surprising ease, you can transform it from an open to a closed car. The top is of tan whipcord, rubber interlined, light in weight, yet absolutely waterproof. The door windows have nickel frames and fit snugly into the top. The rumble seat gives space for two more passengers.

Other new Ford body types are the Town Car (chauffeur-driven), the Town Sedan, and the Station Wagon. These supplement the Fordor Sedan, Tudor Sedan, Coupe, Sport Coupe, Business Coupe, Phaeton and Roadster.

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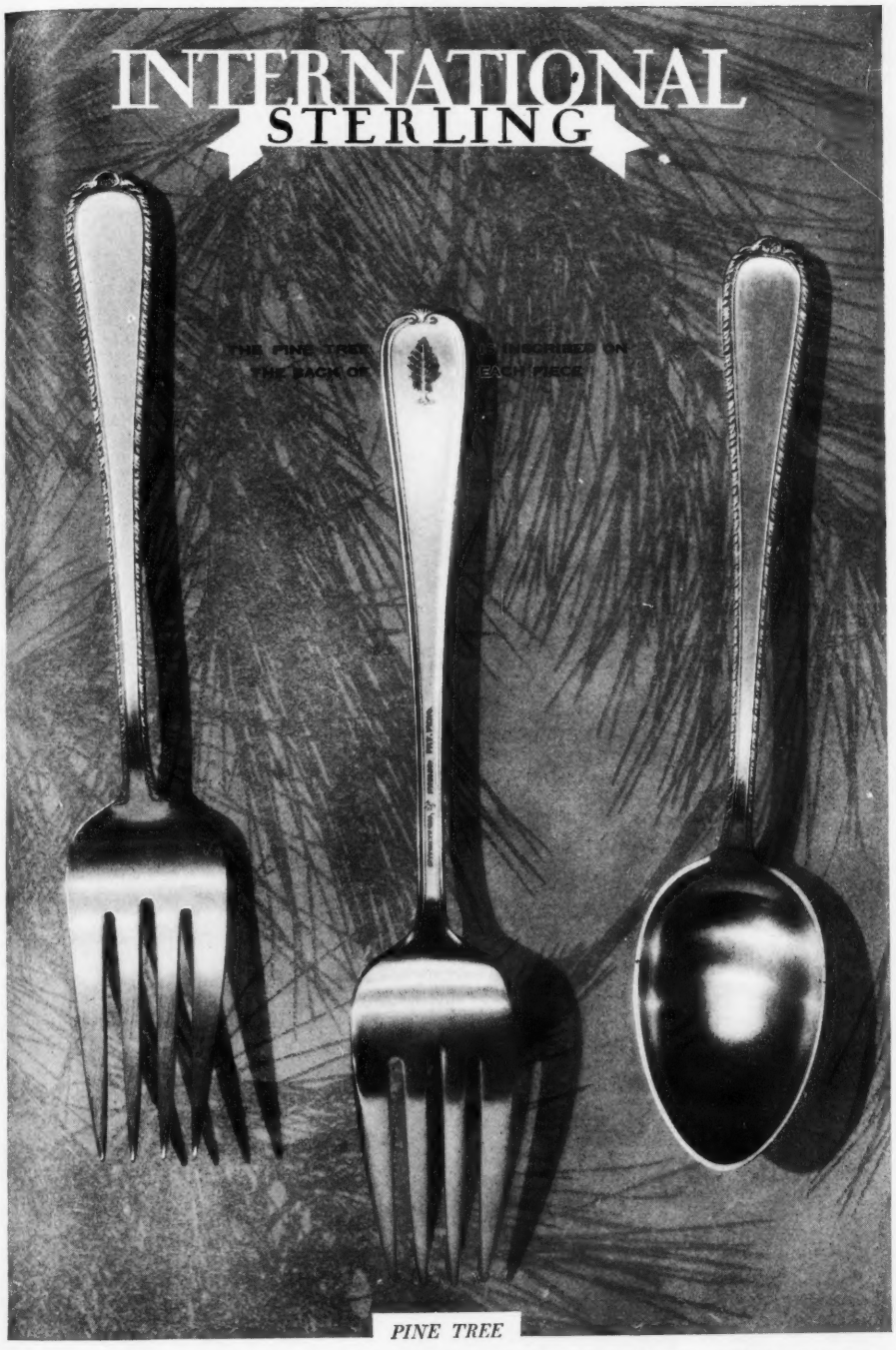
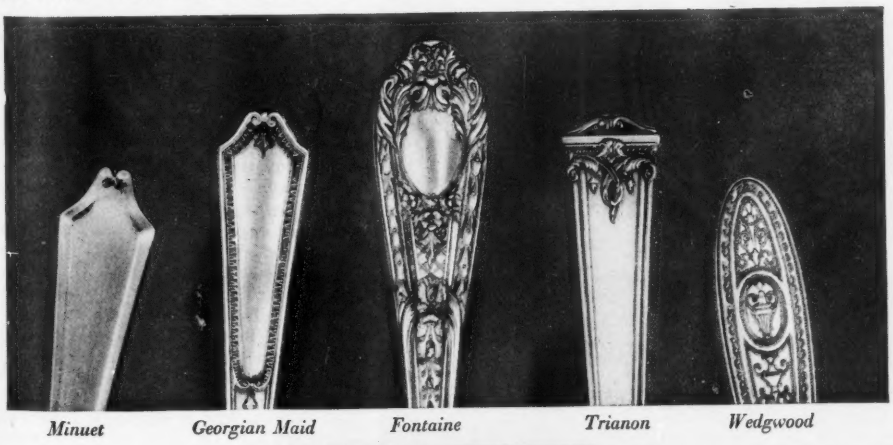


PICTURE EACH WITH YOUR HOME AS THE BACKGROUND THEN CHOOSE!



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if it's any other pattern
DO...
if it's Pine Tree

PINE TREE—delightfully original new pattern in sterling—entails a whole new code of etiquette.

For though one wouldn't—for worlds—be caught peeping at the back of any other pattern, one may—one *should* look at the reverse side of Pine Tree.

It delights one's hostess. Therein lies part of her joy in her silver. For not only does the pine tree symbol on the reverse side of this pattern say "sterling"—unmistakably—but it permits the hostess to tell such a quaint old story.

"Long, long ago, when America was but a group of colonies, her first silver coin was to be minted. The Mintmaster sought a distinguishing mark for the new money.

"And thinking, sketching, he drew a pine tree—primitive and sturdy. That pine tree image came to be known throughout the colonies as the symbol of sterling on the Pine Tree shilling.

"Today, on this very modern silver, the pine tree image means just what it did, so long ago."

Confess... If you possessed Pine Tree, wouldn't you, too, be eager to have guests look at the back of *your* silver?

* * *

6 teaspoons in this smart new solid silver are but $11.—or a 26-piece "beginner's" set but $73.35. Matching hollow-ware is particularly distinctive.

* * *

What pieces will you need first? The progression from a beginner's set all the way to an elaborate service is discussed in the most helpful of silver booklets—"Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use." It shows various International patterns, with pieces and prices on each.

With it will come the PINE TREE booklet, giving PINE TREE's charming history. Send 30c—a fraction of their actual cost—for both.

V.F.—4-29

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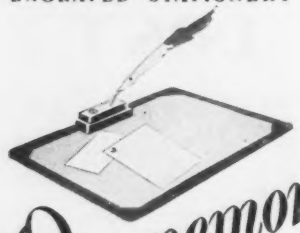

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ON THOSE occasions destined to be enduringly and endearingly marked in the calendar of life, we rely upon the aid of *genuine engraving*. Graduation Announcements, Wedding Invitations, Birth Announcements—these and many other social forms demand the service of a skilled engraver. No substitute can convey the essential character and charm. To be assured of *genuine engraving*, look for the identifying symbol pictured below. It is your positive protection. Be sure this mark appears on the engraved material you buy.

Genuine Engraved Business Cards Open Closed Doors

Extract From My Reminiscences

(Continued from page 86)

people he showed me a copy of *Zuleika Dobson* on the fly-leaf of which was pasted the following extract from a review of his book. "Mr. Max Beerbohm may be able to draw, but he certainly cannot write."

And as we sat down to lunch I thought how appropriate it was that the only picture in the room should be a painting of a harlequin, and that indeed almost the only other painting in the house should be of another harlequin.

Most of the two or three days I spent in Rapallo were passed on that big white terrace, the roof, I seem to remember, of a large garage. Behind, the hills sloped up in *boscajes* of olives and cypresses to some remote hills beyond in that dear and familiar landscape which welcomes us to the *riviera di levante*. Immediately in front, though hidden unless one chose to gaze directly down over the parapet of the terrace, ran the dusty white road on which from time to time we could hear the whizz of a passing automobile, and beyond the road lower down the cliff was the railway-line on which the trains puff in and out of tunnels along the Mediterranean strand. It struck me then that the noise of invisible cars and trains was perhaps necessary to this Horatian withdrawal of one who had written so exquisitely of cities. But I have outlived that kind of pathetic fallacy, and I take it that Max probably chose his *Villino Chiarino* because it was the kind of house which suited him and because he would have been far too indolent to look for another merely to avoid the noise of passing automobiles. In one angle of the terrace was a diminutive room which would just hold Max standing up to draw on a sloping desk his examples of the pretensions, follies, and absurdities of our epoch. That it should somewhat resemble a sentry-box was symbolical, and perhaps it was working in this sentry-box which suggested the idea of that military moustache. Above the door was a pale blue porcelain tile (I think) on which was enamelled in white THE STUDY. When perhaps I was looking a little awed by what was to me a sacred place and was perhaps wearing that particularly tiresome expression of devout enthusiasm which sometimes my own visitors assume when they look at the chair in which I reluctantly embed myself every night to work, I remember that Max dismissed his drawing with a kind of impatience, blew as it were the diminutive sentry-box off the terrace like a plume of thistledown, and said that if only he could write with as little effort as he could draw . . . after which we returned to our chairs on the terrace and to drinking those sweet Sicilian wines which appeared at intervals all through the sunny September days. I remember we talked a great deal about words and that what between the wine and the compliment I felt very "heady" when Max told me that he would one day use some word I had invented and that if two recognized writers of English used a word the compilers of the Oxford Dictionary were bound to accept their authority and incorporate it in the language.

The visit came to an end like so many other jolly things in 1913, and soon I was travelling southward down through the dusky *Maremma* with a delightful sense of security about art and nothing to worry over in the world except the acute twinges of gout in my little toe bequeathed me by those sweet Sicilian wines.

Variation in a Minor Key

(Continued from page 76)

against her slender legs were soaking her chemise. Pierre was left alone with Dine on the beach. Without difficulty, he led her into a neighbouring hollow among the rocks.

"You've been here before, haven't you, child?"

"No, *M'sieu*," she answered indifferently.

"A lie," thought Pierre. "Ah, you can lie already! But just wait; I'll catch you at it."

She lay in the sand with Pierre at her side. He threw sand on her legs. She closed her eyes and said nothing. A long silence followed. She was pale today; her dark eyelids seemed heavy on her closed eyes. How old was she really? She seemed a woman already, a wife . . . his own wife, perhaps. Pierre, a hardened bachelor, shivered and drew back. . . . Ah, never! . . . He looked at her again. What a lovely thing she was! Her mouth, with its rather full lips, was half open. She must be sleeping. . . . He bent over, intending to take her in his arms. . . . In a flash, Dine had taken a little sidewise leap. She was on her feet before Pierre even had time to turn. For a moment he hesitated. They were standing face to face. What would she do? Fall into his arms? It seemed unlikely. Would she make a fool of him again? He took a step forward. He was tired of playing a comedy; he would put an end to it here and now. At this moment, Dine chose a course of action. She began to run, so lightly that she seemed to skim over the heavy sand, in which Pierre was sinking to his ankles. She ran, but not toward the beach where Hermes and Phyllis were still catching shrimp, nor toward her mother at Verville. She did not seem to be seriously disturbed; she was not seeking safety in flight. Yet Pierre was behind her, panting from his race through the soft sand; she could hear his heavy breathing. She continued her flight among the rocks; it seemed to amuse her. It was a game, he thought; damnation, it was a game. Finally she stopped. Pierre stopped, too. He was out of breath, red-faced perspiring . . . Dine was cool, smiling and her heartbeats were barely visible on her young breast.

"We had a nice run, hadn't we, *M'sieu?*"

(Continued on page 120)

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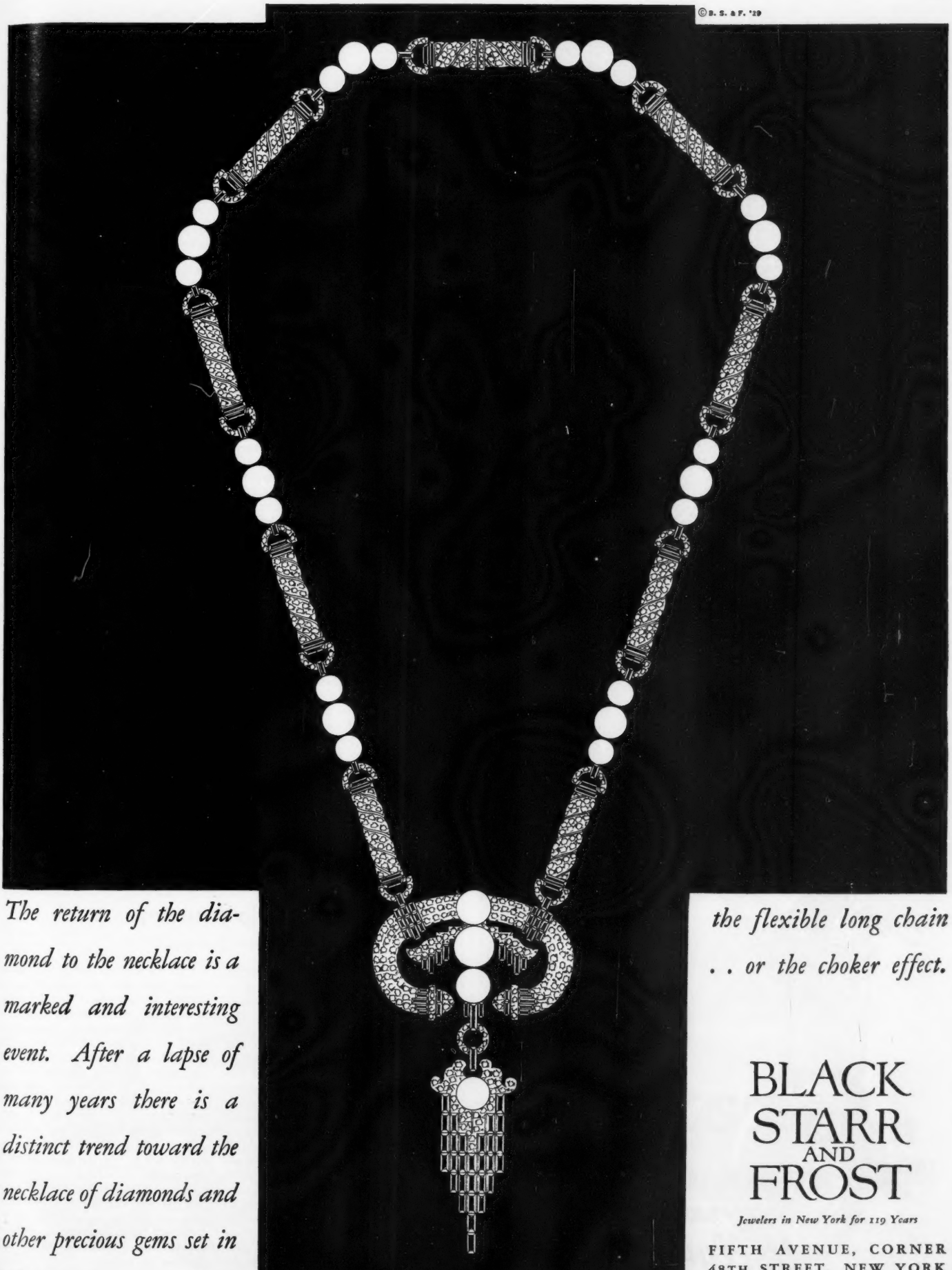

The return of the diamond to the necklace is a marked and interesting event. After a lapse of many years there is a distinct trend toward the necklace of diamonds and other precious gems set in platinum . . . either the flexible long chain . . or the choker effect.

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The Vanderbilt Club Convention

(Continued from page 98)

bid one no trump, it is no indication that if it is in the hand you will not eventually make a game no trump bid.

"The corollary is suggested for two reasons: (a) to limit unsuccessful no trump bidding. The great 'bugaboo' of all no trumpers has been that the bidding side is without a stop in a suit which the opponent with the opening lead has very properly not bid over the no trumper. His side promptly takes the first five or six tricks and the no trump bidders find at the end of the hand that they could have gone game in a major suit. (b) To simplify and enliven no trump raises. Assume you have bid an original one no trump at no score. Your partner holds a 6 card suit to the ace, king or the ace, queen, knave, or the king, queen and knave and no re-entry. Ordinarily he would be afraid of finding the missing honour in the adversaries' hands in which case his hand is perhaps worth but one or two tricks. There would be too much uncertainty about it to raise his partner's no trump call in no trumps and besides if his partner has the missing card he may be unguarded in some other suit. But playing the corollary all doubt is dispelled. You know the card which completes your suit must be in your partner's hand, and that he has prospective stop in any suit the adversaries may open; consequently 7 tricks early in the hand are almost assured. Three no trumps may be bid with confidence. Many players will maintain that it would be better, if the 6 card suit happens to be a major one, to bid it rather than assist the no trumper. I think the answer depends to some extent on the nature of the rest of the hand; with 2 singletons, or a doubleton and a missing suit, I would certainly agree with them; with a singleton, a doubleton and some slight strength in the 4 card suit I would be neutral, but with an ordinary distribution of the remaining cards I think the no trump bid is the best chance for game. If your partner is not strong enough to make 3 no trumps, you will probably not secure 4 in your major suit and, as you are not strong enough to bid over 3 in it, a raise from your partner is required to make game. If he is strong enough to raise you, you would probably have made game in 3 no trumps. With the same hand as above with a 5 instead of a 6 card suit you should bid 2 no trumps.

"One advantage of the corollary is that if you bid a suit over your partner's original one no trump declaration, you will find at least two of the suit, including an honour, in his hand.

"Another advantage is that you frequently get a good picture of your partner's hand, when the opportunity for a slam bid comes. From his no trump you are often able to place certain cards in each suit in his hand."

The foregoing summary of the "Vanderbilt Club" Convention is extremely well done and Mr. Vanderbilt is to be congratulated not only for his "discovery," but also for his keen analysis of its possibilities. Its strength lies in its forcing qualities, that is, its power to force partner to bid and show his quick trick values and thus keep the bidding open so that declarer may decide whether to try for game, slam or a partial score. In thousands of hands a player is practically assured of game in a suit bid or no trump but, unless he can get the information from his partner necessary for a proper choice, the game is often lost. The Vanderbilt Club Convention undoubtedly eliminates the guess work in many of such close hands. It also enables partners to get the exact information necessary for slam bidding and to that extent also is a winner. Partnership bidding in Contract, however, is still in the experimental stage and any suggestion or new convention must and should be carefully analyzed before being adopted as a standard proceeding. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, has given all Contract players something to think about and, judging by its wide-spread popularity, they are thinking pretty well of it. What more could any one ask?

Tragic Journeys

(Continued from page 97)

on running, framed by the beautiful lacquered carriage. In front of him, on the driver's seat, a liveried coachman; in front of the carriage, the expensive, handsome Russian steeds. And it is a mile and a half from the City Park to the Opera House. The carriage passed by thousands of pedestrians hurrying, with chattering teeth, in the icy sleet of that winter evening. Men on the street who could not see the occupant's dilemma threw envious glances at the handsome carriage and, most probably, also made cruel remarks about the presumably rich and distinguished gentleman driving to the Opera in warm comfort. Nobody realized that in the elegant vehicle a frightened, terrified man was *running* in agony in the mud and sleet of the street. Thus he arrived at the Opera in torn clothes, covered with dirt, half-dead of fright and fatigue.

I do not wish to deduct any ethical moral from this anecdote, I merely wish to explain why I jotted it down in my diary at the time it happened. I thought: here was an original and perfect illustration of the old saying that, often, the envied and apparently happy men are little enviable and very unhappy. And yet, were I to write down the following sentence in a novel:

"Everybody envied the eternally smiling Count X., although he was very unhappy. He felt like the owner of a handsome carriage beneath whose feet the floor of the vehicle had fallen out and who was forced to run in his own carriage for miles."

Were I to write down this sentence, I, and anybody else, would be fully justified in saying:

"Ah, what a silly, stupid, forced, artificial, ponderous metaphor."

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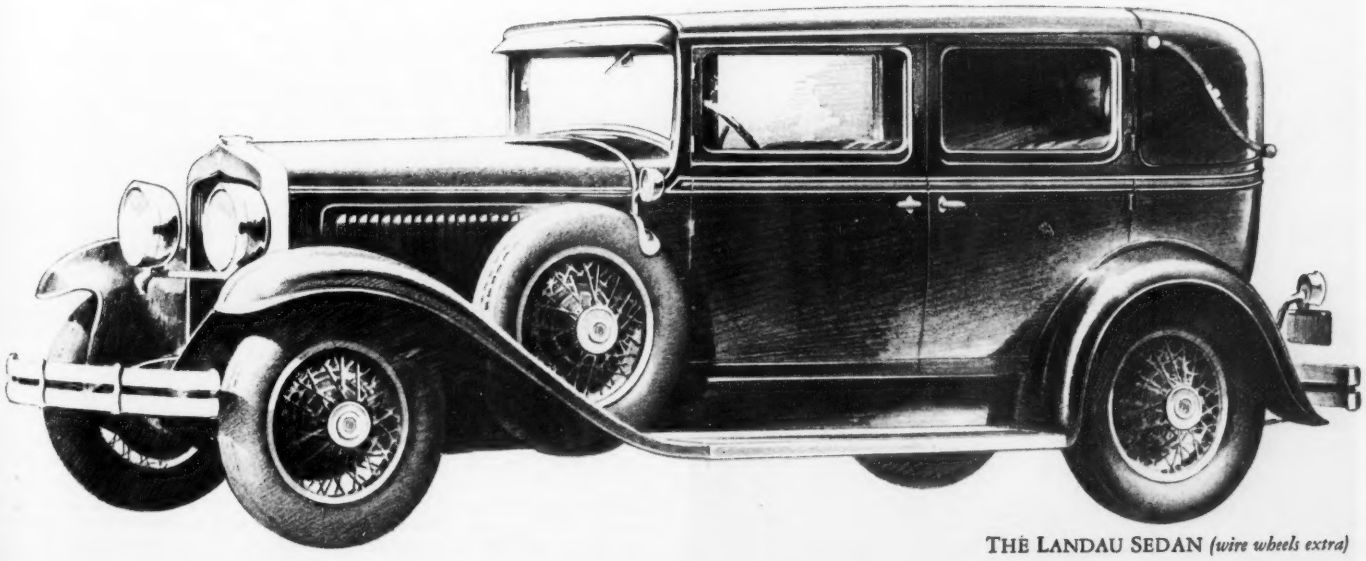

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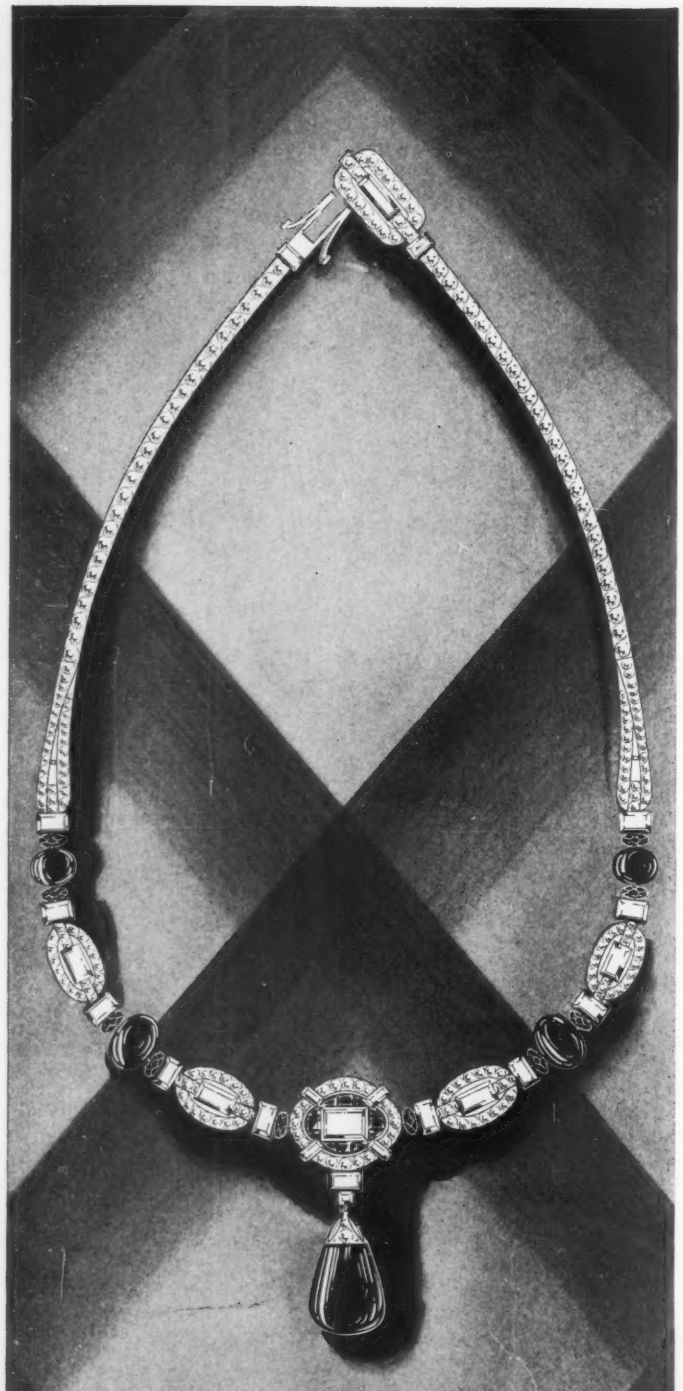


Speed—The New Vice

(Continued from page 60)

of outbidding those who deal only in speed, deliberation will seem to be the natural way to express a certain delicacy." In any event, I am entirely in agreement with him, for, a year earlier, I had written, in *The Living Buddha*; "The height of luxury, of which no one any longer thinks of availing himself, is to take one's time."

"Do not goad yourself to a madness of speed," advises Boileau.

Let us not forget that speed is enervating; the neurologists tell us this repeatedly. We no longer have a sense of proportion; we no longer distinguish between going fast and going as fast as possible; the record is everything. Now, such paroxysms are fatal. The enormous prestige of sporting records is absurd, for mechanical progress constantly reopens a closed book. A record is less an affirmation than a negation of what preceded it. As for purely physical prowess, those who have done any foot racing know, alas, that it begins to wane when one is about twenty-five.

You expected from me a eulogy of speed, and here I seem to be condemning it! Not absolutely. I seek to measure speed, to measure myself beside it, to tame it. We are of the race that possesses equilibrium, walks erect, and we need no more fear that than other animals fear nature. I once heard Cocteau, during a performance of *Don Giovanni*, say of Mozart's characters this true and pregnant thing: "They move very fast, but, if they wished, they could move slowly." Let us be like them. One must be swift, but one must have within one's self a sense of balance.

Why should we, so impatient of all authority, acknowledge and accept without examination, even, this tyranny? Let us formulate a new law of resistance to speed. Let our pace be set only by our own will. Riches do not shatter the poise of the man who remembers their vanity. Religion has taught us that, and so has every recognized system of ethics.

Let us love speed, which is the modern miracle, but let us always be sure that we hold the check rein.

An Essay in Doubt

(Continued from page 85)

club near the fire, with all his own particular pals around him, and the smoke of the best Havanas circling the air. The very waiters, who prided themselves on the correctness of their demeanour, would be doubled up with laughter as sally followed sally. Ruthlessly strip the town from him, indeed! You might as well divorce him from his nose and ears.

"Now or never!" muttered Bulger between his teeth. "I get to the bottom of it to-day or never. Do I like him? Don't I? Do I like him? Don't I? Do I? Do I?"

"What's that, old fellow?" inquired Watkins.

"Nothing, nothing at all! I was just humming a tune to myself!"

"Sorry, old fellow! My mistake!"

The fact was that, then and there, Bulger knew he liked Watkins as much as everybody else and rather more. But he was trying desperately hard, as he had never tried before in Watkins's presence, to keep clear in his mind just what would happen as soon as they parted. They munched their luncheon sandwiches. Bulger loathed sandwiches, they didn't agree with him. You would have thought that Watkins preferred lumpy beef sandwiches (they had left out the mustard) to caviare and roast quail and a bottle of Château Margaux to wash them down.

They set off again. Bulger really disliked walking. The heels of his stockings were chafing horribly. He became more and more preoccupied. "Do I hate him? Don't I? Do I? Don't I? Heaven help me! Don't I? Do I? Don't I? Do I?" This preoccupation made no difference to Watkins. Once Watkins had an audience, typhoons and earthquakes couldn't upset him. He just went on being charming. O, so ineffably, so unmitigatedly charming!

It was getting on towards dusk now. Soon they would have to descend into the valley to spend the night in some odious road-house between damp sheets. They would be awakened by foul cows mooing, shameless cocks crowing. The question would not have been answered. Did he like him? Didn't he? Did he? Didn't he? O damn, *did* he?

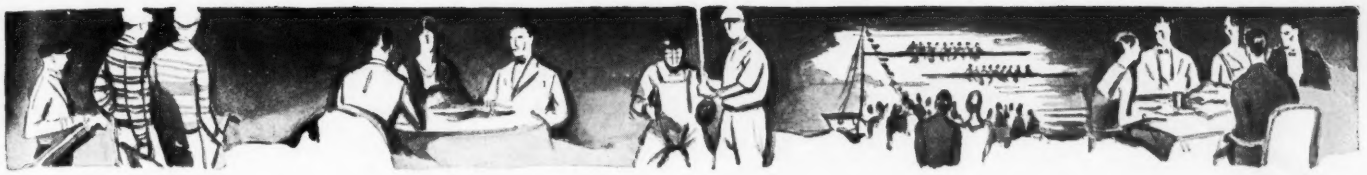
No answer. The day had been wasted. Bulger's head was aching, splitting. Casually, through the corner of his eye, he became aware that they were walking alongside a deep gravel-pit. Watkins could not be more than a foot from the edge. Bulger did not think; he just acted swiftly, instinctively. He thrust out both his hands with all the power in him and hurled Watkins into the pit. There was no more Watkins.

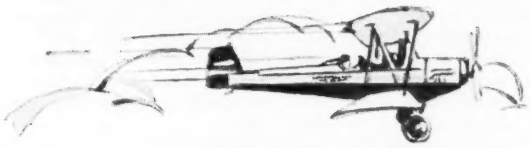
"Glory! glory! glory!" shrieked Bulger. "It's finished! It's over! I shan't ever be worried again! Goodbye, Watkins! Glory! Glory! Glory!" Oh it was a lovely night! Bulger strode on for hours over the moonlit hill-tops. "Hallelujah!" he said. "It's finished! It's over for ever and ever!"

I present you a picture of Bulger in his room thirty years later, a wrinkled, tormented greybeard, his head between his hands. Ah, he had long had time to learn that it wasn't finished, it wasn't over. He had only burked his problem, poor old Bulger, he had not solved it.

"Did I like him? Didn't I like him? Did I? Didn't I? Did I? Didn't I? Did I? Didn't I? O damn, *did* I?"

Which seems to indicate that not even murder is going to help you in cases of acute philosophic doubt. Perhaps not even suicide. It is a grim prospect. I wonder if I, for my part, will ever have the courage to go to Vicenza again.





TO WIDEN ✣ ✣ ✣

The Range of a Sportsman's Day

Last June a certain young millionaire sportsman breakfasted at Roslyn, L. I., golfed at Southampton 80 miles away, lunched in New York, saw four innings at the Polo Grounds, enjoyed the boat races at New London, and was back home at Roslyn in time for dinner. ✣ ✣ Naturally he flew. For only with a plane can the wide open spaces of America's diversified sports program be subdued. ✣ ✣ Flying in itself may not appeal to you particularly. Like any sport, it is largely a matter of choice. But what should appeal to any sportsman is the ability of a plane to widen the range of the sports he prefers. As in the case cited, a day ceases to be a thing of hours and miles, and becomes one of interest alone. ✣ ✣ Let COMMAND-AIRE be the happy companion of your fuller days. An informal, ever-ready, three place sport job, COMMAND-AIRE is a plane of almost uncanny stability. The picture shows how the COMMAND-AIRE pilot climbs from the cockpit, straddles the fuselage and leaves the COMMAND-AIRE temporarily to its own devices. This is in no sense a stunt, but an everyday test of COMMAND-AIRE stability. ✣ ✣ Joined with this unequaled stability, are trim beauty of line and finish, and sheer integrity of performance. ✣ ✣ The price, depending on the motor, ranges from $3,250 to $6,000 f. o. b. Little Rock. You can write us direct for more detailed information or refer to any of the COMMAND-AIRE distributors listed.

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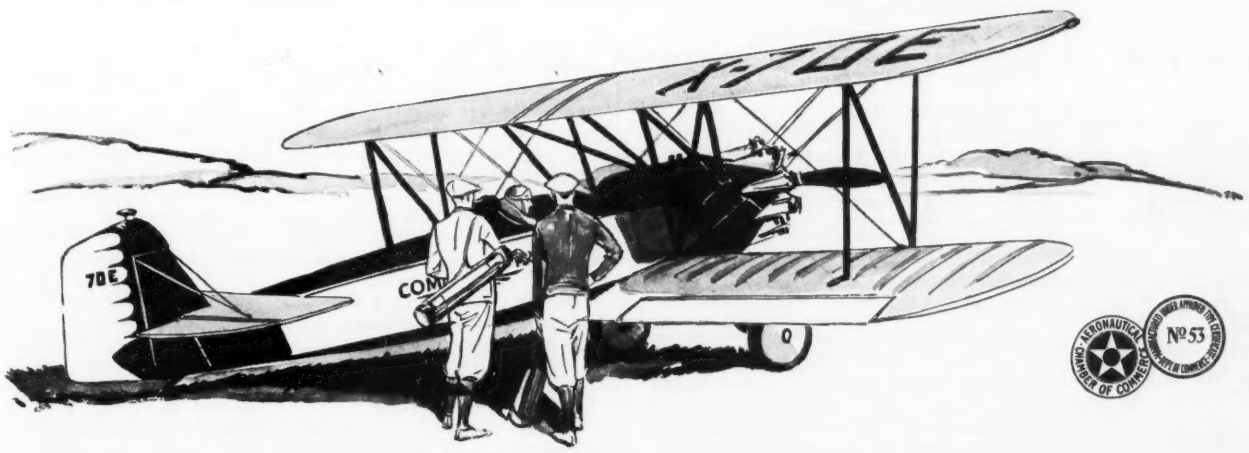

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The Atrocity

(Continued from page 61)

the others had left the compartment. The platform was congested with a dense, impenetrable crowd. I could make no headway and, in short, when I reached the exit of the station, I had not yet caught up with the stranger.

What would you have done? For my part, I read the letter. I might have pretended that I did so purely in the hope of discovering the name of the lady or her correspondent. But I admit that I was also impelled by curiosity.

It was a love letter, the tenderest, most fervent, and warmest of love letters.

One detail made me smile. In places the edges of the letter were embossed by a series of rectilinear burns. At her dressing-table that morning the lady had undoubtedly used the ardent missive to wipe her curling iron. . . . That is life!

Meanwhile, my first curiosity had been appeased, and I sought for some indication which would put me on the track of the lovers. I read more attentively. And it was now that I discovered, in the heart of the letter, these overwhelming sentences: "You will doubtless be unhappy to hear, my adored angel, that I have been compelled to bring about Fanny's death. I pushed her into the river. That was not done without remorse or regrets. But what could you expect? This poor woman no longer had a single reason to remain on earth. So I resolved to kill her. But it is not a crime. It is a deliverance. Public opinion will absolve me."

I was not dreaming. The wretch coolly confessed to his correspondent that he had thrown a woman into the river! In confiding his guilt to the creature whom he adored, was he not giving the supreme proof of his love? And this secret had been revealed to me by accident, through the incredible negligence of a thoughtless woman.

What should I do next? I scrutinized the letter. No address at the top. A vague flourish for a signature. The text itself contained no characteristic traits.

But suddenly, as I was rereading the last lines, an inspiration occurred to me. Along with his impassioned disclosures, the criminal made an engagement to meet the woman. This was doubtless the particular piece of information which she had wanted to verify.

He expected to have lunch with her, when she reached Paris, at the Restaurant Crookes in the *Champs-Elysées.*

I pulled out my watch. No one was expecting me. I, too, would go and have lunch at Crookes'. Thus I would not lose track of the couple. If necessary I could telephone the police station from the restaurant.

And, against the bright, flowery background of the fashionable grill-room, I suddenly discovered the lady of the letter. She was sitting at a little table opposite a man whom I immediately recognized. For his face is known everywhere. The newspapers vie with one another in reproducing his portraits. He is one of our foremost novelists. . . . And leaning towards his companion, he was all smiles, while he was doubtless at this very moment explaining the death of Fanny, the heroine of his next novel.

Variation in a Minor Key

(Continued from page 114)

"Dine, you're making fun of me," said Pierre in bewilderment. "I've had enough of it. . . . We can't go on this way."

"But what do you want with me, *M'sieu?*" she said with an air of supreme innocence, an incredible sort of *noli mi tangere* air that was too perfect to be entirely convincing; one could never produce such a masterpiece at the first attempt. Pierre was nonplussed. She was so pretty, however, that he soon recovered the lost thread of his desire.

"What do I want. You know very well what I want, little devil."

Dine stood before him like a question mark. She opened her sea-green eyes still wider. She was the picture of innocence. Pierre stopped, hesitated, and finally stammered, pointing to the little hollow among the rocks:

"Here, the other day, with Hermes..."

Dine did not try to feign ignorance.

"Hermes is only a child."

She said this with a happy smile, in which there was something benignant and tender, something truly maternal. She seemed to become a different person, and Pierre was deeply moved. Meanwhile Dine continued:

"You see, he knows nothing at all."

This time, she had gone too far. A picture rose before his eyes: Hermes stretched out on the sand, Dine bending over him. Pierre could not refrain from saying rather maliciously:

"Not even how to kiss."

As soon as these words escaped him, he was frightened. How would Dine take them? For an instant, her eyes flashed. But Dine surprised him.

"I love him," she said with such a gentle air that Pierre was stirred profoundly. "I love him . . ."

"But I can't even be sure that he likes me a little . . . that he prefers me to that terrible English girl who shows off her legs so shamelessly. Ah! *M'sieu,* there are times when I am sad, you know."

She came to Pierre, and now she was just an unhappy little girl. He felt only pity; he was all paternal. He consoled her; he reassured her; he put his arms around her protectingly. It was very agreeable after all, this chaste embrace.

To his great surprise, he continued his stay at Verville, with Dine, with Hermes also, and with Phyllis.

In October he returned to Paris. At the station he was met by the lovely woman he had left at Deauville.

"You've been away from me for weeks and weeks," she said. "I'm sure that you've been unfaithful!"

"Oh, no," said Pierre, "I've been trying to write a *Variation in a Minor Key.*—Not successfully. But there's something about it that pleases me..."

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The Best Authorities

(Continued from page 91)

Religious mystics are just as specialized in their gifts as mathematicians or metaphysicians. Because a man has a talent for inducing in himself certain psychological states in which he is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be in contact with higher powers, it does not follow that, for that reason, he is a reliable guide in the matter of early conduct. The author of the *Imitation of Christ* was a highly talented mystic; but if people took his advice on ethical matters seriously, human life would soon come to an end.

In this age of newspapers the greatest source of prestige is publicity, is the mere fact of being somebody who figures in the news. It is possible for any public person, whatever the nature of his success-bringing speciality, to become an Authority. Thus, Mr. Tunney delivers lectures on Shakespeare and the Conduct of Life. Our first reaction is to smile. Unreasonably. For why, after all, should a specialist in boxing be less qualified to talk about life in general than a specialist in, say, mathematical logic? If we smile, it is because we have an unjustified prejudice in favour of "spiritual" as opposed to physical activities. When an eminent mathematician, like Professor Whitehead, makes a pronouncement on conduct and life in general, we listen respectfully. And yet there is no *a priori* reason why he should be better qualified to say something illuminating on the subject than the world's champion heavy-weight boxer. Both are specialists; both may or may not be qualified to speak philosophically about life at large. One must judge them on their accomplishments and not before the fact.

A dogma seems implicit in the preceding paragraphs—the dogma that there is an absolutely correct answer to the riddle of the universe and that some of the Authorities on life come nearer to it than others. Such a notion is scarcely tenable. There is no absolutely correct answer; but there are some answers which seem to cover more of the observable facts than others, some that are more completely realistic. These I assume to be the best. Thus it is in the name of realistic completeness that I condemn the absolutist morality of Pascal and Kant. But the question is more complicated than it seems. Life is lived not on one plane, but on many planes. What is an adequate answer to the problems which confront people living on one plane of existence is hopelessly inadequate for people living on another. Thus, for those living on the plane of citizenship, Samuel Smiles is an admirable Authority, while Dostoëvsky is the devil incarnate. But on the plane of mystical research the positions are reversed; Dostoëvsky seems the true guide: Smiles, with his babble of self-help and success, an irrelevant imbecile.

Of the motives which make men

(Continued on page 128)

Clothes and the Man

(Continued from page 71)

sides of one, placing the lot in some separate bag. That is the first stage. The second stage centres around the strap which sustains, maintains and retains the waistcoat at the back. With the slim and the adolescent, this strap is a static object; it is just a strap; it is just there. But after the age, let us say, of twenty-seven, there are times when that strap, by a deft backward movement of the hands, is released or loosened. It is a terrible moment for any man when he catches himself loosening his strap. It marks the second stage in the grim progress from elegance to comfort. The third stage is reached (it would be idle to defend it) when the top, and, in extreme cases, the two top, button or buttons of the trouser are, after a heavy meal, undone. By insensible degrees this third stage melts into one in which Swedish exercises figure, and Turkish baths, and a doubt whether waistcoats after all are a very sensible form of wear. Better a pull-over. Better, in summer at least, nothing at all. Then Americans, so I am told, do not wear braces. They call them "suspenders", a word applied, in our grey and pitiful island, only to garters.

Americans, so I am assured, wear belts. I am sorry for them in this respect, since belts are a cruel register of girth; one can count the holes. That dark and glossy bar upon the leather which marked the limit of 1927, is not by any means the bar on which, in 1928, the buckle comes to its readiest repose. In 1929, maybe, that bar may move a further fraction of an inch along the leather scale of roundness. Very human will be the expedients by which a man will try to hide from himself the slow shifting of that mark upon the belt. But shift it does. He will suddenly catch sight of himself one evening at some night-club: he may be laughing at the moment, he may be smiling brightly, he may be feeling at his best. Then suddenly, from some mirror opposite will leer at him a stout though not wholly unfamiliar face and form. His Uncle in Texas? Not a bit of it. *Himself*. The laughter, at that will die in his throat, that bright smile will fade upon his lips. It will be then and not till then that the problem of clothes will loom for him in its true significance: not as the daily indulgence of the spring-time; but as some dour and compelling necessity of the autumn months. It will be then that he will think, with that exquisite sensibility which I have above displayed, of Lords Salisbury and Astor. It will be then, unless he be very wise or very lacking in all form of sensuousness, that he will decide that his style of clothing must, and at once, be subjected to some radical change.

He does not confess, of course, that this metamorphosis is dictated by any desire to conceal the fading flower of his youth. He discovers, as I have already indicated, that waistcoats are but ungainly objects, devoid of real backing. He begins, unless he be in-

(Continued on page 128)

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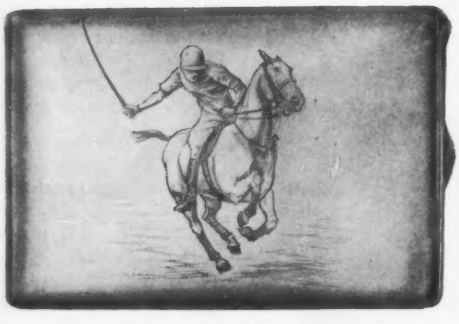

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Heh! Heh! Heh!

(Continued from page 66)

In the field of Satire (wherein John Riddell has lately essayed to venture) America is pitifully limited. Benchley, of course, is not a satirist; his parodies are funny, but they are either burlesque, or parodies of ideas. F. P. Adams has done masterly work in verse. Mrs. Parker has never gone far enough in her parodies to show her ability in sustained satire—though it should be enormous. Donald Ogden Stewart's parodies, obviously, were never parodies at all; and Christopher Ward has had his heyday. The bitter fact grows clear: there is no Beerbohm in this country. Perhaps it is another result of the fact that we have no Sense of Humour. Above all, true parody requires that.

But if our Wit is cheap, and our parodies are scarce, at least we are supreme in our Sense of Nonsense, which is the most native form of American Comedy, and, curiously enough, the subtlest of them all. Once American Comedy gets its feet off the ground, it has no equal anywhere. Its madness is unique, inspired. To be sure, it stems directly from the native exaggeration of the pioneer's campfire, the tall tales of the Old West, the hot stove and cracker barrel; but it has been sophisticated, extended, broadened, until it emerges today magically in a sort of inspired lunacy that is this country's unique literary gift. Benchley has it at times; Stewart had it to a gorgeous degree; Marc Connelly has it. But the supreme artist of them all, the very master of all giddy idiocy, the high hope of American Comedy as Crosby is of its Humour, is Frank Sullivan.

Sullivan's technique is curiously his own. He bumps forward over a long and sober sentence, his lips pursed in mock seriousness, until he stumbles upon a word or phrase that people have been repeating emptily for generations. Abruptly he takes off from it without warning, and zooms at a cock-eyed tangent into a rarified ether of lunacy where mice talk, time turns back, zithers play, Calvin Coolidge or S. L. Rothafel step out of a clap of thunder, and the whole paraphernalia of a topsy-turvy, Lewis Carroll dream-world is at his command.

For example, he is investigating a subject in the Encyclopædia, and the reference tells him to look under Louis XIV. He looks under Louis XIV. "What are you looking under me for?" demands Louis XIV indignantly . . .

Again, the snow is swirling in biting swirls, but S. L. Rothafel nevertheless has ordered a faithless usher out into the storm. Sullivan intervenes. "You wouldn't put out a dog into a night like this," he protests. "Oh, wouldn't I?" sneers Roxy; and seizing a dog he puts him out . . .

Lady Peel has taken him into her private suite in the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal, to chip him off a piece of the Peel emerald, and he lends her a hammer. "I always carry a hammer," Sullivan confides to the reader. "You never can tell when you may come upon a nail . . ."

Obviously, no quality that is worth its salt can be caught in such random quotations; and Sullivan's quality, least of all, can be transmitted to a reader second-hand. It is too varied, too diffuse; the sparks strike unexpectedly from a banal sentence and they cannot be preserved, they are gone instantly. Sometimes the laugh is surprised by a bizarre juxtaposition; sometimes it is provoked by an unusual name—as when the lady motorist is inviting a traffic policeman to meet her for tea: "Shall we say—Puget Sound?" "Puget Sound would be fine, Mrs. Whettum"—and sometimes it depends purely upon his unique knack of offering with all seriousness some stilted and incongruous British phrase: "You cur!" "That's not cricket!" "You are a cad and a fellow!" Too, Sullivan is inordinately tickled by the incongruous: cassowaries, cornets, Queen Mary's hats, kettledrummers, the gambusia, potato-bugs, and methods of obtaining loans. It is the blend of these qualities, rather than any single feature, that is the basis of his curious, puckered, amiable style.

He is uneven. His most recent book, *Innocent Bystanding*, in addition to its gorgeous and inspired moments, contains some moments that are not so funny. In a language where trite expressions are apparently inexhaustible, his temptation to achieve a quick laugh simply by taking one of them literally—"Lend me your ear!" or "I'll be bound"—is sometimes irresistible. His choice of topics from the daily press sometimes is not happy, particularly when they limit him to a strict burlesque that is not his natural forte. But these less inspired moments are forgiven when we come upon such sheer dizzy heights as his immortal climax to the "Interview With Lillian Gish":

Mr. Sullivan, it seems, has forced his way past the butler at last by the device of tossing a wig of golden curls about his head and posing as Mary Pickford. He and Miss Gish embrace. She holds him off at arm's length, and studies him more closely. "But you're not Mary Pickford," she says after a moment of deliberation.

"I'm sorry," Sullivan explains quickly. "I'm the President of the United States!"

She sneers. "Oh, you are, are you? Very well, perhaps you can explain who this gentleman is!"; and she opens a curtain and there in the conservatory stands President Coolidge.

"I made a mistake," apologizes Sullivan nervously. "I'm not the President, of course. I'm really the Vice-President."

"Is that so!" says the butler; and snatching off his side-whiskers he stands revealed as Vice-President Dawes.

Things are coming too fast for Sullivan. He decides to give up.

"My intentions were honest," he tells them. "I won't lie any more. I'm just Frank Sullivan."

They all start laughing, and the President says, "Is that so!" and opens a door. There stands Frank Sullivan . . .

And in that last line is a touch of inspired absurdity, the divine spark which is Sullivan's and his alone.

And when he strikes that single spark, if it is only once a year, the highest moment is realized in American Comedy today.

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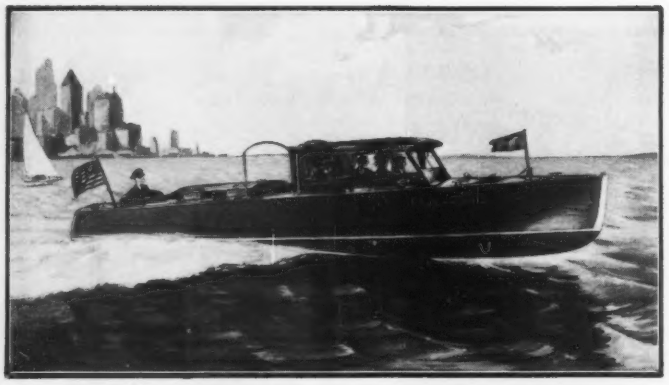

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The Death of Gulielma Sands

(Continued from page 74)

statesmen; and the troop of witnesses —some of them Quakers, and some of them young rascals of the town— all these made the Weeks trial a strange event in our legal history.

The case against the prisoner was rather feeble. On that evening, nobody had seen him outside the house with the girl. About all that could be said was that she was cheerful and seemed in no mood for suicide. A woman's cries for help were heard coming from the vicinity of the well. A woman with two men in a sleigh, a sleigh without bells, was seen going toward Lispenard's. And Susanna Broad, "an aged and very infirm woman," testified that she heard a sleigh, without bells, come out of Levi's brother's yard about eight that night.

Prisoner's counsel, however, made Susanna's infirmities of mind quite apparent to the jury; she acknowledged that the incident might have happened a week before, or a week after Christmas. And one Demas Meed, who took care of that horse and sleigh, testified that there was no indication that they were out that night. The medical testimony was contradictory; some of the doctors thinking that the bruises on the body were not wounds, inflicted by another, but merely incidents of the girl's fall into the well. The famous Dr. Hosack, who testified for the State, only saw the body as it lay, strangely enough, exposed to public view for a whole day in the street.

The judge charged strongly in the prisoner's favour, and the jury acquitted him in four minutes. Public opinion was hostile, nevertheless, and he had to vanish from the city.

One of the oddest incidents in the trial was the appearance of a witness who gave testimony rather prejudicial to Weeks, and was accused of personal enmity. He admitted a quarrel with the prisoner about Elma; and it was alleged, by other witnesses, that he had been active in stirring up hostility to Weeks; that he had himself been near the well on the night of the murder; and that he had published handbills, directed against the prisoner; and describing ghostly figures which were to be seen around the well. This man, who flits in and out of the record of the trial, now as a witness, and now as a spectator, but always as a suspicious and malevolent figure, had the astonishingly apt name of Croucher.

Finally one William Dustan testified: "Last Friday morning, a man, I don't know his name, came into my store—"

Then occurs this note in the report: *Here one of the prisoner's counsel held a candle close to Croucher's face, who stood among the crowd, and asked the witness if it were he, and he said it was.*

Apparently this is the foundation of the celebrated incident which has been amplified and repeated in the lives of both Burr and Hamilton, and has caused a controversy. Senator Lodge, who gives it in dramatic form in his life of Hamilton, later recanted, and attacked James Parton, the biographer of Burr, for telling it, in his book, about Burr. In both stories, the candles were used with great effect by the lawyer, to cast a sudden light on the face of a guilty man, and to lead the jury to notice his evil looks.

As it is apparent that Parton got the story on good authority, directly from a friend of Burr, who had heard the latter relate it, Senator Lodge's attack seems unnecessary. Nor is it clear that the incident was trifling, as the Senator concluded, for even these few lines, following Croucher's earlier appearances in the trial, indicate that the moment was a striking one in that midnight session of the Court.

Croucher is said to have ended his days on the gallows. Another and more eminent figure, the Chief Justice, was the victim of a mysterious fate, but the story deserves a longer treatment than is now possible. To illustrate the great amount of legend, and the atmosphere of doom which surrounded the trial of Levi Weeks, there may be quoted a remark said to have been made by the Quakeress, Catherine Ring, as she heard the verdict. In her opinion, the betrayer and murderer of her poor, young cousin was escaping from all punishment. Turning to his chief counsel, Alexander Hamilton, she said, with great solemnity:

"If thee dies a natural death, I shall think there is no justice in Heaven!"

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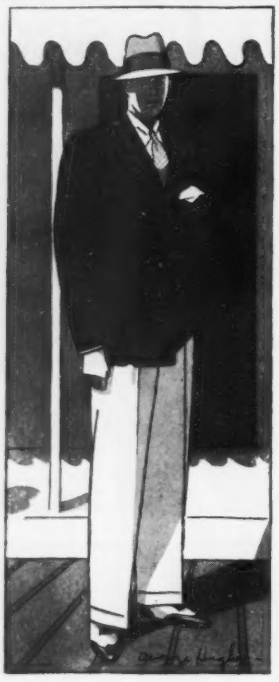

The famous Piccadilly Circus raw-edge hat is shown.

Well-Dressed Men

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The *Camel's Hair Flanul Felt* is a hat for a sportsman. It has a rich feel and a texture similar to fine camel's hair . . . worn correctly with the polo-coat or in the country.

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The advance hat for the Fall Season is the *Kent*. An American masters' conception of a genuine British Homberg. It will be a companion hat for the *Tyrolian Homberg*, inspired by the headwear of the Alps. The *Kent* is one of the finest hats for town or business wear that we can recommend. It has a medium brim with a bound edge, and full crown. Its claim to fame lies in the fact that it is a highly conservative hat with a subtle touch of savoir-faire that stamps it as one of the most distinctive hats for the Fall season.

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Clothes and the Man

(*Continued from page 122*)

deed the late Lord Astor, to manifest an objection to stiff shirts, which indeed are apt to pop away from all but the slimmest frame, and to bulge outwards, away from all restraining bands. Stiff collars, also, are intolerable, intolerable to the fattening neck. A certain Bohemianism thereafter descends upon his vesture, and his clothes take on a tendency to slop and flop. A velvet smoking jacket is not recommendable, but it will be tried. It is always tried. Then the hats grow wider, the hair longer, the ties daily more large and strange. Boots, during this Bohemian phase, remain the same: it is only in the succeeding phase that they also become challenging. For the succeeding phase is frequently very fierce.

It comes upon vain and virile people who wish to hide their middle age by an appearance of violence. It is a butcher phase. Essentially, if subconsciously, the impression which this phase is intended to convey is that, although there *has* been an increase, it has been an increase of muscle rather than of flesh. Rough grey shirts are much affected during such periods, and heavy odorous tweed. Shoes, as I have stated, become arrogant, assuming a St. Moritz appearance, as if about to be employed on winter sports. Fishing-hooks are worn in the hat, and in the breast pockets (which button outwards on a flap) silk handkerchiefs are carried, or any other object which occupies less space than would appear. This particular phase is both tiring and expensive. It leads rich people to take grouse-moors in Scotland, and poor people to go on walking tours in the Adirondacks. A knap-sack, if skilfully slung, can cover a multitude of sins. The phase, however, is not a long one. It is the last flicker of resistance before collapse.

Mr. William James, if I recollect aright, has some very penetrating passages upon this collapse. He is speaking of false claims. He speaks of the great joy which comes to a man when he abandons all hope of not becoming fat. This, says Mr. William James, is the last release.

But meanwhile, some words of advice. (1) Never take any exercise. Exercise develops the muscles, and when once muscles have been developed, they have to be banged to prevent their turning into fat. It is extremely painful to be banged. (2) When young, always have your clothes made a little too large for you. This, as the real estate agents say, will give you a margin of development. (3) Concentrate on colour rather than on shape. Colour can be bought in any shop. (4) Cultivate an impression of vitality rather than one of Bohemianism. This can be done by frequently slapping the thighs. It is curious how vital a man becomes if he frequently slaps his thighs. (5) Be very successful in your public life. Fame, more than anything else, enables one to wear comfortable and even becoming, clothes. (6) Avoid elegance in any form after the age of twenty-five.

You see I have really said very little about clothes because they do not interest me. What does interest me is the inevitable approach of the sit-and-grunt period of later middle age. Can clothes retard its approach, or disguise its advent? They can do nothing of the kind. The worst thing, I fear, about being no longer young is that one is no longer young.

The Best Authorities

(*Continued from page 122*)

wish to be regarded as Authorities I have said something incidentally in an earlier paragraph. In the exercise of their respective functions both the preacher and the philosopher find ample satisfaction for their self-regarding instincts, the one in the consciousness of superior power, the other in that of superior knowledge. Many Authorities, moreover, believe implicitly and ingenuously in their own gospel and imagine that they are benefiting humanity by preaching it. But this is surely not true of every case. Tolstoy, for example—did he *really* believe that manual labour and universal brotherly love were the solution to all problems of life? And the superman, the transvaluation of values —did Nietzsche *genuinely* imagine that men would accept his new morality or that the new morality, if accepted, would make any serious difference to the world? And what were Dostoëvsky's and Pascal's *private* opinions of the Russian Christ and Catholic dogma? One has only to read the works of these altogether too intelligent preachers to have such questions fairly forced upon one. One is driven to the conclusion that they preach in despair and as a last resort, because they so profoundly and irremediably doubt. They preach authoritatively to others in the foredoomed hope of achieving certainty for themselves. They preach because, in an obscure way, they want to revenge themselves on the universe. For they have searched for an answer to the cosmic riddle and found it not; they have realized that there is no absolute discoverable by man. And yet they can be content with nothing less than an absolute. The world,—the relative, humanly meaningless world—has revealed itself their personal enemy. They revenge themselves on it by imposing on it their own significance, arbitrarily. But the order of things is too large and utterly impersonal to have vengeance taken on it with any prospect of satisfaction for the avenger. Satisfactory vengeance is vengeance taken on somebody who can feel what is being done to him. The disappointed questioners turn with a kind of exasperation on their fellows. "This is the truth about the world," they proclaim. "Believe it, or you will be damned in this life and in any other there may be to come." Humanity, for these preachers, is the world's whipping-boy. Man is the cosmic scapegoat. With what superb violence, what sublime malignity these preachers visit upon his head the sins of the universe!

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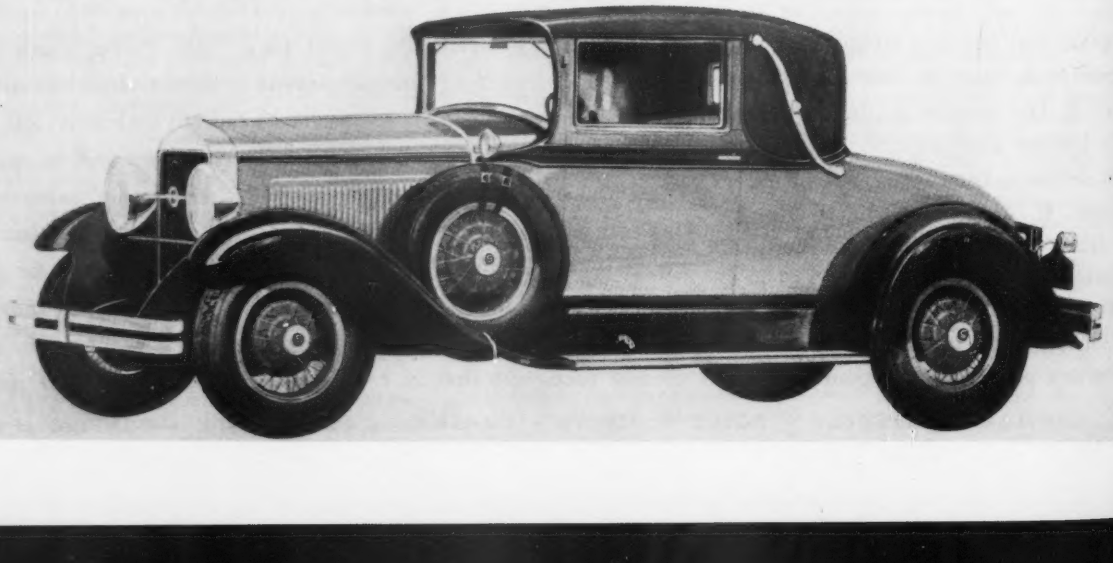

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J. Riddell Memorial Award

(Continued from page 95)

thrashing joy-stick, but the jigger was averted, and the whole tribune splintered like fudge under his hand, as the left wing castored into up, then slowly taxied around, reversed, elbowed helplessly out of a nose, into an ear, out the other, following the wake of Perritt. . . down. . . down. . . down. . .

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THE LONE RIDER OF TARNATION GULCH

(The Cowboy Story)

By Zane Mix

"Put 'em up, thar!"

The crisp command rang out above the tinny rattle of the cheap piano in "Ye Olde Lavender Kettle" Saloon, and forty pairs of hands shot into the air with a deafening report. Forty pairs of eyes watched the masked stranger in the doorway.

"Drap them thar shootin' irons," continued the even voice, sighting down the cold muzzle of his gun, "or I'll empty the contents of this magazine (*adv.*)" And by his tone the dissolute crowd of cattle-rustlers knew that he meant what he said.

"What you want of us-all, pardner?" whined Saunders.

"I come fer Prairie Rose," the stranger replied, "her with a voice like a nightingale, whut come out o' nowhere to warm our hearts with song —Gawd bless 'er."

The beaded curtains parted, and the beautiful dancer stared at the bearded stranger in wide-eyed surprise. Gently he reached down inside his dust-stained shirt and drew forth a tiny locket on a gold chain.

"Mother," said the stranger simply.

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HE WOULD IF HE COULD; OR, THE TATTOOED BEAVER

(The Clinical Sophistication Story)

By Parody Keene

She sat in the bath and opened her mail slowly. Poor André. Gently she slit the envelope open and pressed his burning letter to her wet lips.

". . . my beloved," she read, "my own, my sweet, my pet, my life. Your André."

She tore his impassioned note into shreds, and watched them drift down the tub toward her rouged knees, that rose like tropical islands above the surface of the scented water. *C'est ça.* It was thus she tore her heart into shreds, and let them float down the bathtub of life, out of her memory forever. She must forget André. Raoul must never know.

There was a draft blowing upon her back. Raoul! She rose and faced him with arms outstretched, as he climbed through the bathroom window, his eyes ablaze with love for her. Dear Raoul. Sweet Raoul. "Dear Raoul," she said. "Sweet Raoul."

"My beloved, my own, my sweet, my pet, my life . . ."

What did life matter without Raoul? He was pressing kisses to her forehead, her eyes, her nose, her lips . . . What was sin, so long as he trusted her?. . . He was kissing her chin, her throat . . . No, she would put André from her life forever . . . He had dropped to his knees before her . . . Yes, she was Raoul's woman from now on—Raoul's woman in the primitive sense . . . What was this? He had paused in the act of kissing her. He was staring fascinated at her knee.

With a cold horror she gazed downward. Pressed to her knee-cap, clinging to the damp flesh with a fatal persistence, was a tell-tale triangle of wet paper: ". . . sweet, my pet, my life. Your André."

For a moment she stood tense, fists clenched, as the door of the bathroom slammed behind Raoul. Gone. Gone from her life forever. Slowly, like a wilting flower, she bent low.

"You may come out from under the tub now, Claude," she whispered softly.

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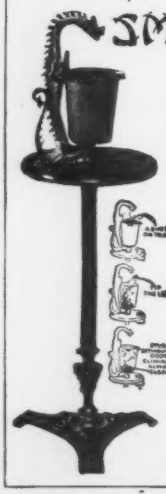
(Continued on page 131)

DRAGON SMOKERS



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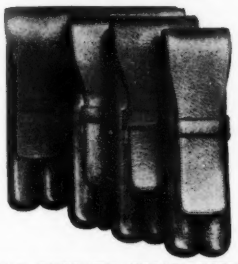

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J. Riddell Memorial Award

(Continued from page 130)

THE FACE IN THE REVOLVING DOOR

(The Twist)

By JOHN RIDDELL

"Who are you?" he cried fearfully.

The bland Oriental drew off his wig and smiled. Inspector Donnelly stared in surprise at the erstwhile Ling Wu, now revealed before him as none other than Mabelle Le Claire.

"My darling. . . my wife. . ." he gasped. "This has all been a plot to test your affection for me. I wanted to arouse your jealousy so that you would forget Claude Harrington."

With a slight sneer Mabelle Le Claire whipped out a revolver and shot him in the stomach. Swiftly she fastened a black moustache to her upper lip and bent over the dying man with a leer.

"*I* am Claude Harrington," she hissed in triumph. "Who are you?"

With a feeble gesture Inspector Donnelly plucked the white beard from his chin.

"I am Mabelle Le Claire," replied the late William L. Van Aimée, Jr.

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O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1928 *(Doubleday Doran)* THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1928, *edited by Edward J. O'Brien (Dodd Mead)*

"THE MAGIC ISLAND"

There have been comparatively few books, after all, that have held me spell-bound as I read, that have rajsed the short hackles of my neck with their weird beauty, that have sent me gibbering to the streets when I finished them, urging any and all friends to buy and read for themselves. *The Magic Island* is one of them.

The thing is Black Magic. It lays its Voodoo spell upon you, as surely as a *ouanga* packet. It is as merciless in its power. It haunts you while you sleep; the effect remains indelibly impressed in your mind and you cannot forget. It is Poe, de Maupassant, Breughel; and it is true.

There is so much more to this book than a mere text-book upon cabalistic ceremonies, than a painstaking account of explorations in the national mythology of Haiti. It is the very essence of these mysteries, the real stuff, the spring within the spring. Mr. Seabrook has laid his finger upon the jungle-pulse that beats behind all superstitions and all religions. With consummate tact and grace, with an eager sympathy and a decent reverence for their gods—"for all living faiths are sacred"—he has entered the houses and the very lives of the secretive blacks in U. S. Marine-ridden Haiti, and recorded, from within the forbidden *houmfort*, their curious emotions, the barbaric splendour of their rituals, their orgiastic and pagan rites. It is fortunate that no other white man has ever done it before; because no other white man could possibly have done it so well.

I should call Mr. Seabrook a mystic, if that abused word had not been bestowed with equal abandon upon everyone from Beebe to Richard Halliburton. He is, first, an artist in his line. He *feels* more than he *sees;* modestly he keeps his own identity in the background, and allows the scene to realize itself in the reader's mind. His enthusiasm is utterly sincere and infectious. These are the qualifications of the true adventure-writer; but Seabrook is more, he is a recreator of beauty, a sensitive diviner of truths that are rooted in the very soil of the country. He hears the deeper beat of the Voodoo drums. If the chapter entitled "Goat-Cry Girl-Cry" is not poetry in prose, then I have never read any. And consequently he has given, in *The Magic Island,* a beautiful and thrilling and truthful book which is a permanent contribution.

THE MAGIC ISLAND, by William B. Seabrook. *(Harcourt Brace).*

FULL LENGTH *PORGY*

Mamba's Daughters is a better book than *Porgy;* and I thought *Porgy* when it appeared was one of the most charming pieces of native writing I had encountered. In his new novel Mr. Heyward has brought this earlier charm and gracious style to a full maturity; the nuances, the inspired flashes of characterization, the descriptive passages, his sympathetic insight into the motley life of the Carolina negroes, all these are here once more, but to them he has now added a breadth of scope, a new-found power, and a pace at once more leisurely and more profound. His humour is richer,

(Continued on page 132)

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J. Riddell Memorial Award

(Continued from page 131)

deeper; it steers skilfully this side of sentimentality; behind his most pathetic scenes echoes unaccountably the high silent laughter of the negro. I think Heyward is one of the very few outstanding writers of humour in America today.

Here we find the black quarter of Charleston once more, on a broader canvas than *Porgy;* but the shuffling panorama of life in Catfish Row serves this time as a liberal background to the simple and powerful story of Mamba's sacrifice for her Amazon daughter Hagar, and their mutual savage devotion to Hagar's daughter Lissa. Heyward's interpretation is at once ironic and deeply sympathetic; his novel is charming and profoundly human.

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS, by Du Bose Heyward. *(Doubleday, Doran).*

IN LESS WORDS

LION, by Martin Johnson. *(Putnam).* This department's nomination for the most perfect title of the year.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, by Ripley. *(Simon and Schuster).* Believe it or not, this collection of gargantuan wonders, unbelievable truths, amusing, monstrous, shocking, ironic facts, presented with a grave face and a handful of proofs by "Rip", offers the most satisfactory aid to the dying art of dinner-conversation yet to be devised; and proof of this statement may be had by listening to practically any dinner-conversation since the book appeared. It has all the ear-marks af another National Game.

EXPIATION, by Elizabeth. *(Doubleday, Doran).* The author of *Love* has not forgotten how to twist off her long, sober sentences with a wry smile that is still a constant delight.

TWENTY YEARS AMONG THE TWENTY-YEAR-OLDS, by James Anderson Hawes. *(Dutton).* As one Deke to another (Gamma Beta '23, and we could probably remember the grip, too, if we had to) we should like to congratulate Brother Hawes upon his literary exercise. It is one of the most comprehensive and sympathetic modern studies of the Younger Generation that we have heard in a chapter meeting in months.

OLD WORLD MASTERS IN NEW WORLD COLLECTIONS, by Esther Singleton. *(Macmillan).* One of the handsomest books that have come our way: a volume that is rightly called "a permanent loan exhibition of the greatest and most renowned examples of Art in America," since most of the pictures reproduced here cannot be seen elsewhere. Macmillan has lavished a wealth of taste and skill in its preparation.

CHEERIO: A BOOK OF PUNCHES AND COCKTAILS, by Charles of Delmonico's *(Elf Publ. Co.)* and HERE'S HOW AGAIN, by Judge Jr. *(John Day).* Two fascinating and invaluable handbooks on an art that fortunately is fast coming back into vogue in America (one more orange-blossom, and I vote Republican), which are written for the layman and mention no ingredient that cannot be procured easily within a block of any American home today.

BORZOISIE

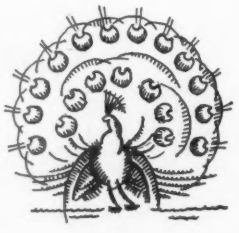
The furthest south in publisher's advertising was achieved recently by the enterprising House of Knopf, which featured in a contemporary magazine the snapshot of a self-confessed Russian Noblewoman named Princess Maryanna Mayovskaya (Costume by Jenkin, Photo by Bradley, Novel Carried Conspicuously under her Left Arm by Isa Glenn), accompanied by the following signed testimonial: "Mindful of the inherent responsibility of royalty in shaping the ideals of the bourgeoisie, I am careful never to allow myself to be seen in public without a Borzoi Book."

Mindful of the inherent responsibility of critics in shaping the ideals of the royalty, Mr. Riddell suggests to the Princess that the effect upon a skeptical bourgeoisie might have been even more uplifting if she had been a little *more* careful, and allowed herself to be seen in public carrying *Transport.*

TRANSPORT, by Isa Glenn. *(Knopf).*

THE TRUTH IS OUT

There have been all too many lists compiled in recent years of what books to take upon a desert island; and discussion has waxed hot over the titles which a critic about to be shipwrecked would cram into his hip-pocket just as he dove from his sinking ship. Ever mindful of his duty to his readers when vexing questions of this type crop up, Mr. Riddell actually went so far as to secure a desert (literally) island in the Bahamas, upon which he is basking even as these lines go to press; and thus a long-moot question of what books a critic takes has been solved at last. He takes no books at all.



EQUIPPED with EVERYTHING ...at no extra cost

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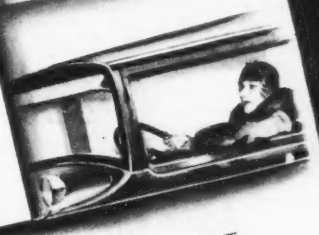

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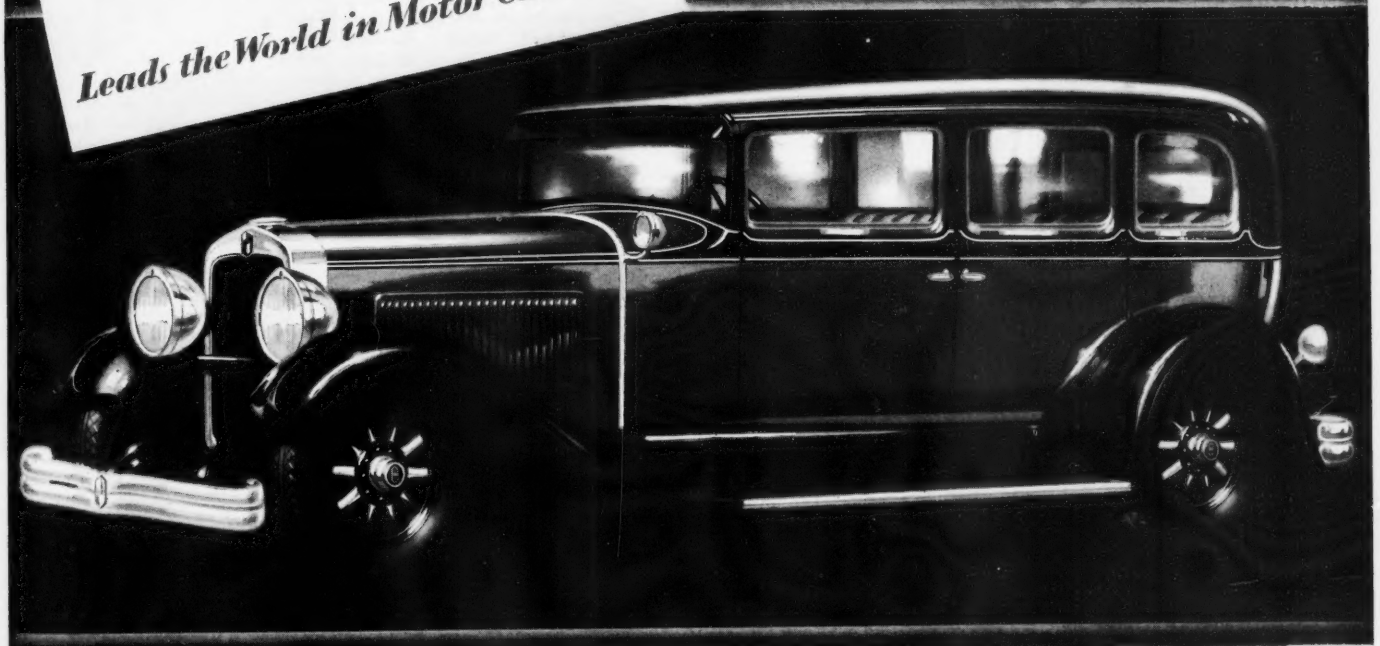
The New NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value



HOUDAILLE SHOCK ABSORBERS

All motor cars have two prices—the factory (f.o.b.) price, and the *delivered* price. If the delivered price includes the extras, charged for at retail prices, you'll find your car costing a lot more than you anticipate. Some dealers (not Nash dealers) charge as much as $50 or $60 for bumpers alone. ¶ On the new Nash "400" you'll find every necessary accessory . . . hydraulic shock absorbers . . . bumpers, front and rear . . . even tire locks . . . installed at the factory . . . included in the factory price . . . *at no extra cost.* ¶ That means a very much lower price, delivered, fully equipped. *The Nash "400" leads the world in motor car value!*

COSTLY-CAR INTERIOR FINISH

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AMERICAN CHEESE—*from the famous Wisconsin cheese country!*

Rolling meadows—clear, sparkling brooks—fat healthy kine—no wonder rural Wisconsin gives the world such wonderful cheese as Glendale!

By the distinctive Glendale method, rich creamy milk is made into genuine old-style American cheese with that delightful tasty tang.

Rare-flavored and delicious, you and your guests will agree this is the finest *fromage* for entrées, salads, hors d'œuvres, and all cooked dishes. Not pasteurized or blended. Will not get stringy or lumpy. Special select grade. Foil-wrapped, 2½ lb. package, $1.50 postpaid. Send money order or check for any number of packages. Specify whether you prefer the white or yellow cheese.

GLENDALE DAIRIES, *Manitowoc, Wisconsin*

Jellies

of Rare, Mellow Flavor

Burgundy—Sherry—Port
Sauterne—Muscatel

From the largest vineyard in the world where luscious grapes ripen under California sun come these delicious wine jellies of reminiscent flavor—another of the famous Guasti products.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with $2.50 and you will receive four 8 oz. jars containing different flavors, packed in a handsome redwood box, postpaid.

Please address Department 707 giving name and address of your dealer.

Italian Vineyard Co.

(Operating the largest vineyard in the world. Established 1883)
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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
(Permit No. L. A. Cal. H. 10033)

PARIS by NIGHT!

FREE RECIPES for cocktails sent by W. A. Taylor & Co., 94-F Pine Street, New York, N. Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI
Vermouth
non alchoholic

ARE YOU A GOOD HOSTESS?

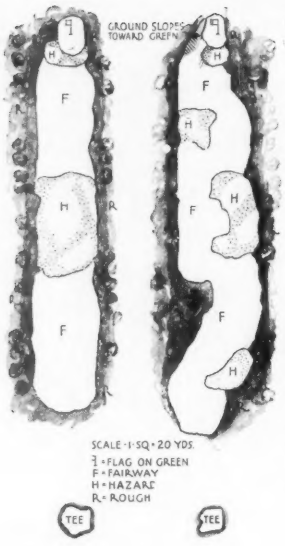
So many hostesses are correct but uninspired, so many amusing but inefficient. Because ruts are so easy to get into and little changes in procedure are so often overlooked. Because the latest appliances are not always known and servants leave because their work has not been intelligently simplified. . . . Because of all these things, there is a new book that you simply mustn't fail to order.

It covers the whole subject—menus and service—table setting, with illustrations—the servant problem, smartly solved—the budget, charts and marketing—equipment and the larder. A glittering little galaxy of recipes from well-known hostesses, epicures, and chefs has been rigorously censored to contain none but those that are truly unusual, and practical as well.

"FOR THE HOSTESS"

72 pp. 25c postpaid

Order from The Condé Nast Publications, *Greenwich, Conn.*



A FAIR BREAK

Another comparison of the old and the new. The former, left, compels the short player to play safe on his second short of the hazard H. The modern design gives the weak player a chance, yet disciplines the long wild hitter

Bunkers for Use and Beauty

(Continued from page 94)

reading Robert Hunter's book on golf architecture called "The Links." It is written with charm as well as knowledge, and it is easy and ingratiating. Not so easy but far more thorough and more practically useful is the thick volume, "Golf Architecture in America", which George C. Thomas has written. Ninety half-tones, four of them in color, and over sixty drawings help to make the text clear and conclusive. No golfer who loves the fine points of the game—whether he can achieve them himself or not—should miss these two books, or, for the matter of that, the chapters in Macdonald's which deal with the same topic. They make a day on any golf course so much the richer.

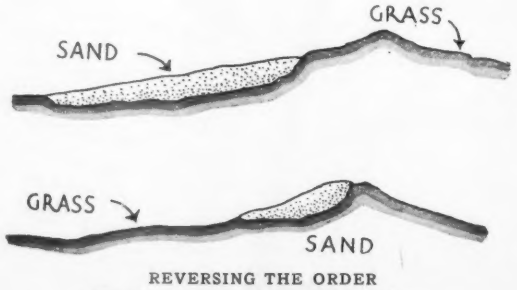
To the average golfer Thomas's book opens amazing vistas. He stops cursing at the sand trap on the seventh and begins to admire the little roll of ground just short of the green which has been kicking his ball down into this bunker; and next time he plays that hole he takes the trouble to place his approach short of that roll if he can't be sure of getting it over. The golfer stops taking courses for granted and begins to wonder at the ingenuity which has gone into fitting eighteen splendid testing holes into the hundred-odd acres of hill and dale, grass and stubble which nature and the real estate agent rather blindly provided.

Thomas has designed all manner of courses on the Pacific slope—where he now makes his home. They range from the municipal course at Los Angeles to El Cabellero, La Cumbre, Ojai, and Bel-Air. He begins his book by picturing the necessary difference between a properly laid out municipal course and the course of an exclusive country club. Difficult traps, short holes, water hazards, deep rough must be avoided on a public course simply because these admirable features will hold up the average player and increase congestion unbearably. From the broad municipal course the complications and refinements of golf architecture mount through the average country club or hotel layout to the ideal championship course like the National or Pine Valley. These complications and refinements make the substance of Thomas's book.

But first he lays the foundation of nature—the terrain itself. Without proper land the skill of the architect is wasted or only half rewarded. "Nature," says Thomas, "must be big in her mouldings for us to secure the complete exhilaration and joy of golf. The made course cannot compete with the natural one. The truly ideal course must have natural hazards on a large scale for superlative golf. The puny strivings of the architect do not quench our thirst for the ultimate."

And yet how far the architect can improve on nature by the way he utilizes her! He must be ready to take what she has to give and by the greatest of ingenuity and understand-

(Continued on page 136)



REVERSING THE ORDER

Elevating the sand above the level of surrounding turf, instead of depressing it, orients the shot, and aids drainage problems

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SO EASY

to KEEP An indispensable reserve food supply among your emergency shelf goods.

to PREPARE Serve cold instantly. Heat through and brown for baked ham.

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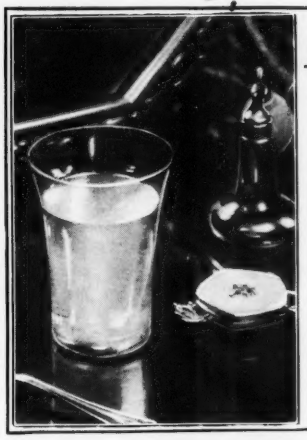
At leading stores—or write, naming dealer. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.



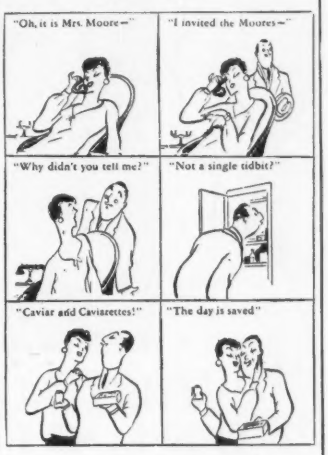
FOOD for Beauty

SPECIALISTS in diet at Battle Creek have met with remarkable success with anti-toxic foods. A wide variety is available that restores youthful regularity on which beauty and health depend. Lacto-Dextrin is particularly effective. This refreshing food promptly changes the intestinal flora by driving out the disease-producing germs. *Thus it reaches the source of headaches, nervousness and ailments that wreck beauty and health.* Used for years at the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium. You will find it at all Health Food Centers. Write for "Healthful Living", a 64 page illustrated booklet describing with recipes the Battle Creek Diet System. THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD COMPANY, Dept. 164, Battle Creek, Michigan.

BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS *for Everybody*

the tidbit triumph

(in three acts)



On a moment's notice, caviar on Caviarettes—no fussy preparation. Caviarettes are "raised edge" crisps which are gaining broadcast popularity. Diamond shape. Neutral flavor. Used also for pâté, hors d'oeuvre, meat tidbits.

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At most high grade shops. If you do not locate Caviarettes, send dealer's name and 90 cents to Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn., and a sealed tin of 36 Caviarettes will be shipped to you postpaid; three tins $2.25. The hit of the season.

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"Au Gourmet" Caviar "Grand Duke" Caviar

So little does so much—

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Stir Raffetto NESSELRO into your plain ice cream and you can imagine yourself in the Cafe de Paris, enjoying French Nesselrode Pudding. The ice cream becomes a mellow color with bits of French fruits and marrons peeping out. The intriguing Rhum Punch flavor is not better on the Champs d'Elysées itself. Spoon over sundaes and frozen desserts for the tutti frutti and biscuit tortoni flavors. Then you know you have discovered a touch of the Arabian Nights for the bridge or tea or Sunday evening supper.

Ready to use at your dealer's; or send his name and 85 cents for a 13-ounce jar by mail (enough for two quarts).

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$8.75 per dozen
Mail orders filled
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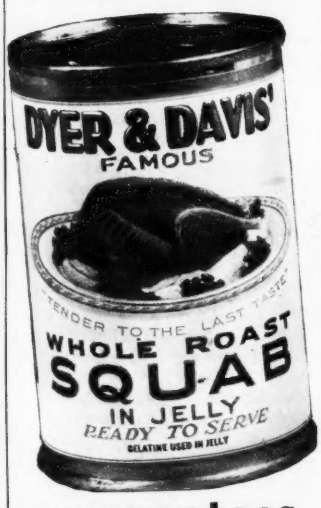

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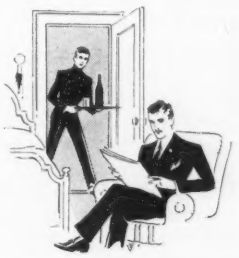

Traveling in comfort is a fine art. Experienced Travelers safeguard health by drinking the same water always . . . and always POLAND WATER

Watch This Page for Choice Food Products

WHEN MORE THAN ONE OF A KIND IS EMBARRASSING

HOW often is one, with a leaning towards individualism, embarrassed to find that other well-wishers have made the self-same gift? But Plummer's has found a way of dispelling almost entirely this possibility of gift duplication. For here are shown many glass and china patterns that are *exclusively Plummer's!* A limited supply only has been made and sent here for our patrons. Nowhere else, despite all effort, can they be found.

An illustration is the gold-rimmed Cocktail Glass shown above, shaped in spotlessly clear glass of first quality. To relieve the monotony of the ever prevalent stereotyped Cock, and to give diversity to these glasses, we have produced them with a varied assortment of game birds, including Partridge, Pheasant, Blackcock, Woodcock, Grouse, Mallard, etc. They are hand-painted in natural colors and each glass is labeled in gold with the name of the bird portrayed upon it.

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IMPORTERS OF
Modern and Antique China and Glass
7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York
Near Fifth Avenue

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
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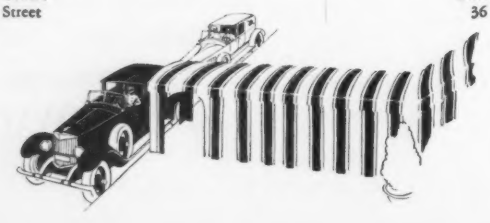

Bunkers for Use and Beauty

(Continued from page 134)

ing turn it all to splendid account. One neighbourhood supplies one sort of hazard, another neighbourhood another. "Streams and lakes are hazards elsewhere; trees and heavy growth appear in their native districts; rocks cause trouble in other territory; sand dunes are perhaps the ideal hazard, but all hazards may be used for the same purpose, be they railroad tracks, station masters' house, or "out-of bounds."

Once past the terrain, you come upon the problem of sizing the best natural spots for tees and greens and then linking these spots together with fairways that provide not only suitable hazards in slopes and rough as well as artificial traps, but also the variety of length and character which must make up a perfect eighteen holes of play. Some holes will seem ready-made. Nature appears to have had them in mind from the beginning. With all the ingenuity of a cross-word-puzzler and a mosaic worker the architect must scheme how to link these natural holes together with others that he can create by minor—or major—operations upon Dame Nature herself. Sometimes he must cut off the top of a hill and move the earth down to fill an awkward little marsh. Sometimes he must build an island green to play to from a bluff. Sometimes by diverting a stream he can provide an excellent hazard just short of a drive-and-pitch hole where the original water would have caught the long drive from the tee.

From tee to green the problems are manifold. Tees must be set and fairways laid out with some thought of the prevailing winds and what they mean to the drive. For one hole, three tees providing the same length of carry may be necessary so that the player shall not be compelled to drive into the low run of a November morning or a June evening. Not only the first tee and the tenth should be near the club house, but the third and the sixteenth also for the convenience of members who may be delayed and wish to pick up their foursomes fifteen or twenty minutes after the start.

Fairways must be considered not merely as so much good turf broken by natural or artificial hazards, but as planes and slopes which will reward the placement of good shots by a longer run, and which will punish weak or reckless efforts by a kick off-line where the next shot will call for a difficult pitch instead of a run-up. In diagram and text Thomas makes much of the multiple or island fairway, a form that we see too seldom in the east. Here the player is given a choice of objectives. He may carry a hundred yards onto a fairway to the right and then use a midiron for a shot just short of some rough over which he must pitch to the green; or if he can carry a hundred and seventy-five yards to another fairway on the right, he will then be able to reach the green with a spoon thanks to an opening between traps.

In construction of traps and greens a hundred considerations come into play. Size depends on length and character of shot. Surrounding objects may help to orient the play. The trap itself may define the green. The sand bunker may protect the green from casual water, or the fairway may have to be moulded to keep drainage out of the trap. And all the while the architect must be thinking both as artist and as scientist. He is creating beauty as well as utility. "The contours of our tees, of our hazards, of our greens, of our rough and of our fairways should, except when otherwise absolutely necessary, all melt into the land surrounding them, and should appear as having always been present." Yet behind the smooth harmony of what seems natural must lurk a plan which calls out the brain as well as brawn of the player. "The strategy of the golf course is the soul of the game. The spirit of golf is to dare a hazard, and by negotiating it reap a reward, while he who fears or declines the issue of the carry, has a longer or harder shot for his second, or his second and third on long holes; yet the player who avoids the unwise effort gains advantage over one who tries for more than in him lies, or who fails under the test."

Thomas stresses two points of special interest outside considerations of terrain, strategy, and construction. The first of these is the importance of one-shot holes. Though most lay-outs call for only three or four, Thomas advises at least five. Here one gets a keener interest on the tee-shot than on any other length of hole. "Certainly, a fine test of this type is superior to a poor two-shotter, and, in addition, they usually surpass the two-shotters in character, because ground for them is easily found and they may be made with less trouble and expense." Thomas even urges for congested districts or small private estates the nine-hole course of one-shotters. He ends his book with an admirable sketch-plan for an eighteen-hole course of this sort on a piece of land about three hundred by five hundred yards.

The other point that brings out Thomas's originality and courage is a plan to re-estimate par. He would give putts the value of only half a stroke. This would end the disproportionate value of putting over all other strokes of the game. The man who made two perfect shots to the green and got down in two putts—as allowed by the present par—would defeat the man who made three bad shots to reach the green and then took only one putt. The first would be down in 3, the latter in 3½. Furthermore, Thomas would figure par on short two-shotters as 2½—two regular strokes and one putt—and on short three-shotters as 3½.

It will undoubtedly be many years before any such reform is instituted, but it speaks the scientific mind in Thomas and his close and loving study of the game.

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SMART . . . colorful . . . correct for breakfast, luncheon or the informal dinner . . . up-to-date descendant of a long and worthy line of cutlery . . . Russell Cutlery . . . crafted conscientiously for quality . . . all the metal parts of gleaming, stainless steel . . . handles in red, blue, green or in superbly proper Pyro-Pearl of black and white.

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Ivory white or black handles, too!

And kitchen cutlery for every requirement . . . slicers . . . butcher knives . . . paring knives . . . utility knives . . . spatulas . . . kitchen forks . . . bread knives . . . sharpening steels . . . obtainable individually or in artistically decorative sets with delft blue Russite handles of this new, almost indestructible material or with Royal Blue Arrow handles, beautifully grained lacquered wood thoroughly sanitary. Both varieties are artistically decorated with a charming color ornament.

Gifts supreme for usefulness and charm . . . for others or to prize as one's very own. Russell Cutlery is priced only slightly higher.

An instructive booklet of captivating artistry will be sent to you without charge if you wish it. It describes the proper way in which to set your table and gives you interesting pointers on the choice of quality cutlery.

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GREEN RIVER CUTLERY

MANUFACTURED BY JOHN RUSSELL CUTLERY COMPANY . . . TURNERS FALLS, MASS.

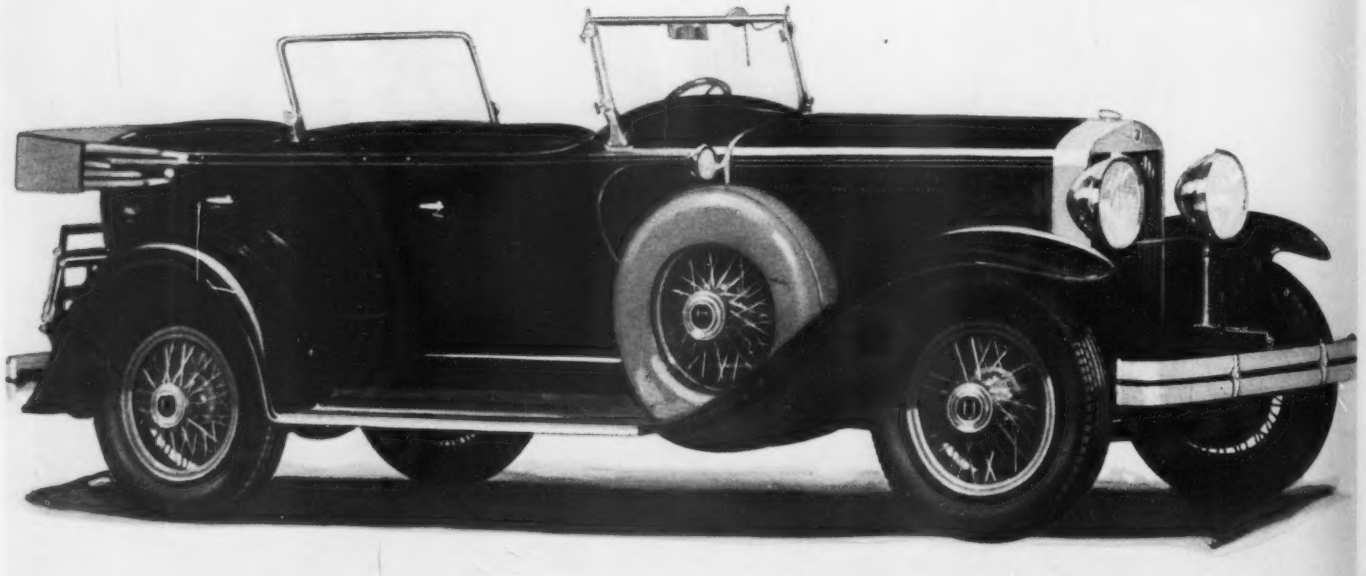
Performance That Thrills..

[Four Speeds Forward
Standard Gear Shift]

THE *new* Graham-Paige sixes and eights, distinguished by their beauty and comfort, possess also the thrilling performance of *four speeds forward* (*two* high speeds with *standard* gear shift). *Fourth*, used most of the time, reveals a new smoothness and swiftness; *third*, a quiet internal gear, gives rapid acceleration in traffic and up steep hills. You are invited to drive —for only personal experience can give you an adequate appreciation of this *time-proved* four speed performance.

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $885 to $2495. Car illustrated is Model 827, eight cylinder, five passenger Phaeton, $2195 (special equipment extra). All prices at factory.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham



GRAHAM-PAIGE

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¶By recognizing the foregoing principle the John David Shops have expanded into one of the largest Retail Men's Wear Organizations in the world and have established, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Third Street, the most magnificent establishment in America or Europe devoted to fashions for men.

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62 Broadway, Below Wall
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Court Street at Remsen
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JOHN DAVID

The Smart New York Fashions Of The Day And Night

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES
KNOX HATS
MEN'S FURNISHINGS
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EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE—COMPARE!

SOLD BY LEADING SHOPS . . . . PRINCIPAL CITIES
THE STERN HAT CO. CLEVELAND AMERICAN SELLING AGENTS

SHOES that cause favorable comment by their outstanding good looks. Graceful, sturdy lines, and in leathers rich to the touch and handsome in appearance. Black Calf and imported Tan Calf.

The Shelton is "Decidedly Thompson".

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FINE SHOEMAKERS
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Write for name of nearest dealer

THE Thompson SHOE
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Write for style booklet

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HE is the well-turned-out American gentleman. For 108 years this type of man has bought here clothing of distinguished line and lineage, thoughtfully tailored, from those fabrics of high character which we have had loomed to our order.

This man has learned that this distinction does not involve high cost. On the contrary, he knows that Browning-King clothes cost less, both in purchase price and in the economy of long and honorable service. And what more, may *we* ask, could *you* ask?

he's bought his clothes at Browning King for 108 years --

Browning-King & Co.

New York: One East 45th St.—at Fifth Ave.
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....and 29 other conveniently located stores.

A Fresh Problem for Feminists

By DOROTHY RICHARDSON

THE air is full of the innocent carollings of those who find in woman's more recent, and limelit, achievements material for astonished delight. A woman breaks the world's motoring record. Marvellous! She transforms the traditional, inelegant behaviour of a municipality. Forward new woman, redeemer of Bumbledom! And so forth. All very charming. And the carollists seem unaware that their astonishment is either a confession of their own ignorance of the nature of woman or a retrospective insult. Usually it is both. For nearly all these good people are found believing that woman has changed her nature, and are willing to forget her sorry past in joyful contemplation of her radiant future. It is a relief to turn from their lyrics to the dirges of those who know that woman has not changed and who firmly believe that her emancipation has been a mistake. It is a relief, even though one knows that the more important part of the famous emancipation has been that of men from some of their cherished illusions, for at least these pessimists look before leaping into speech. Many of them, it is true, appear to spend their social lives belonging to the ancient if not supremely honourable company of onlookers. But though they sit in tubs and wail thence their woe at the spectacle of current life, they do at least observe that life, do not rush to conclusions and are not found mistaking sousières for silk purses. It need hardly be said that they are of the sex male. For while there are plenty of women who lament betweenwhiles over the kaleidoscopic spectacle that has taken the place of the world they knew, few of them have time to retire to tubs and no woman in her senses can hope to sustain with any success the rôle of Diogenes-*cum*-Jeremiah. The pessimists are men and their dirge is substantially a *da capo* with variations of the one that began to sound when first woman was seen peeping forth from behind the lace curtains and the aspidistra at a world into which so many of her occupations had retreated. But the scorn *motif* has vanished and an almost feminine note of grief sounds now within the deep bass tones. These good sad folk freely admit woman's capacities, they admit that she can accomplish, lured by vanity and fortified by her unrivalled willpower, almost anything she sets herself to do—anything, that is to say, that has already been done by men—but they weep at the same time over the spectacle, behind the glittering performance, of a being sacrificed in contributing what they believe could well be spared. And it is to the credit of these gentlemen that, unlike those who remained calm so long as women left home only for factory and workshop, their gaze penetrates below the region of limelight and laurels where coruscate the brilliant few, to where day by day the jog-trot work of the outer world falls more and more into the hands of women. Humanity is appealed to, on behalf of a creature who is being warped and wasted in vain, for shelter and protection. Woman, we are told, can be effective and happy only at home and in dependence, and drastic measures are needed now that she is out of hand and drifting before the wind, to restore her to her proper place in nature's scheme.

The dirge has been silenced again and again by a chorus of sociologists, economists and psychologists. And the charge of cruelty to women has been deftly used by those wily, very feminine feminists who begin by smilingly admitting woman's second-rateness outside the family and the home, and then proceed to plead with tears on behalf of the large surplus of unfortunates who have neither families to tend nor homes that can support them; on behalf of the spare girls, the pathetic aunts, widowed mothers and sturdy grandmothers, for access to any scraps of work they are able to undertake. So far then, the feminist who turns to the dirges for relief from the lyrics finds nothing that can endanger her peace of mind. But recently, within the last year or so, a brand new note has been struck. It has sounded in both camps at once. To a lilting refrain the carollists sing man's downfall: man's day is done and woman, WOMAN, the future belongs to her. Cheers! Who cares? She's a marvel. This is all in keeping and only to be expected. These good folks have watched woman's storming of the masculine strongholds as they would watch any other form of sport and they laud the conquerors and smile upon the vanquished with indiscriminate sportsmanlike pleasantness. But from the other camp the admission of man's downfall is less expected and truly disquieting. The leaders of the melancholy chorus are those who agree with Mr. Anthony Ludovici in finding present-day man sycophantic, sloppy and generally despicable. Now Mr. Ludovici is one of the would-be saviours of woman, and presumably it is in turning his penetrating gaze from her piteous plight to search for the stalwarts who are to restore her golden age that he has reached the conclusion embodied in his indictment of man. But so deep are his feelings that his logic is less clear than his language. He tells us that the feminist movement is the result of and produced by the lack of maleness in man and claims at the same time that man, in abdicating his kingship and handing the sceptre to woman, has become degenerate. We are left to make our choice between these two contradictory propositions. But whether we decide that the absence of maleness in men produced the feminist movement, in which case the feminist movement was inevitable and a godsend, or that the feminist movement induced the lack of maleness in which case it is a curse or a blessing according to one's interpretation of "maleness", it is not easy to ignore Mr. Ludovici's judgment of a sex he may legitimately be supposed to know. It is of course easy to say nonsense, and to point to our navies and our airmen. And it is easy to claim that Mr. Ludovici's furious attack on men is the fruit of a panic of jealousy, of his disgust at the spectacle of woman triumphantly active in every department of social life. But the disquieting thing about his description of the men of today is that it fulfils, if it

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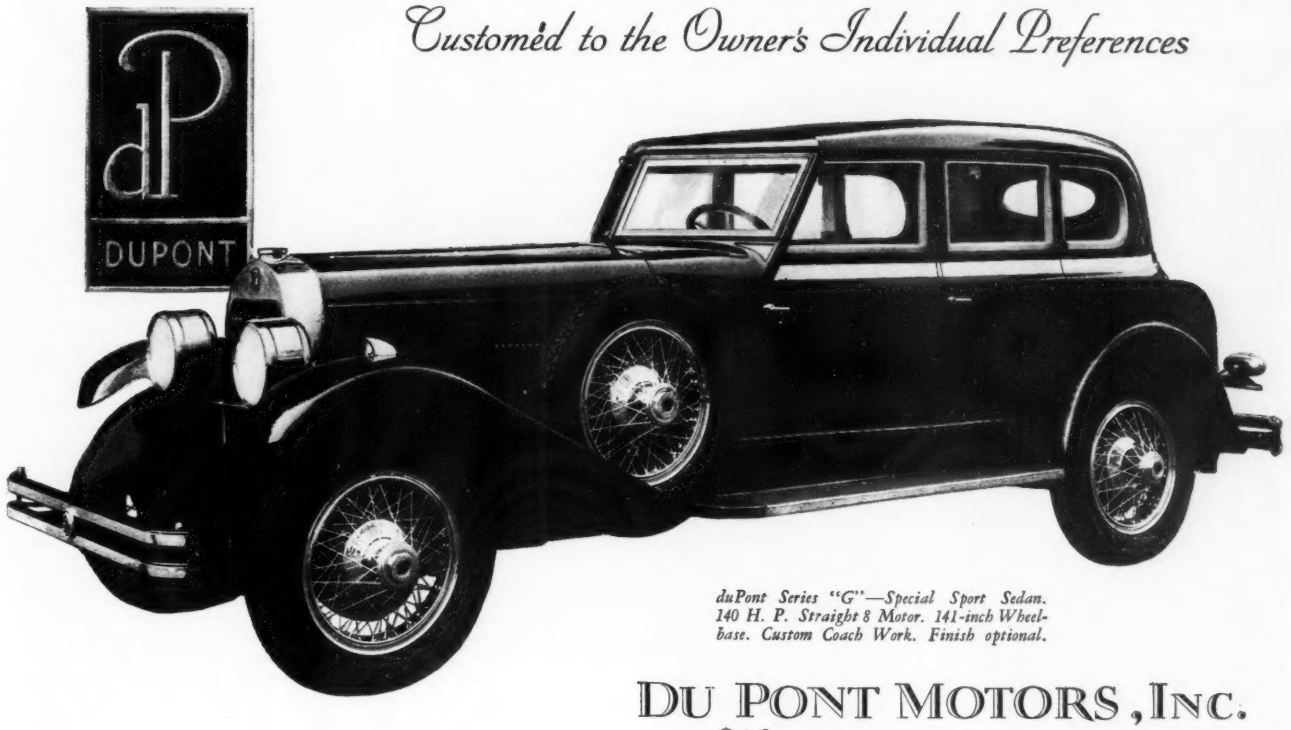

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be a true description, the worst anticipations of those motherly feminists who, during the last decade and more, have been a little anxiously speculating as to how man in the mass would take his approaching loss of prestige, wondering whether he could face the revelation in the open of the truth so far hidden in the home, or whether he would shrivel in its light. In maintaining that he has so shrivelled, whether before the feminist movement and so calling it into being, or as a result of that movement and therefore condemning it for all those who believe that man must keep his illusion of supremacy at all costs. Mr. Ludovici and his friends are unconsciously admitting either that man unaided has proved inadequate and dropped the sceptre or that men degenerate the moment they cease to believe themselves necessarily supreme and women necessarily subordinate. Is there perhaps a grain of truth in both these admissions?

And if there is, what are we to do about it? How, in a world whose social life was created and launched by women, in a world ultimately bound for socialization, can we hide from men the truth of which in the old days when they were "masters in their own homes" most of them were unconscious? A world in process of socialization is a world in process of feminization, in for the spread through all its relationship of a more highly sensitized awareness than has so far existed, and if men cannot face the process what is the alternative? The old secluded ways are vanished. Women can neither retire into invisibility nor, with all the guile in the world, restore man's lost illusions. The spectacle is serio-comic, and those who acknowledge a measure of truth in Mr. Ludovici's arraignment must draw what comfort they can from hoping that present-day man is merely suffering from shock, that he will recover, somewhat in the way a man recovers from being given a piece of his wife's mind, and will in time reach the level of the ancient Egyptian and take the sharing of the sceptre for granted.

For the moment this remains a pious hope. And meanwhile the prophets are telling us that presently there will be no sceptre to share. They are announcing the downfall of western civilization. And although mankind's strikingly uniform neglect of gloomy prophets is hardly likely to be mitigated on behalf of these newcomers, a part of their forecast should be of interest to those of today's feminists who are at a loss before the spectacle of man's cheerful or infuriated collapse. For these prophets see in feminism not something that a timely firmness might have averted but simply the writing on the wall heralding the end of western civilization. All we moderns know, of course, that the "collapse of a civilization is invariably preceded by feminine 'emancipation'". Has not each historian in turn gravely pointed the moral? It is an old, old story, a serial monotonously carried along through the centuries. And just as ancient and just as monotonous is the way men have reasoned and still do reason about it. Thus: Because a civilization's collapse is immediately preceded by feminine emancipation, therefore feminine emancipation is the cause of the collapse. At the best we find it offered as a part cause. Whereas, all that can with certainty be claimed is that feminism, born punctually when a civilization reaches its height, is found full-grown upon the slopes down which that civilization slides to its death, and that therefore it is not unreasonable to assume that the two, the fully-flowering feminism and the fatally plunging civilization are in some way related. But although the explanation of the relationship jumped at by the chroniclers and eagerly accepted by men and men-taught women is as empty of thought as a sneeze, it staggers to this day upon its foolish way unopposed by even the shadow of an alternative interpretation. Yet the alternative interpretation is written large all over our everyday experience; our experience of what in nine cases out of ten happens to the man who fails to take his wife's advice.

And today the sharing of the sceptre in public life, the spectacle of man confidently seeking the collaboration of woman, is, except in the ranks of the Society of Friends, still very rare; and the present panic amongst men, exhibiting them as once more in our history brought up unblinkered against a revelation that they may either face or flee from back into the shadows of a cublike complacency, is a crisis calling for steadfastness. The latter-day feminist knows that a purely feminine domination would be as fatal as has been in the past a purely masculine domination. She can but go her way, binding up as far as may be man's wounded pride as she goes. His wounds, we may hope, are not mortal. He will keep his supremacy in "the arts"—and if he ceases to be ill-mannered about it so much the better—for those deifiers of woman who wistfully await her production of "supreme art" will wait, so long as the "fine arts" are regarded as the standard measure of human achievement, in vain. Life's ceaseless demand is not the only barrier to woman's expression in "art forms". There is another, at home within her being: a measure of the fulness of life man seeks in every form of activity he has invented. No sane woman, for instance, could have written the *Intimations of Immortality*. Relatively to man she retains always about her the "trailing clouds of glory", and upon the growing girl with half a chance the "shades of the prison house" do not close in.

The core of the matter would seem to lie in a curious physiological truth discovered, like most other things, by man, that the female balances better than the male. This truth goes through all things. And as long as woman was in the background man felt no shame in courting the advice of this curious creature who at her unwarped best is neither partisan nor prize-fighter, but balancer and judge, living impartially in all camps at once and not to be deceived. But now that she is abroad in his world he is too much embarrassed by his peculiar masculine mentality of *either-or* to allow these

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(Continued from page 140)

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Will not this be the working out of his *either-or* principle to its logical conclusion, affording the historians of the future yet another example of the way civilization crumbles when woman is in the ascendant? May we hope that on this occasion our menfolk will dare the act of faith demanded of them?

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SHERWOOD ANDERSON: is still the leading journalist of Marion, Virginia, where he has recently built a new home and where he edits both the Republican and the Democratic newspapers of the town.

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MICHEL CORDAY: continues to uphold the Gallic tradition of the short story with wit and urbanity in a surprising tale that reminds us first of Poe and then of O. Henry.

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GILBERT W. GABRIEL: is the well-known dramatic critic. In this issue he presents under the guise of a fantastic tale some fundamental truths about the theatre.

LOUIS GOLDING: is visiting this country, as he does annually, where his verse, his prose, and his person are always enthusiastically welcomed. Under the title of *An Essay in Doubt* the young Englishman gives us a whimsical story in this issue.

ALDOUS HUXLEY: comments satirically and with caustic wit on modern life not only in his novels, *Point Counter Point* being the last, but also in his short essays such as the one in this issue.

D. H. LAWRENCE: has been living in the United States of late and is greatly interested in the life of the western Amer-Indian. He is one of England's most successful novelists and essayists.

COMPTON MACKENZIE: continues his reminiscences which prove him as interesting a character as the delightful people to be discovered in his novels.

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PAUL MORAND: is now enjoying six months of leisure from his exacting duties as a member of the French Diplomatic Corps, but is not taking a vacation from the task of producing enlightening and amusing literature in the modern spirit.

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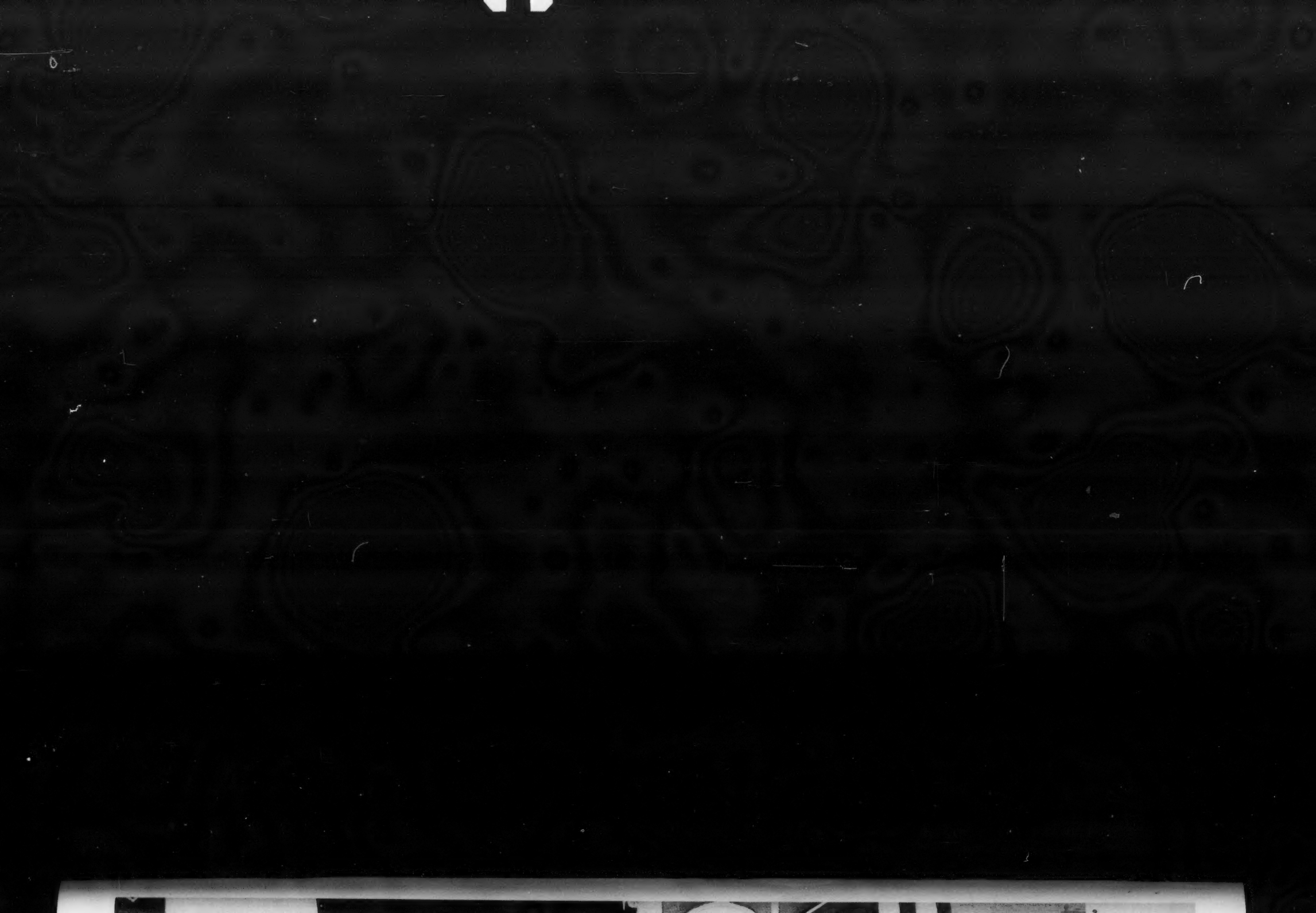
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